# GOLDEN LEAVES

BY ELOISE A. SKIMINGS

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GODERICH, ONTARIO.

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# POEMS

BY

# ELOISE A. SKIMINGS.

## Isobel.

Tho' stricken with grief, dear Isobel,
It was by God's unerring hand;
But well thou knowest, dear Isobel,
Thy cruse of oil, at His command,
Will overflow,
And wipe out woe,
And Faith and Hope thy heart expand.

"From every eye," dear Isobel,
He wipeth away sorrow's tear;
And thine will sparkle, dear Isobel,
With the purest joy, never fear;
Like Noah's dove
Thou'lt find thy love
Will soothe sad hearts when thou art near.

## To Hon. Dr. Borden,

MINISTER OF MILITIA AND DEFENCE.

(PAX TECUM)

May the God of Peace
Enter thy heart,
And may He never
From thee depart.

## Afterward.

TO MISS A. F. GRANT, OTTAWA.

We'll meet again—in other spheres,
We'll meet again—in other years,
Mayhap in sunshine, bath'd with tears—

But like perfum'd carnation sweet
Your tranquil face I love to greet,
And lay my tribute at thy feet.

## To Mary.

Farewell, dear maid, thy souvenir
But draws thee to my heart more dear;
Thou'rt true as steel—may Heav'n reward
Thee for thy thought of Huron's bard.

Thy souvenir I hope will grace
My table when kind Fate may place
Beside it an urn, bright and clear,
Of silver pure, my heart to cheer.

## Nettie.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MRS. C. CRABB ON THE DEATH OF HER DAUGHTER, NETTIE ELIZABETH, BELOVED WIFE OF J. J. M'MATH, ASSISTANT SURGEON FIELD HOSPITAL 33RD BATT.

There she lay, with the hyacinths white
Upon her breast,
Child of song, yet a mother and wife,
Now lies at rest;
Her voice, so pure, now to the white throne
Wings its glad way,
The voice that ever on this fair earth
Caroll'd so gay.

Oh! weep not, fond mother, thy lov'd one
Knows no more care,
The songs of praise she sang upon earth
Were echo'd there;
And God Himself will watch over thee,
So do not weep,
For holy writ doth say, "He giveth
His belov'd sleep."

## Olive.

TO OLIVE SMITH.

Thy lips are like twin rubies
From far Golconda's mine;
Thy cheeks are like twin roses
That bloom in summer time,
With their deep crimson blushes
O'er which thy dark eyes shine.

Such eyes, what message have they
To bring to friends on earth?
Angels must have guarded thee
The morning of thy birth;
Thou art not made for sorrow,
But modesty and mirth.
Sweet little olive branch, be thou mine
For my new century Valentine.

## Thou'rt Like a Rosebud.

TO MISS MACLEOD STEWART, OTTAWA.

Thou'rt like a rosebud, when the dew
At early morn enchants the view,
And drops pearls on its roseate hue.

Thou'rt good and true—I know thy heart,
'Tis treasure trove for Cupid's dart;
The little god, he loves thy art.

And when thou'rt gone, forget me not,
Keep from Cupid one little spot;
Well may he spare the love I sought.

## Christopher Crabb McMath.

LINES RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS. JAMES J. M'MATH ON THE DEATH OF THEIR ELDEST SON, CHRISTOPHER CRABB M'MATH.

In thy lovely white casket, how lovely wert thou,
With the angelic seal upon thy pure, white brow;
Happy art thou with the white lily on thy breast,
Happy with "Our Father" in His eternal rest.

Thou didst love the birds and flow'rs—ah! how well I know
The pretty daffodils, in all their golden glow,
And the pretty wild flowers thou didst love to see;
Now in the golden sunshine thou wilt happy be.

With thy darling grandpa, in life his only pride,
Who dying told them thou wouldst soon lie by his side;
Thy little brother long will wait to hear thy voice,
While thy parents' hearts are aching no more do they rejoice.

But in the lovely May-time, when flow'rs are in bloom,
They'll know thou art safe in the land that knows no gloom;
Thou wilt hear the lovely hymns thy dear mother sings,
Which angels will waft above on their heav'nly wings.

## Woman's Work.

TO MISS ARNOLDI.

And here we met by Huron's sea,
Two strangers in "oor ain countrie,"
But, Woman's Work, we owe to thee
This friendship sincere.

And may it blossom in each heart,
Yet only met—now sad to part,
And may the flowers by thy art
Mr' [illegible] friendship dear.

## To a Golden Water Lily.

LINES DEDICATED TO A JULY SABBATH MORN.

Pride of my heart, from Maitland's breast
Who brought thee from thy home, to rest
On my table of marble white
This Sabbath morn, so fair and bright ?

On the pavement I walk'd along
Unconscious of the siren's song ;
A golden water lily lay,
With message sweet, this Sabbath day.

"The Lord of all looks down on thee,
He sees thy toil—He'll set thee free,
To sing His praise and bless the day
This lily on the pavement lay."

Wilt tell me what thy thoughts may be
Thy folded petals hide from me ?
Yet from thy heart the siren sings
And Sabbath bells their echo rings.

## To W. S. H.

SOUVENIR.

It seems to me I saw one day,
In this flowery month of May,
A lily of the valley sweet,
Which made a boutoniere complete.
May it ever his emblem be
Whose charms outshine his modesty.

## To a Mandolin.

DEDICATED TO E. P. HANNAFORD, MONTREAL.

Dost speak of fair Italia's shore ?
Dost speak of a sunny clime ?
Do thy heart strings gladden ?
Do they oft-times sadden ?
In our glorious summer time.

Does the hand that charms thee into life
Make thee feel "Love's Golden Dream ?"
Dost thou sigh for thy home
O'er the blue ocean's foam,
Where soft music rules supreme ?

Dost sigh for the voice of a siren ?
Or touch of a seraph's wings ?
Ah ! no, thou art content
With inspiration lent
By the hand that tunes thy strings.

## Baby William Bryan Swaffield,

JUBILEE SUNDAY, 1897, CLEVELAND, O., U. S.

Sweet little babe, thou didst come to greet
And lay thy innocence at the feet
Of Canada's lov'd Empire Queen.
May the heav'nly light from thy dark eyes
Lead men to the throne all Christians prize,
The great white throne on which they lean.

## Canada's Welcome.

LINES RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE DUKE OF YORK WHILE ON HIS VISIT TO CANADA—NOW PRINCE OF WALES.

Welcome, heir of Great Britain's crown,
Welcome, Sir Knight of much renown,
Welcome, Queen Victoria's heir,
Welcome to our dear land so fair !

Our maples now in dress of gold
Are most gorgeous to behold ;
And crimson, too, of deepest dye,
Painted by Master hand on high.

Our lake a message to thee sends
By me, one of its constant friends,
That on its banks no royal heir
Has deign'd its grandeur e'er to share.

Some day we hope its banks you'll see,
For they are fit for royalty ;
Its sunsets, too, crimson and gold,
Ever glorious to behold.

And now for thee I'll ever pray,
And for thy Consort, Princess May ;
That God will fill your hearts with peace
Until your lives on earth do cease.

## To Baby Joseph Carrol Mahoney.

Baby—little heir of an Irish race,
I admire thy fair Canadian face,
Yet thy heart beats with Irish love ;
Thou'rt come to the home of an engineer
Whose whistle will soon your baby heart cheer,
For you will be his treasure trove.

And soon, dear baby, you'll wander alone
To wait at the gate, till papa comes home,
With outstretched arms like the wings of a dove ;
And when years pass by your voice will be heard
Preaching the truths of the heavenly word,
Leading men to the mansions above.

## To a Bouquet of Lilies of the Valley.

DEDICATED TO MISS SUSIE CAMPBELL (MRS. W. MURNEY) ON RECEIVING FROM HER A BEAUTIFUL BOUQUET OF LILIES OF THE VALLEY.

Thou art so patient
And sweet
In thy cool, shady
Retreat;
So long did'st thou wait
To shed
Thy rare perfume from
Thy bed;
Thy stems with sweet grace
And mien,
So grand they might deck
A queen;
But thy rare perfume,
I know,
Floats to heav'n from earth
Below.

## Shadow and Sunshine.

TO MRS. R. THOMPSON, WIFE OF MAYOR THOMPSON.

Altho' through life thy path may be dreary,
Yet for thee flowers bloom and birds sing;
If pain and sorrow have made thee weary
Yet doth life to thee priz'd honor bring.

## Reminiscence of Early Days.

TO MRS. R. DONOGH ON PRESENTING THE WRITER WITH A DOUBLE GOLDEN PETALED TULIP.

Friend of my infancy, friend of my youth,
Thou art just the same to me
As when we roam'd adown the glassy slopes
Of old Huron's rippling sea.

Thy lighthouse home sheds its light as of old,
When we climb'd the oaken stair;
And the maple trees the pathway crown
As when you and I roam'd there.

Many years have pass'd away since we met,
And with them our dearest friends;
But Providence will find us work to do
For the life that never ends.

May thy life be bright as this golden flow'r
That you gave me yesterday;
May prosperity's sun around thee shine,
Will be my prayer alway.

## Lottie McCreath.

Dear little bright Lottie,
May you enjoy
Many Happy New Year's,
As lovely and coy
As the pretty girl I send to you
With basket of flow'rs and heart so true.

## Poetic Faith.

TO BERTIE (THE "SIGNAL" CARRIER BOY.)

"Will you write a poem,"
The carrier boy said,
"On that lovely rosebud
Whose leaves such perfume shed?"

"Yes, my boy, to please you,
A line or two I'll write;
The bud is fair beyond compare,
Bewildering the sight.

"Alone it grew in beauty,
This fair October day;
A lady kind, with gen'rous mind,
Plucked it to give away

"To one who loves the flowers,
Painted by God's own hand;
No jewel rare she'd choose to wear
If buds grew at command.

"And as it grew alone,
Perfect and lovely too,
Let no delight e'er cast a blight,
Carrier boy, on you."

## To Helen.

TO MISS HELEN MILLER, ON ENTERING THE CIVIL SERVICE.

May love thro' the mail send you young Cupid
To the postoffice some day,
And throw round you his fetters golden
And stamp you "Mine Own" for aye.

## To Minnie Strachan.

Thy heart is true, Minnie,
Thy faith is pure;
Thy love is strong, Minnie,
Thy crown is sure.

## Moral.

INSCRIBED TO WILLIE M'PHERSON, EVERGREEN VILLA, MIDDLESEX.

Two pretty little boys
  Went up in a balloon,
What do you think to see?
  The old man in the moon!

They seem'd to be afraid,
  He stared at them so,
And they began to wish
  That they were down below.

And loudly they cried,
  And said they would never
Want to see the old man
  If he liv'd forever.

Then they clos'd their eyes
  And soon they fell asleep,
And then the balloon
  Fell on a mountain steep.

And when they awoke
  They wander'd around,
But ne'er were those boys
  By their dear parents found.

They grew to be old men,
  And often did they pray
That the angels would come
  And take them away.

So, boys, please be content
  To look at the full moon,
And never leave the earth
  In any old balloon.

## Sweet Scented Sweet Briar Blossoms.

LINES INSCRIBED TO J. ADES FOWLER, ARTIST, ON PRESENTING THE WRITER WITH SWEET BRIER BLOSSOMS PAINTED BY HIS OWN HAND.

Thy lovely souvenir I will fondly prize,
A truly sweet picture for my soul-lit eyes,
Are those sweet scented, sweet brier blossoms.

On Huron's fam'd blue waters I love to gaze,
Charm'd by them I've written some beautiful lays
To the sweet scented, sweet brier blossoms.

May thy sweet brier blossom'd offering to me
Be a guerdon of Fame's offering to thee,
From the sweet scented, sweet brier blossoms.

## Pink and White Moss Roses.

TO MASTER JOHN TRETHEWAY, ON BEING PRESENTED BY HIM WITH A CLUSTER OF LOVELY PINK AND WHITE MOSS ROSES.

I thank thee, John, noble heir of a noble race,
I thank thee for these roses, given me with grace;
Those lovely pink moss roses with their fragrance sweet,
And those whose snowy petals made thy gift complete;
Without grandeur of pearls, or gems from Nature's mine,
I could not wish prize more fair than this gift of thine.

## Mrs. Moon-Parker.

I bring thee bright flowers to deck thy room,
Red geranium and sweet pea;
But if I could e'en have a garden fair
England's rose would I bring to thee.

Could Shakespeare, gifted mortal, 'hee have heard,
His pulse had quicken'd at thy voice,
And fears and doubts would have taken their flight,
Thoughts of thee would whisper, "Rejoice."

## Remembrance.

TO MISS MAY ELLIOTT.

Dost think I ever could forget
The dark-ey'd, winsome, bright coquette?
Her equal yet I have not met -
Sweet May.
May Heaven bless thy smiling face,
And ever let it shine with grace;
That Heaven thou'lt win in life's race,
Brave May.

## My Birthday.

TO * * * 1902.

The sun shineth not, but what matter
When my flowers in thy vase are safe,
Whispering for me
Of my thoughts of thee,
While on life's sea I am but a waif.

The thunders roll, but its roll tells me
Of one who is as true as the sun;
If obscur'd by rain
It shineth again,
And its victory through life is won.

## "Busy Bee."

LINES TO PHOEBE BEATRICE WELLS (BUSY BEE) ON PRESENTING THE WRITER WITH A BOUQUET OF FLAME-COLORED NASTURTIUMS AND SWEET PEAS.

Thou'rt like a butterfly, "Busy Bee,"
Playing in shadow of maple tree,
Playing while all are thinking of thee.

We all love thee, thou bright "Busy Bee,"
Praying that Heaven may prosper thee,
And from life's trials ever be free.

## Honor to Whom Honor is Due.

LINES DEDICATED TO MR. LINDSAY WILLIAMS WITH A BOUQUET OF LOVELY LARGE ASTERS FROM HIS OWN GARDEN.

Thy gift was quite regal as well as thy manner,
When you gave me the asters with petals so white,
Yet no purer are they than thy own heart, Lindsay,
In the prime of thy boyhood, so buoyant and bright.

"From my own garden"—could Royal Prince charm me more
Were he to labor in regal gardens all day?
And Lindsay dear, God will guide thy hand in manhood,
Who labors for Him will o'er many hold sway.

## Ethel Isobel Roberts.

TO A BRIDE ON HER WEDDING DAY.

To thee, child bride, as pure at heart
As these carnations white,
Which bloom'd upon thy wedding day
To deck thee in bridal array
Sweet flow'rs, thy heart's delight.

May life for thee be ever fair
As these carnations white;
May joy be thine while life doth last,
May thy skies ne'er be overcast,
But e'en be gay and bright.

## Ida Grahame.

Ever raise thy voice in song,
To the Lord doth it belong.
Thy blue eyes shine with bright light,
Vieing with the stars at night.
Like the birds in wanton glee
Ever will we think of thee.

## Eloquence.

INSCRIBED TO HON. FRANK R. LATCHFORD ON HIS FIRST VISIT TO GODERICH.

Like perfume of scented flowers
Is a true man's eloquence;
God's stamp is upon his forehead,
All his acts bespeak rare sense.

His eye delights in all that's good,
His heart beats for all that's true,
His tongue uttereth naught but truth,
And gives all good men their due.

## Queen of Hearts.

TO ISOBEL SCOTT, STRATFORD.

Little Queen of Hearts,
May I ask thee, pray,
Why thou did'st linger
'Mid pansies to-day?

But I need not ask,
For I see thy gown
Bedeck'd with pansies
In our flow'ry town.

The pretty pansies
With upturn'd faces,
They love to nestle
'Mid silks and laces.

So dainty are they,
With their rich perfume,
I'd have them ever
In garden or room.

And now, Isobel,
Keep thy face alway
Bright as the pansies
That you wore to-day

By Evelyn's gate,
Near the harbor fair,
Where grow the pansies
In profusion rare.

## To W. Robinson.

CORNET SOLOIST 13TH BATT. BAND.

As the rivers flow towards the sea,
Let my friendship tune life's chords for thee;
Thy dark eyes beam with a noble light,
With thee 'tis always day—no dark night.

## Floral Tribute to the Muse.

LINES RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MRS. A. M. TODD ON BEING PRESENTED BY HER WITH A RARE BOUQUET OF SCARLET GERANIUM AND LA BLANCHE FERRY SWEET PEA.

Thou didst truly read my heart aright,
When thou didst cull those flow'rs so bright,
Scarlet geranium and sweet pea;
Thou might'st be a goddess in disguise,
Such loving faith shone from thy blue eyes
When you gave this fond tribute to me.

Yea! I love the flowers with perfume sweet,
Growing in beauty so humbly at our feet,
And filling our hearts with sweetest love,
Shewing that God for all has loving care
When He fills our gardens with love so rare,
Rich guerdon of the treasures above.

## Easter Tide.

TO EVELYN CRAIGIE.

May music sweet
Thy parents greet,
My little Evelyn;
May joys be thine,
Like Heav'n's sunshine,
My charming Evelyn.

May Easter-tide
Find thee beside
Thy parents, Evelyn,
Until some heir
With virtues rare
Weds thee, dear Evelyn.

## Orange Blossoms.

TO EVA WALLIS ON HER WEDDING DAY.

Soon will the orange blossoms
Bedeck thy fair young brow,
Soon, too, will the bridal veil
Of which thou'rt dreaming now
Adorn thy face, a bonnie bride
For him who welcomes thee with pride.

Ring, wedding bells! two hearts true
Will launch their barque and glide
Down life's flowing, tuneful sea,
Waiting life's ebbing tide.
Sooth'd be thy heart, my bonnie bride,
By him who welcomes thee with pride.

## Non Nobis Domine.

LINES WRITTEN UPON THE DEATH OF MARGARET, LITTLE DAUGHTER OF HON. AND MRS. FRANK R. LATCHFORD.

Mourn not, parents dear, for thy lov'd one
Has gone to a glorious home,
Safe from the storms and temp[illegible] of earth,
Where naught but joy reigns 'neath its dome.

Call her not back, she waiteth for thee,
Her sweet voice was needed above,
And now with the angels is singing
The undying pæans of God's love.

Mourn not, fear not, faint not, let the glow
On her cheek and light in her eye
Inspire thee with an unbounded zeal
To work for the Father on High.

Non nobis, Domine, non nobis,
God's will must be ours upon earth,
For His love extends beyond the skies
Which He gave to us at our birth.

## Golden Petall'd Shamrock.

TO MISS CARL.

I thank thee for thy shamrock sweet,
Most loyal maiden fair,
Which thou did'st wear upon thy breast
And gave to me to wear.

I sent it on to Canada's
Fair sons in Buffalo,
As loyal pledge from Britain's queen,
Whose love today they show.

## Gold and Crimson Water Lilies.

TO MR. ALBERT JOHNSTON, ON BEING PRESENTED BY HIM WITH GOLD AND CRIMSON WATER-LILIES FROM THE MAITLAND'S SHORE.

Truly the proud Maitland pays me homage dear,
Sending me those lilies from its waters clear;
Some are golden to the heart, some wear a bloom
Of crimson, fit to lay on crusader's tomb.

Some of purest white, with petals op'ning wide,
Fair as if they grew by Jordan's peaceful tide;
May Heav'n bless the giver of these flow'rs to me,
And crown his life with honor and integrity.

## Affectionate Pleading.

TO MISS HATTIE SAULTS.

Thy kindly voice and loving eye
Has truly won my heart,
Ne'er may thy friendship wane, e'en if
Gay Cupid bids us part.

## Starry Blossoms.

TO REV. AND MRS. JOSEPH EDGE ON BEING PRESENTED BY THEIR LITTLE DAUGHTER JOSIE WITH A SPRAY OF THE BLOSSOMING SPIREA.

Sweet little Josie, with the poet's soul,
Joy shone from thy bright eyes—love's aureole—
When you gave me the blossoms at my door
I bow'd low to the Divine love they bore,

For they seemed to say, with their starry eyes,
This innocent child has been taught to prize
The flow'rs, and pen-painted lessons you teach
To all Christian hearts you have pow'r to reach.

Some day, little Josie, with faith thou'lt go
To the flow'ry land, or where palm trees grow ;
Thou'lt go with the seal of Christ on thy brow
And jewels of faith on those lands bestow.

IN MEMORIAM.

Sweet Josie has gone to the flow'ry land,
With her father to join Heav'n's happy band.

## Be Bright.

TO WILLIE WEBSTER.

Like the birds and flowers
Make bright life's golden hours,
And feel at set of sun
That thy work is well done.

## His Ways Are Ways of Peace.

TO MR. AND MRS. GEORGE PORTER ON THE DEATH OF THEIR FIRST-BORN DAUGHTER, HELEN.

God will be your guide,
His ways are ways of peace,
He fills sadden'd hearts
With joys that never cease.

## Tommy Green.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MR. REDMOND, OF THE "BRITISH WHIG," WHOSE NOM DE PLUME WAS "TOMMY GREEN," A COUSIN OF THE GREAT IRISH LIBERATOR, DANIEL O'CONNELL.

The sun rises in the east, that's a sure thing, Tommy Green,
But 'tis in the west he sets, dear Tommy, every e'en ;
No matter 'bout the rising, 'tis the setting we must mind,
And if our house be built of glass, well, we'll be sure to find
That we must be well prepar'd, if we feel like throwing stones,
To face the music gallantly, however harsh the tones,
And when upon the waters deep you cast your daily bread
Be sure to fast ('tis Lent, you know), for the sharp words you said.

## Winsome Irene.

TO IRENE SAULTS.

Winsome Irene,
Face like a Queen,
Sweet as a dove,
Emblem of love,
Be thou alway
Like flow'rs in May,
Modest and true
As Heaven's dew.

## Fair Ada

TO ADA GLEN GIRVIN, WINNIPEG, ON HER WEDDING EVE.

Fair Ada Glen, are we now to lose thee ?
  Dost thou choose to leave the maiden ranks
For the more sacred tie of bride and wife,
  And accept forever some one's thanks ?

And he, the chosen one, who takes thee now
  From thy father's happy Northwest home,
Will with thee rejoice on thy wedding day
  And never more from thy presence roam.

Fair Ada Glen, with blossoms wreathe thy brow.
  Make thy belov'd happiest of men ;
Wear thy bridal veil, thy beauty is rare,
  Such loveliness is thine, Ada Glen.

Thou art modest as a wayside flower,
  Pure as the daisy, with petals white,
And he, thy bridegroom, will bless thee ever,
  For thou art to him his heart's delight.

I wish thee prosperity, pow'r and love
To serve the Master in Heaven above.

## Recitation.

TO PEARL M'GILLIVRAY, LITTLE SISTER OF REV. DR. DONALD M'GILLIVRAY OF HONAN CHINA, ON HEARING HER RECITATION AT THE M'GILLIVRAY MISSION BAND, KNOX CHURCH.

Friends, will I ever be big enough to go
To the far off land where the tall palm trees grow,
To the land of coral and of treasures rare,
To the land where the rice fields blossom so fair ?

Will I ever see that fair, flowery land,
Where the fairies seem to dwell with magic wand,
Where little ch'dren learn from brother to pray
To Jesus the Saviour, our Hope and our Stay ?

All my little playmates I love, and I know
The Mission Band workers would all love to go
To plant the cross 'mong the rice fields and flowers
And teach all the children there's no God but ours.

And now, my dear friends, this is Jubilee Year,
And brother is home from far Honan, so dear
To the hearts of Canadians, who want to see
All the Chinese children as happy as we.

## Christabel.

Music lends its charm to those eyes of thine,
Christabel,
And thy sweet name befits a heroine,
Christabel ;
Thou art exceeding fair,
With thy intellect rare,
Thou'lt be without compare,
Christabel.

The summer roses on thy cheek do bloom,
Christabel,
Thy heart's sunshine chases away all gloom,
Christabel ;
Thou art patient and meek,
The Saviour thou dost seek,
Thou'lt ever help the weak,
Christabel.

Thy belov'd parents' hope and joy thou art,
Christabel,
From thee 'twill e'en be hard for them to part,
Christabel ;
But thou wilt earn a name
That will be known to fame,
And love them all the same,
Christabel.

## Keep Cupid Away.

TO MISS THOMPSON, DAUGHTER OF MAYOR THOMPSON (MRS. JAMES THOMAS.)

Do not let Cupid in
'Mong the coffee and tea,
Your heart he'll try to win,
So fill'd with greed is he.

He counts his hearts by scores,
Wounds them when he chooses ;
So keep him out of doors
Till his pow'r he loses.

And when he humbly asks
Your loving heart and hand,
And in your smile he basks,
Say, "Yours truly, to command."

AFTERMATH.

And well you took my very true
And most sincere advice,
For when Love's comet ensign came
You took him in a trice.

## Golden Rod.

(SOLILOQUY.)

INSCRIBED TO REV. MR. M'KIBBON, OF STRATFORD, ON SEEING HIM WITH A LARGE BOUQUET OF GOLDEN ROD FROM THE BREAKWATER.

I grew alone by Huron's sea,
Nor tho't that mortal car'd for me,
I woo'd the waves in measur'd time
And listen'd to their surging rhyme.

When lo ! a stranger came along,
Methought enchanted with the song ;
For long ago, in books, we're told
How sirens sweet charm'd men of o'd.

But here I am, in this fine room,
I knew the wavelets sang my doom ;
An artist wished my leaves to grace
The portrait of some pretty face
Which she with palette tries to take,
And keep it for the owner's sake.

So now my blossoms write this strain
To show that I'm not doom'd in vain ;
To the world perfume sweet I'll give,
And in fond hearts forever live.

## To Beth Smith.

Sweet brier, sweet brier, scented sweet brier,
Growing by the roadside so fair,
Thy blossoms of pink, ting'd with love's rosy hue,
Drives away from the heart despair.

Sweet brier, sweet brier, scented sweet brier,
Thy perfume doth rival the rose ;
In thy wild native beauty thou art the queen,
Tho' thy thorns are types of love's woes.

## Recognition.

TO FRANK WELLESLEY PORTER, OF THE "DURHAM REVIEW," AUTHOR OF THE POEMS "STRAY LEAVES OF THE WILD WOOD."

Allow me to extend my hand
To thee in friendship mute,
I'll thank thee in poetic strain
In sounds sweeter far than lute.

"Poetess of Huron," grand name
Which thy poet soul bestow'd
On me, when "Canada's Farewell"
I wrote in my lov'd abode.

"Canada's Farewell" to Louise,
And Lorne, her chosen king,
When I my soul in rapture pour'd
A fond nation's offering.

For "Canada" sounds sweet and pure,
No other sound for me ;
Its maples and its forests grand
On my heart engrav'd will be.

## To a Marguerite.

TO MRS. CAPTAIN T. N. DANCEY, ON RECEIVING FROM HER A LOVELY MARGUERITE.

Proud am I of thee, flow'r so sweet,
Thou stately, charming marguerite,
That tells of innocence and love,
That tells us of a Heav'n above ;
Of all the flow'rs I love to greet
The spirit flow'r, 'lov'd marguerite ;
It tells of friendship pure and true,
It tells us of the heav'nly dew
That opens hearts to grief and woe
And makes the soul with joy o'erflow.
Of all the flow'rs I love to greet
Thou spirit flow'r, sweet marguerite.

## Loyalty.

TO MISS MINNIE STRACHAN, ON PRESENTING THE WRITER WITH HER JUBILEE BADGE ON JUBILEE DIAMOND DAY.

Minnie, child of song, thy fond heart
Doth beat right loyally,
And I will wear the badge you gave
On our Diamond Jubilee,
Which shows you love the poetess
By old Huron's sounding sea.

## Nell.

Merrie little Nell,
Regal as a belle
Tripping o'er the dell,
Thou art a jewel rare.

With eyes like a dove,
And heart full of love;
May kind Heav'n above
Keep from thee ev'ry care.

## A Sabbath Sunset Eve.

As I sit while the evening sunset
Woos my lovely sunflower trees,
And the lovely soft evening zephyrs
Their golden crowns sway in the breeze,
There comes a bird, with plumage so rare,
Which perches on a sunflower fair.

It sees naught but the rich brown rip'ning seed
Which the sunflower ever yields,
Whether it grows in the city's bowers
Or in the fragrant clover fields;
Its heart it gives, when its beauty fades,
To nourish the birds in sunny glades.

Sing sweetly, sweet bird, thy evening feast
Will fill thee with magic power
To inspire our minds with a holy zeal,
That our hearts, like the tall sunflow'r,
Will offer strength to those most in need
Of the more glorious gospel seed.

## To Lizzie.

Thou'rt kind—I thank thee for thy call,
'Tis all I have—my thanks are all,
But from my inmost heart they spring,
And may my good wishes wealth bring,
And honors too—dear Lizzie mine,
May they bring you a valentine.

## Ah! If We Knew!

TO THE MISSES ETHEL AND EDITH REID, LUCKNOW, ON FILLING MY VASE WITH FLOWERS.

Ah! if we knew what blessings
There are for all in store,
We would look cheerful alway,
And never sorrow more.

Last year's flow'rs were faded
That fill'd my crystal vase,
And now ye merry maidens
Replenish'd it with grace.

June's lovely crimson roses
And candytuft so sweet,
With charming honeysuckle
From some embower'd retreat.

Could I but bring thee fortune,
Or fairer loveliness,
I'd wield a wand more potent
Than fairy could possess.

But He who gave these peonies
Their lovely crimson dye
Will o'er ye fair twin maidens
Send blessings from on high.

## Ring, Merrily Ring.

TO MISS GERTRUDE MARY GARRETT AND MR. WILLIAM EBERTS OF CHATHAM, ON THEIR WEDDING DAY, 1ST SEPTEMBER, 1897, AT CHRIST CHURCH.

Ring, merrily ring, ye Christ Church chime of bells,
Your sweet music to-day of a bridal tells,
Of a fair young bridegroom who chooseth for life
A maiden sweet, to be his pure, trusting wife,
To guide him safely thro' life's labyrinthine ways,
To the home beyond the skies—the home of praise.

Ring, merrily ring, ye joyous Christ Church bells,
Let the organ fill with joy, when its tone swells,
The hearts of the twain which are blended for life,
The fair youth and maiden, glad husband and wife,
Who will try to win souls for Jesus' dear sake,
And from His Holy Word their daily text take.

Bring forth all your blossoms, ye beautiful bow'rs,
Deck Christ Church altar with your beautiful flow'rs;
Bring the lily, type of purity thro' life,
And orange blossoms to deck the bride and wife;
Bright golden rod from the dells for groom and bride,
Symbol of "Encouragement" should love betide.

## To Jennie.

TO MISS JENNIE WHITELY.

Perhaps some time in this land of care
I may be possess'd of riches rare,
And if I do, you'll receive a share.

In vain I woo this fair maple land
And pray for some magician's wand
To reward my muse with gen'rous hand.

But never mind, fairest maiden mine,
If my goblet ne'er be fill'd with wine ;
I'll drink the health of thy valentine

In cold water pure, from nature's spring,
A truly Heavenly offering,
To beseech for you a wedding ring.

## Hawthorn and Horseshoe.

TO J. W. SMITH, ALDERMAN, ON PRESENTING HIM WITH A CARD ON WHICH WAS PAINTED A HORSESHOE SURROUNDED BY HAWTHORN BLOSSOMS.

I send thee hawthorn blossoms
That no obstacle may mar thy way,
And horseshoe for good fortune,
Ambitious horseman's hope and stay.

## Hattie.

Wonderful Hattie, child of song,
Humming about all the day long,
Like busy bee hunting for flow'rs,
Roaming about in summer hours,
Free from all care as bird on wing ;
Long may'st thou know no suffering,
Long may thy eyes sparkle and shine,
Long may thy voice sing songs divine.

## Beatrice.

TO BEATRICE GARROW.

Thy air of grace and regal mien,
O maiden fair,
And wealth of bonnie chust'ring curls
A queen might wear ;
And eyes where love's fond glances shine,
And heart fill'd with Heav'n's love divine.

## To Bella.

Like thy ferns dost thou grow in beauty,
Charming all with thy modest face;
Like thy crimson flow'rs thy faith is pure,
Winning hearts with innocent grace.

## Gladstone.

Near window drap'd blossoming creepers
Gladstone breath'd his last "Amen," fit word
To end his Christ-like life. "Freedom"
Was his watchword. Day by day his strength
Grew less, list'ning to Armenia's cries
For liberty. But the morn's pale light
Clos'd his life to all earthly sorrow,
And in the Briton's heart long will dwell
His motto, "Union is Strength," and now,
Like America's gifted poet,
Longfellow, who lov'd little children,
Silent is his thrilling voice. Silence
Reigns at Hawarden—time-honor'd castle—
Fitting home for Britain's son to die.
From youth to old age all the nations
From his lips gather'd pearls. And the rose
He cherish'd—Albion's Flower Queen—
Inflam'd his heart with love of freedom.
Long did he wait to twine the shamrock
'Mongst its petals, as it twin'd for years
Around his heart-strings. But God knows best.
In His own time peace will reign o'er all.
Fair Canada, too, mourns England's light,
Her drap'd flags float, blending sweetly with
The organ's swelling tones, pouring forth
Strains for him, whose latest public pray'r,
"God's richest blessings upon you rest,"
Shew'd that the heart of the founder of
St. Deniool's was God's—Heav'n his home.
Kings and queens may o'er Old England rule,
But Gladstone will live in British hearts—
Right Honorable Ewart Gladstone.

## Evelyn.

TO EVELYN CRAIGIE, ON BEING PRESENTED WITH A BUNCH OF SHAMROCK ON ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

O, sweet little maiden, how well thou dost know
That these sprigs of green shamrock my heart would inflame
With love for the giver, as well as the gift,
And a tribute of praise to St. Patrick's fair name.

Like gems on my bosom, the blossoms drew praise,
And the leaves like the emerald speak of thy truth,
For the brave blood of the Gael flows thro' thy veins
And the bright star of innocence illumes thy youth.

## Pansies Purple, Pansies Yellow.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MISS EDRIE TYE, ON RECEIVING FROM HER A LOVELY OFFERING OF PANSIES.

Pansies purple, pansies yellow,
Pansies, too, of ye olden time,
So gloriously beautiful,
Ye must e'en be preserv'd in rhyme.

And the merrie bright-ey'd maiden,
Who so joyously thought of me,
Will ever in my heart remain
A flow'r more beauteous than thee.

Fairest Edrie—sweet little maid,
With thy pure and innocent heart,
May'st thou in womanhood cherish
Ye pansies of thy life a part.

## "Would You Like a Flower?"

TO HARRY MURNEY, TORONTO.

"Would you like a flower?" thus
A black-ey'd young Cupid said
Just before a Maytime show'r,
And I quickly turned my head.
"O, yes, I would, my dear boy,"
And there the young Cupid stood
With pansy and daisy white,
Which he gave in thoughtful mood.
Ye beautiful boy, fill'd
With generous soulful love,
May thy life in manhood be
Fraught with wisdom from above.

## Harry Henning.

I wish thee wealth, I wish thee joy,
I wish thee love without alloy,
I wish thee health, and honors, too,
And friends to keep thy courage true.

I thank thee for thy flow'r so fair,
That bloom'd in far Saskatoon's air:
Its lovely color suited me,
Emblem of England's royalty.

Then may we meet some other time,
When talent may labor outshine,
And may we keep our spirits bright
Tho' clouds may hide the sun from sight.

## Easter.

DEDICATED TO DR. TALMAGE.

How joyful is the solemn thought
That mankind to-day is free;
Free from the dark stain of vice and sin,
Free to rejoice and to enter in
The path of integrity.

For Christ has risen in His might
And conquer'd the victor, Death;
His head is crown'd with a Heav'nly ray,
The cruel thorn-wrought crown roll'd away
At God's all commanding breath.

How pure the air, how bright that sun
On Calvary's hill to-day;
The flow'rs in their beds of earth rejoice,
The birds attun'd in glorious voice
Trill their Easter roundelay.

Then let our souls, like lilies pure,
Illume our lives with Hope's ray,
That we may lend all a helping hand
Till we meet in Immanuel's land
Some glorious Easter day.

## Star Of The Sea.

LINES AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS. WILLIAM FARR ON FIRST GREETING THEIR FIRST-BORN DAUGHTER, IRENE.

I feel thy kiss upon my lips,
Darling Irene,
Thou'rt bright as the evening star
In heav'n serene.
Thou hast come to bless a happy home
That waited long years for thee to come.

Long may they keep thee by their side,
Bonnie Irene,
And teach thee to prattle of heav'n
From morn to e'en,
For thou'rt lovely—none fairer than thee
So fair I call thee "Star of the Sea."

Pure as the snowdrop, the first flow'r,
Baby Irene,
That came with thee, bath'd in sunshine,
Lov'd fairy queen.
Then long may'st thou bloom in the fond heart
Of thy parents—from God ne'er depart.
For thou'rt lovely, none fairer than thee,
So fair I call thee "Star of the Sea."

## To 13th Batt. Band, Hamilton,

ON THEIR VISIT TO LAKE HURON, AT THE O. N. W. E.

May the noble Thirteenth new honors win
Since Huron's bowers they have enter'd in ;
May the clarion's notes ring bright and clear
And "Fair Canada" be their watchword dear.

## Stanzas to a Water Lily.

WRITTEN ON RECEIVING A WATER LILY FROM BURLINGTON BAY.

Hast thou a message which thy petals enclose
From blue Ontario's shore ?
Would'st tell me that thou dost pine for the homage
Which out from my heart doth pour
To the shamrock, fairer than flower to me,
Starry light from Heaven o'er land and o'er sea ?

Dost tell me the waves for me their love whisper
From blue Ontario's shore ?
Dost tell me that Fame for me hath a jewel
In her golden store ?
But no jewel rare will gleam brighter to me
Than the emerald's green, o'er land and o'er sea.

Did'st say that England's rose is not half so fair
By blue Ontario's shore,
As thou in thy baptismal robe of white,
That hath charm'd the trusty oar
To win from the shamrock a new home for thee
In the heart of the writer by Huron's sea.

AFTERMATH.

The thistle nods its mauvy plume,
The fleur-de-lis sends greeting,
The rose its welcome always gives,
The maple soothes hours fleeting,
But down in my heart, wherever I shall be,
Lies the shamrock, emblem of the Trinity.

## La Lumiere De Dieu Est Eternelle.

LINES RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO E. C. BELCHER, LEADER OF KNOX CHURCH, AND MRS. BELCHER, ON THE DEATH OF THEIR LITTLE INFANT, MARION JEAN.

After the fierce wild storms of winter had pass'd
Thy little Jean 'neath spring grasses lies,
Her little spirit bathes in eternal light,
Which on earth shone from her pale blue eyes.

One more link riveted in the heav'nly chain,
One more beacon on the shining shore,
To keep the armor bright of those who lov'd her,
Ready to meet her when life is o'er.

## La Blanche Ferry.

TO MISS MADELINE WATSON, ON BEING PRESENTED BY HER WITH A BOUQUET OF LA BLANCHE FERRY SWEET PEA.

As matchless as thy blossoms
La Blanche Ferry thou art,
Like an amethyst art thou
To every florist's heart.

He named thee for his darling,
The peerless Blanche Ferry,
And in thy stately beauty
Thou'rt a queenly sweet pea.

Then bloom on in thy glory,
And fill the florist's heart
With the sweet Christian fragrance
Which love and faith impart.

## Canada's Offering to Rudyard Kipling.

TO RUDYARD KIPLING, ON THE DEATH OF HIS DAUGHTER, JOSEPHINE, DURING HIS VISIT TO NEW YORK, U. S.

Oh ! why didst thou come
To Our Lady of the Snows,
Why didst thou not stay
With Our Lady of the Rose ?

America's pray'rs
Were not offer'd God in vain,
For the Easter sun
Will illume thy face again.

Thy sweet Josephine,
The child of thy poet's heart,
Has gone where envy
Can ne'er throw its poison'd dart.

Thy lov'd Josephine
Has gone to Heaven so fair,
Chaplets to offer
Of pray'rs for thee over there.

Oh, weep not for her,
She has only gone before ;
Gird on thine armor,
Earth has fame for thee in store.

Fame that ne'er will die,
So live to praise the ris'n Lord,
And swell the chorus
That will soon rise Heavenward.

America's pray'rs
Are not for thee more sincere
Than this pæan from
Lady of the Snows, so dear.

## Roses and Orange Blossoms.

TO MISS NELLIE GARROW, ELDEST DAUGHTER OF HON. JAMES T. GARROW, ON RECEIVING FROM HER A BOUQUET OF ROSES AND ORANGE BLOSSOMS.

Thou art sweet as the roses that bloom, Nellie,
Sweet as the roses that bloom
In the June time, so fragrant and fair, Nellie,
Filling the air with perfume.

And fairer art thou than the blossoms, Nellie,
That deck'd thy maid's bridal brow,
As the thoughtful hand of thy mother, Nellie,
Prepar'd her for Hymen's vow.

Then always be sweet as these roses, Nellie,
Shed love like dew on their leaves
Around all in thy bower-crown'd home, Nellie,
Till time thy coronet weaves.

## "Lord Keep Me, for I Trust in Thee."

LINES PRESENTED TO THE A. O. U. W. AND TO THE ESTEEMED AND SORROWING FAMILY OF THE LATE CAPTAIN T. N. DANCEY, OF HER MAJESTY'S CUSTOMS AT GODERICH, ONT.

Lay him lightly 'neath the roses,
None more brave than he,
Who revell'd in the stormy tide
Oft o'er Huron's sea.

He car'd not for the lightning's flash,
Nor the thunder's roll,
His anchor in the spirit land
To earth link'd his soul.

All have their faults—a friend in need
He e'er prov'd to be,
His hand outstretch'd to help the poor
In kind charity.

Art nestl'd in his happy home
With its paintings rare;
God has taken the sailor true
From Life's sea of care.

Lay him, comrades, 'neath the roses,
Lay him tenderly,
And take up the cross, ye Workmen,
As bravely as he.

He fear'd not death, in calm repose
His soul soar'd on high,
God's will was his—in His strong arms
Let ye ever die.
His anchor is cast on the Heav'nly shore,
Be patient, ye mourners, what want ye more?

## Thy Mother is Not Gone.

LINES TO LIEUT. B. D. GRANT.

Thy mother is not gone from thee,
In dreams thou'lt meet her from care free,
In life thou'lt ever see her smile
To see thee keep thy heart from guile.

## Gently Lay Her 'Neath the Grasses and Roses.

TO THE FAMILY OF THE LATE MRS. HENRY MARTIN.

Gently lay her 'neath the grasses and roses,
Thy mother who lov'd thee so ;
Where the song birds warble their paeans of love,
While angels bore her to their home above,
From her happy home below.

Gently lay her 'neath the grasses and roses,
On Christ's banner her name enrol ;
Forget not the light of her upturn'd face,
A light that was shed by the inner grace
That fortified her pure soul.
"Hallow'd be Thy Name"—her most humble prayer ;
"Thy Kingdom Come"—may her children meet her there.

## Poesy's Welcome.

TO THE ASSOCIATED PRESS OF OHIO.

Right welcome are ye, confreres, knights errant of the quill,
The sweet brier wafts a welcome to you from the hill,
The sea breeze, too, welcome sings to all on Huron's wave
And with a fond "Pax Tecum" salutes the fair and brave.

We're proud of your visit from Ohio's proud old state,
The home of many Presidents both noble and great ;
May we grow side by side in wisdom, our hearts kept true
To our God and country as Huron's waves to Heav'n's blue.

## Sweet Apple Blossoms.

LINES TO W. DAVIS.

Sweet apple blossoms
Rich perfume distils
To fill us with joy
And banish our ills ;
May they bring you "Good Luck" and "Good Cheer"
This very happy, sunny New Year.

## Good Wishes.

TO MISS ANNIE M'DONALD, ELDEST DAUGHTER OF CAPTAIN JOHN M'DONALD, OF THE SCHOONER "KOLFAGE," ON HER WEDDING NIGHT, JAN. 2ND, 1901.

True daughter of a sailor brave
(Naught doth he fear on land or wave),
May thy life be long free from care
As merric birds in summer air,
As fish that lie in ocean deep
And joyfully their vigils keep;
As lovely as the flow'rs that bloom,
May thy acts prove like sweet perfume,
Pure as a bride, be thou a wife,
Honor thy husband all thy life.

## My Darling Little Kathleen.

TO KATHLEEN.

My darling little Kathleen,
  Wilt thou ever know
How thy lovely golden curls
  Set my heart aglow?

And thy beauteous orbs of brown
  Sparkle with delight,
And thy loving smile displays
  Teeth of pearly white.

O! little Kathleen Mavourneen,
  May God send thee grace
To keep thy life innocent
  As thy infant face.

## My Heart's in a Flutter.

TO FRANK BARNARD, OF BRECHIN, ONT., ON BEING PRESENTED BY HIM WITH A DIAMOND JUBILEE BROOCH.

Oh! my dearest Frank, my heart's in a flutter
  Since you sent me that Jubilee valentine
With its diamond and its rings crown encircled;
  I must vote you a chevalier, cousin mine.

You belong to the land where heroes are born,
  Where chivalry grows like the shamrock divine,
Where the muse and the arts flourish with honor
  And Old Erin's fair sons bend low at their shrine.

May genius awake thy soul to new action,
  May the laurels I send thee bring thee new fame,
May thy heart, like the diamond, shed heaven's light,
  And let "Upward and Onward" e'er be thy aim.

## "Rock of Ages."

LINES "IN MEMORIAM," RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO MAYOR AND MRS. THOMPSON ON THE DEATH OF THEIR BELOVED DAUGHTER, ANNE, THE BELOVED WIFE OF JOHN GIBSON, ESQ.

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide my soul in thee,"
Thus thy blue-ey'd daughter sang
Long before the death bell rang
To call her home.

How she clung unto the cross,
Thinking earthly things all dross,
Daily asking from above
For blessings fraught with His love
From Heav'n's blue dome.

Gentle Saviour, hear her pray'r,
"Rock of Ages," let me bear
Life's cross, howe'er hard it be,
If it bring me nearer thee,
Nearer the King.

And she, thy dark-hair'd daughter,
Now sleeps by Maitland's water,
Where flow'rs of love yearly bloom,
Plac'd by her children on her tomb.

## She Wore a Wreath of Shamrock, Green.

(A BALLAD.)

LINES INSCRIBED TO A PRIMA DONNA, 1895.
CEAD MILLE FAILTHE.

She wore a wreath of shamrock green
With harp pinn'd at her side,
Her voice attun'd to honor dear
Erin, her parents' pride.

She sang "I love thee, O Erin,
With thy shamrock so green,"
And out there rang a loud applause
That quite transform'd the scene

To olden times, when chivalry
Made ev'ry heart beat high,
When Erin's heart thrill'd with her praise
And joy shone in each eye.

Long may she sing lov'd Erin's praise,
Of minstrel harp and lute,
Of sunburst proudly floating
Where Faith's symbol takes root.

## 'Beth Bayley.

ON HER WEDDING EVE.

Thou art leaving us, Beth ; another
Is claiming thee for his own ;
And all I can give thee, mavourneen,
Is this song for thee alone.

Of the flow'r you gave me, mavourneen,
One delightful summer day,
Took firm root in my heart, mavourneen,
And there it will live for aye.

'Twas a honeysuckle that might vie
With the roses on thy cheek,
Taken from its mates, that clung around
The parent green stem so meek.

So, Beth, when you leave for another,
Be ever fond of your home,
Where honeysuckles grow profusely
And in wildest beauty roam.

## Kindness is a Flower.

TO MR. MAUGER, NOW OF NEW YORK.

Kindness is a flower,
Engraven upon thy heart.
May Huron's waves ever
Of their wealth give thee a part.

## Tribute From Poesy to Art.

TO MRS. COLIN CAMPBELL.

To me like a rose art thou,
Blooming in beauty a'l day,
Thy eyes like twin stars cheer me
When I meet thee by the way,
For love and hope are reflected there,
Causing the smile thou dost always wear.

How thy artist soul must swell
With pure love for Huron's sea,
Inspiring thy sunset pictures
With Fame's offering to thee ;
Than praise thee my pen can do no more,
And bring thee fame from lov'd Huron's shore.

And more than brush and canvas
Hast thou ever by thy side—
Faithful spouse and loving son,
Of thy trusting heart the pride.
What more than that can Heaven bestow
On any mortal on earth below ?

## Huron's Welcome.

(ODE.)

LINES PRESENTED TO LIEUT. DAN. GODFREY, ON HIS VISIT WITH HIS BAND TO GODERICH, ONT., CANADA, 20TH JUNE, 1898, THE HOME OF THE COMPOSER OF THE "NATIONAL MARCH."

We welcome thee in true knight style from
Albion's royal walls,
We welcome thee with gladness most true,
As thy bugle calls;
Thy return from far Crimea's heights
Thou canst not e'en forget.
"See the conquering hero comes"—and
Thou'rt a conq'ring hero yet,
And from the proud and historic Thames
Thou'rt here by Huron's sea,
Where vast crowds have hastened here to-night
Off'ring tribute to thee.
May the mem'ry of thy visit be
Engrav'd upon thy heart,
And may our sweet brier banks remain
Of thy long life a part.

## Irish Heart's Ease and Shepherd's Purse.

TO LAURA CAREY.

I thank thee, Laura, for thy gift so thoughtful, kind and true,
And now the November sun shines forth in tribute to you
For picking the bonnie shepherd's purse, with its blossoms white,
And sprigs of Irish heart's ease, some fair botanist's delight.

Then keep my mem'ry green, Laura, when childhood passes o'er
And thy blue eyes deck a woman's face someone will adore,
And thy golden hair will be a crown such as queens might wear,
For coronet ne'er grac'd a brow o'er any face more fair.

## Scattered Rose Leaves.

WRITTEN FOR "SATURDAY NIGHT." ON A SUNDAY IN JULY ROSE LEAVES WERE SCATTERED BEFORE THE "BRITISH EXCHANGE."

In my path they lay,
Scatter'd by some hand, in a wanton mood,
And unto me they look'd like loving words
Of praise to Him who ting'd their lovely cheeks
With roseate hue—e'en tho' beneath my feet
I felt their subtle power, as if they spake
Words of cheer—of trusting faith—to do good
On this Sabbath day.

## Frankie.

LINES AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS. FRED. PRIDHAM, ON THE DEATH OF THEIR FIRST-BORN, APRIL 28TH, 1889.

In his lovely white casket
They laid him to rest,
Clos'd his large, lustrous, brown eyes
To all he lov'd best.

His rich brown curls in clusters
O'er his forehead white,
And his pure, sweet, saintly face,
His parents' delight.

The flowers on his casket—
No purer than he—
Were fit emblems of his home
In eternity.

## Santa Claus.

TO DR. ROBERT LE TOUZEL, BERMUDA, IN HIS CHRISTMAS ROLE AS SANTA CLAUS FOR ST. GEORGE'S S. S., GODERICH, ONT.

Dear Santa Claus, I must welcome you from your frozen clime,
With half-a-dozen lengthy lines, written in purest rhyme ;
'Twill help to thaw the icicles which from your robes must hang,
And you are worthy of an ode, the nicest ever sang.

I offer you two sunflow'rs, for two ladies at your feast,
They are worthy of the poet's pen, last but not the least ;
And may I offer you this rhyme your noble heart to cheer,
That it may bring you Heav'nly gifts this happy, bright New Year.

## "Trouble Not the Master."

LINES RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS. R. S. WILLIAMS, ON THE DEATH OF THEIR DAUGHTER, MAY.

"Trouble not the Master," He has need
Of earth's fair flower, that could not stand
Life's rude briery paths, could not stem
The ebbing tide, but is safe from ill
In the Heavenly mansion, blooming
For earth's fair tribute to the Father,
Who sent His well belov'd son to earth
To make us pure in heart, like lilies
Of the field—whose glory Solomon
Could not with all earth's wealth outrival.
"Trouble not the Master,"
Thy little daughter May,
Sitting at the portal,
Will pray for thee alway.

## October, 1896.

The sweet brier on Huron's banks,
With its berries red,
Shews now that the joyous, leafy
Summer time has fled;
But crimson'd maples hold their heads
As high as of yore,
While the sun in all His glory
Gilds them o'er and o'er.

The thistle blooms in beauty, too,
And vies with the rose
To give summer a fond adieu
Ere from us it goes,
And the wild flow'r on the hillside
Smiles upon the scene,
As if no power 'neath heav'n could
Fade its coat of green.

Chestnuts on the hill-tops crown'd with
Nuts of glossy brown,
And the stately rowan tree of
Historic renown,
Fill the eye with autumn's glory,
Emblazon'd alway
On the glad Canadian hearts
While winter holds sway.

Then hie me to the orchard boughs
Bent with rosy glow,
Merry voices fill the air from
Tree tops high and low,
And the vines with fruit are laden,
Both red, white and blue,
Shewing how loyal autumn is,
Dearest friends, to you.

## Lumen De Lumine.

TO HON. WILFRID LAURIER (NOW SIR WILFRID), ON HIS ACCESSION TO THE PREMIERSHIP OF THE DOMINION, AND TO MADAME (NOW LADY) LAURIER.

May Heaven's light illume thy way,
May faithful hearts forever pray
That God bless Wilfrid Laurier,
The Canadian's hope and stay.
"Au revoir."

TO MADAME LAURIER.

Gold have I none, Madame, to offer thee,
Nor genius, nor title of high degree,
But a long, long life I hope thou wilt see
With thy lov'd lord—soul of integrity—
"Au revoir."

## Ring the Bells of Heaven."

"IN MEMORIAM" ADELE LANE (LATE OF MONTREAL), RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO HER FOND PARENTS, MR. AND MRS. HARRY LANE.

"Ring the bells of Heaven," let earth's angel spirit in ;
Another darling from the fold leaves this world of sin,
Another angel form is array'd in purest white,
Another earthly flower blooms in the Saviour's sight.

"Ring the bells of Heaven," her last sweet words upon earth,
Echo'd by the angels who watch'd o'er her from her birth ;
"Ring the bells of Heaven," belov'd parents here below,
In praise of Him above, who alone can soothe our woe.

## Purple Pansies.

TO MRS. R. S. WILLIAMS, JUBILEE YEAR.

Purple pansies, now fann'd to life
By the warm October sun,
Little ye knew how your beauty
O'ershadow'd the belov'd one
Who in life was like an angel—
Now her angel life's begun.

Have ye any message for me ?
While I feel your sweet perfume
Do ye tell me to remember,
In the silence of my room,
That the lov'd one is in Heaven
While ye bend low o'er her tomb ?

Fairest May—didst send thy mother
With those purple pansies sweet,
Whispering with thy angel voice
To the flowers at her feet,
"Take us this fair October day
With May's love thy friend to greet ?"

## Thou Art Happy.

TO MRS. R. S. WILLIAMS, ON RECEIVING FROM HER A BUNCH OF "GOLDEN ROD" FROM MAITLAND CEMETERY, WHERE HER GOLDEN-HAIR'D MAY SLEEPS HER LAST SLEEP.

Thou art happy now, fair mother,
Thy rod of willow has become
Thy golden rod—before thine eyes
Now the world is fill'd with sunshine.

The skies' azure means new beauty,
The stars beckon thee with new light,
Because thou hast only begun
To see the duties of this life
And glories of the world beyond.

## Lizzie.

LINES DEDICATED TO MR. AND MRS. JOHN SPROULE, RAGLAN STREET.

Wee winsome babe,
Thy parents' joy,
Thou'rt in a home
Without alloy.

Thy parents miss
Thy rosebud cheek
And lisping voice
That tried to speak.

Some day you'll meet,
But now, alas!
Under the rod
Their souls must pass.

Thy golden hair
And bright blue eye
Sees Heaven's light
Beyond the sky.

'Mong June's roses
The breezes play,
O'er thee birds sing
Their roundelay.

Sweet little flow'r,
A snowdrop rare,
Thou'rt in a land
Beyond compare.

## Thine Eyes Speak the Old, Fond Language.

TO MISS SEYMOUR, MONTREAL, ON HER RETURN.

For a quarter of a century
I have not seen thy bright, smiling face,
Nor heard the pleasing tones of thy voice,
But thine eyes speak the old fond language
Of thy true heart.

Life for thee has had many sorrows,
Gone are the lov'd sisters of my heart—
Dark-ey'd Norah, with her curling hair
Black as the raven's wing, speaks to thee
Only in dreams.

And Mary—angel Mary—so true
To her in life. This world was naught but
A stepping stone to Heaven's blue vault,
Where Norah sings with angelic voice
"Magnificat."

## Thanksgiving Day.

1885.

There are many to mourn this Thanksgiving Day
For husband and brother who died far away,
And many a mother now mourneth her son
Who was buoyant and gay e'er the battle begun.

Softly pealeth the chimes, 'tis Thanksgiving Day,
Some hearts beat with joy, while others cannot pray,
For hearts were sadden'd by their funeral knell
When their true-hearted sons at Battleford fell.

May Canada ne'er again stain her bright page
With the evils of war time cannot assuage,
May "Peace" be her motto o'er mountain and rill,
The true heaven-born "Peace to men of good-will."

## God is our Refuge.

TO SIR RICHARD CARTWRIGHT, ON THE DEATH OF HIS SON.

God is our refuge—in life
And death—He alone can fill
Our hearts with the Heav'nly balm,
To Him all must bend the knee,
"Fiat voluntus tua."

## "God Moves in a Mysterious Way."

TO HOMER TANNER, AGED 5 YEARS, WHO WAS INJURED IN A RUNAWAY ACCIDENT.

Little hero of tender age,
  Early has the Gospel seed
Taken root in thy youthful heart,
  To bloom in the time of need.

When no human arm could help thee
  Thy little hands used their skill,
Prompted by thy active young brain,
  But thy steed was stronger still.

And yet the noble 'frighted beast
  In its frenzy thought of home,
There it knew there was a haven
  Where peacefully it might roam.

With one arm round thy "petit chien,"
  To save it thy only care ;
In thy embrace it knew no fear,
  For its master true was there.

Dear Homer, God's faithful helper
  You will be every day,
And early you know God doth move
  In a mysterious way.

## Sursum Corda.

IN MEMORIAM MRS. H[illegible]

The soldier's brave [illegible]
They laid to rest,
With the nurse's bad[illegible]
Upon her breast;
Never Red Cross Knig[illegible]
Wore grander crest.

## Lydia.

TO MR. AND MRS. ABRAHAM SMITH, ON THE DE[illegible] THEIR DAUGHTERS, LYDIA (MRS. DUNCAN MORRIS) [illegible]IE.

Thy fond daughter,
She will rise again.
The Easter sun shines upon her face,
Purified by the bitter sorrow
That pierc'd her tender heart.

She is now
With him whom she lov'd
So faithfully in life. Death to her
Was a message of hope and love. Then
Weep thou not. God doeth all things well.

MAMIE.

Beautiful, fair-hair'd Mamie,
'Tis hard from thee to part,
Yet we all know no sorrow
Can e'er more wound thy heart.

"Safe in the arms of Jesus,"
Safe in Immanuel's land,
Where the lov'd ones await thee,
Of earth's once happy band.

## My Xmas Box.

TO CARRIE SMITH (MRS. BARNHARDT, GALT.)

There it lay—my Christmas box,
With its shining spray of dark
Green smilax—on which nestl'd
A carnation—white and pure
As the maiden who sent it,
Tied with ribbon, green as the
Emerald, emblem of faith,
The faith which filleth my soul,
The faith in Emmanuel.

## A Baby's Kiss.

LINES AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO MRS. GEORGIE JESSUP FOREMAN, CHICAGO.

There's magic in thy baby's kiss,
  Wafted from a distant shore,
And thou thyself wert once a babe
  Who kiss'd me in days of yore.

Thy eyes were as blue and liquid,
  Thy cheeks wore a rosy hue,
Thou wert thy fond mother's treasure,
  Thy mother so fond and true.

And now she's gone—thy baby ne'er
  Will kiss her pale, upturn'd face;
Teach her to lisp thy mother's name,
  That seeds of heavenly grace

May take root in her inmost soul,
  As the years roll slowly on,
That her name on Fame's scroll may be
  With glory engrav'd upon.

## Cousin Willie.

Thou'rt gone beyond all suffering,
  Gone to a world of light,
Thou'rt gone to the land eternal,
  Where sin hath cast no blight;

Gone where the sweet angel voices
  Of thy lov'd children sing,
Gone to swell the heav'nly chorus
  Of the Almighty King.

## Heartfelt Gratitude.

TO MRS. ADAMSON, ON RECEIVING FROM HER A GREAT FAVOR, VALENTINE'S DAY, 1902.

Could I for e'en thy sake alone
  Mount high the hill of fame,
I'd strive from early morn till night
  To honor thy fair name.

Thy heart beats high like knight of old,
  Or ladye of degree.
May our fair Canadian land
  Pay homage dear to thee.

And may the maple smile on me,
  If not the shamrock dear,
That I may still thy kindness earn
  Many a coming year.

## "Erin Go Bragh."

INSCRIBED TO HON. EDWARD BLAKE.

I'm going from thee, Erin, I must leave thy shores to-day,
But I'll not forget thee, Erin—for thee I'll ever pray ;
I'll cross the proud Atlantic, but my heart will turn to thee,
E'en tho' I go to live 'neath fair Canada's maple tree.

I'll miss thy fair-haired daughters, with their eyes of liquid blue,
And thy gallant, dark-hair'd sons, with their Irish hearts so true ;
The sunburst that waves o'er thy land, 'twill be to me a dream,
But I'll not forget thee, Erin, tho' silent I may seem.

In my garden in fair Canada I'll plant England's rose,
And Erin's char[illegible] green shamrock 'neath its scented heart repose,
The maple tree of Canada will throw o'er each a spell,
While music as of summer winds would near thee ever dwell.

I'm going from thee, Erin, but fair Canada to thee
Has sent a son, a patriot, who loves the maple tree
Which shelter'd him in boyhood, and fill'd his true heart with love
For Erin's green shamrock, St. Patrick's key to Heav'n above.

## To a November Dandelion.

Child of the greensward, I greet thee
This lovely November day,
Could I but send thee to Kipling
In thy bright, golden array,
I'd send thee as a thanksgiving
From Huron, so far away.

Thou wouldst tell him that no artist
Could depict thy beauty rare
Growing among the maple leaves,
Which, fluttering through the air,
Fall around thee in the glory
Gorgeous autumn's leaves all wear.

Thou wouldst tell England's poet great
That "Our Lady of the Snows"
Is giving thee a holiday,
And ev'ry flower that grows,
Purple pansy, sweet pea blossom,
And fragrant, crimson moss rose.

While she lifts her robe of snowflakes
O'er our land from sea to sea,
And bowing low her stately head
With curtsey, graceful and free,
Thou'lt revel while November lasts,
Our Queen's Year of Jubilee.

## Kind Deeds.

TO DR. AND MRS. TAYLOR.

May your kind deeds
Shine like a star,
May Heav'n bless you
Where'er you are.

## Edyth Astore.

LINES RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MISS BARKER, ON RECEIVING FROM HER A GLORIOUS BOUQUET OF PINK DAHLIAS AND GOLDEN ROD, SEPTEMBER, 1901.

How long have I thy goodness known,
How long hast thou thy goodness shown,
Edyth Astore.
My heart is so full of gratitude,
Thy smiles bespeak a happy mood,
I'd woo fortune for thee if I could,
Edyth Astore.

Fair are thy dahlias, with their glow
Of rosy petals, as they grow,
Edyth Astore.
Tall and graceful they smile on me
In lovely, sweet simplicity,
But they can ne'er compare with thee,
Edyth Astore.

And may the lovely golden rod
An omen of thy future be,
May thy life on earth be gilded
Forever with God's love for thee,
Edyth Astore.

—

And now 'tis Maytime, Edyth dear,
May, May, blossoming May,
And once again my heart to cheer
With Hope's bright golden ray,
You give me sprigs of bridal rose,
Fit for thy wedding day,
Edyth Astore.

## Song and Music.

TO MR. AND MRS. R. S. WILLIAMS.

May song and music greet you,
Thro' this life of tears,
May Heaven's love comfort you
Thro' all earthly fears.

## To Mr. Keating.

Thou hast seen the land of Evangeline,
  Where the golden blossoms bloom,
Thou dost love the birthplace of Longfellow,
  And now in thy heart find room

For a memory of the poetess
  Thou hast met on Huron's shore,
Who sings of the land of Evangeline
  And of the bard gone before.

## Reminiscence of Detroit Yachtsmen.

Her song we sang upon the main,
While seagulls listed to the strain
And echo'd back the sweet refrain,
  "I'm thinking of thee, Alice."

While storm clouds look'd like Neptune's crest
We lull'd old Huron's waves to rest
With that song of songs from the West,
  "I'm thinking of thee, Alice."

## Jimmie.

TO MR. AND MRS. HARRY VIDEAN.

So fair art thou, Jimmie,
  Fair as the lilies that bloom in the spring;
Thy bright blue eyes, Jimmie,
  To many fond hearts great happiness bring.
Like a rosebud, Jimmie,
  Is thy mouth—and thy cooing lit'le voice
Will very soon, Jimmie,
  Make all those faithful, loving hearts rejoice.

Bless'd baby Jimmie,
  Thy loving little soul-inspiring ways
Send darts of love, Jimmie,
  All round thee, like the sun's effulgent rays.

## To Maude.

TO MISS MAUDE KEANE.

What patience dost thou possess, Maude!
  A virtue 'tis hard to find,
But virtues have more loveliness
  Then the gems of earth combin'd.

I wish for thee a happy life,
  And friends both sincere and true,
And could I near thee alway be
  With flow'rs o'er thy path I'd strew.

## Recompense.

TO SHERIFF REYNOLDS.

God loves all those who do His will
And keep heart proof from ev'ry ill,
For man is prone, when honors fall
Around him, to forget that all
Belongs to Him—to give and take ;
So be thou firm, for His dear sake.

## Mourn Not For Albion's Noble.

LINES RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO LADY ABERDEEN, ON THE DEATH OF HER FATHER.

O'er the fair home of thy "Good Works" a dark shadow has now fallen.
Not long like the mists must it lie on thy heart ;
"Upward and Onward," thy motto, will lift the veil of thy sorrow,
Like Easter's glad sun 'twill make the gloom depart.

Mourn not for Albion's noble, who was proud of thee, his daughter,
Who bade thee adieu ere thou cross'd the blue sea ;
No more sorrow at parting will crush his pure soul in the mansion
Where now sparkle rich gems, earth-gather'd by thee.

## Friendship Sincere.

TO LIZZIE AND ETTA BARRY.

When kind fortune smiles upon us
Then truly have we many friends,
But when earth's sorrow comes our way,
Alas ! their friendship quickly ends ;
But thy friendship was true and pure
When "gray days" overshadow'd me,
And now I pray that fortune will
Never cease to smile upon thee.

## Welcome.

WRITTEN ON LEARNING OF THE VISIT OF LORD AND LADY ABERDEEN TO THE AGRICULTURAL N. W. F. AT GODERICH.

We'll give a right good welcome
To Queen Victoria's friends,
A welcome fraught with loyalty,
A welcome that never ends.

## Golden Wishes.

TO EVA HORTON.

If thou hast a cross may it golden be,
May purest flowers deck life's path for thee.

## White Anemones.

TO MRS. (SHERIFF) R. REYNOLDS, ON RECEIVING FROM HER A BOUQUET OF WHITE ANEMONES.

Thy floral gift of anemones white
Truly fill'd my heart with purest delight,
A tribute from art to song;
When thy Heav'n-born love tints the artist's brush,
And which Hymen's bonds never yet could crush,
As with time he glides along,

May Fame ope wide her golden gates for thee,
May home joys ever fill thy heart with glee,
May thy daily life ever tranquil be,
And kind friends around thee throng.

## To the "Club."

ON GIVING A SMOKING CONCERT.

Smoke for a purpose,
Smoke for an end,
The saints of all goodness invoke;
Smoke for chivalry,
Smoke for pleasure,
But let not "good deeds" end in smoke.

## Maude Tilt.

WRITTEN ON MY BIRTHDAY, 2ND MAY, 1895.

Maude, wouldst thou be a little flower?
Wouldst thou be a daisy white?
Wouldst thou be a blue forget-me-not,
Making hearts so gay and bright?

Or wouldst thou be a sweet white flower,
Lily-of-the valley call'd,
That hides its sweet perfume in the shade
To keep loving hearts enthrall'd?

Mayhap thou wouldst be a sunflower,
Nature's lovely garden queen;
Turning all our hearts, my dearest Maude,
Would be joy to thee, I ween.

## Irene.

LINES AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS. HARRY CLUCAS, TORONTO, ON THE DEATH OF THEIR ONLY DAUGHTER, IRENE.

Thou child of hope, thou child of love,
With voice attun'd to harps above.
Earth's treasures were not made for thee,
A star in Heav'n thou'lt ever be,
Irene.

Thy lovely voice, I hear it yet,
Thy voice I never can forget,
Thine eyes that vied with Heaven's blue,
And blushing cheek, with roseate hue,
Irene.

And now thou'rt gone—no earthly queen
Doth hold such sway as thee, Irene ;
The angels tun'd a harp for thee,
Whose sounds will ever float to me,
Irene.

## Love's Greeting.

WRITTEN MANY YEARS AGO TO MRS. ADAMSON.

Love rules your soul
And sends you light
To lessen pain
When in your night.

## Keturah.

TO MISS BROWN, ON PRESENTING THE WRITER AFTER THE NEW YEAR WITH A LARGE PINK CARNATION.

How often I sit by my window and think
Of thy gracious gift of carnation pink,
And such trouble I had to keep it myself,
For so many took me for fairy or elf

Because I wore a pink in cold winter time ;—
Not that it made the carnation more sublime,
But it seem'd to vest me with magical pow'r
When I could wear it for longer than an hour.

'Twas a tribute to poesy, that pink flow'r,
And I priz'd it like some rare golden dower,
And I pray that thy blue eyes may kindly smile
Whenever thoughts of me thy fond heart beguile.

May those who oft listen to thy sweet, gay voice
Think kindly of thee, that thy heart may rejoice,
And may Cupid come to thee on wings of love,
And may God send thee His blessings from above.

## Byron.

LINES DEDICATED TO MASTER BYRON SHIRLEY, AMERICAN CONSULATE, GODERICH.

Dark-ey'd little Byron, will thy poet name
Ever inspire thy heart with a love for fame ?
Thou art fond of a ramble down to the sea,
As dear old Lake Huron often looks to me,
With its high banks and bold cliffs of stone and clay
And sunset so grand at the farewell of day ;
Could old ocean give thee more, beautiful boy ?
Naught but the fine ships that fill our hearts with joy.
Be fond of the flowers and of music sweet,
And make the joy of thy parents' hearts complete.

## Golden Daffodils.

TO MISS DICKSON, ELDEST DAUGHTER OF JOHN DICKSON, ESQ.

Out in the April sunshine
Stood a fair maiden ;
With bright, golden daffodils
Her hands are laden.

Her cheeks are like June roses,
With eyes like a dove ;
For me are those daffodils,
Pure emblems of love.

Her form so light and airy,
Graceful as a fawn,
While she plucks the daffodils
Growing on the lawn.

May life be bright and joyous
For her ev'ry day,
Like the golden daffodils
Now in her pathway.

## Beatrice.

BEATRICE HARRISON.

Thou'rt like a woman, Beatrice dear,
Fill'd with patience rare,
A happy light shines in thine eyes
Which baffles dull care.

Thou'rt fond of music, Beatrice dear,
Like the birds in spring,
And ever to thy parents' hearts
Thou'lt happiness bring.

Thou'rt so good and true, Beatrice dear
Innocence thy charm,
And may the Good Father above
Keep thee from all harm.

## Nellie, True to Home and Friends.

Nellie, true to home and friends,
Cheerful ever.
Heaven patience to thee lends,
Sad ey'd never ;
Truth is written on thy brow,
Naught can sever
The bonds that join you to friends,
Howe'er clever.

## Lilies of the Valley.

LINES DEDICATED TO MRS. SHIRLEY, WIFE OF MR. SHIRLEY, AMERICAN CONSUL, ON BEING PRESENTED BY HER WITH A BOUQUET OF LILIES OF THE VALLEY FROM THE CONSULATE GARDEN, ON VICTORIA DAY, 1902.

Tell me, ye sweet white blossoms,
Why ye have bloom'd so late !
Didst shrink from May's icy cold ?
Dost thou bewail thy fate ?

The tulips bloom in beauty
Whilst thou art waking up,
But June's warm summer showers
Fragrance will fill thy cup.

Waft, ye white petals, the love
That I bear for this spray
To her who with gracious smile
Gave thee to me this day,

In mem'ry of our lov'd Queen,
Whose life was pure like thine,
Whose fragrance, fitting emblem
Of joy in heart of mine.

## Chivalry.

TO HON. A. S. HARDY, PREMIER OF ONTARIO.

How fair a flower is chivalry
In the garden of life !
Like the crocus in early springtime,
Where winter storms were rife,

The snowflakes falling unheeded
O'er its deserted bed,
But the springtime's warm, friendly sunshine
Lifts the flow'ret's bow'd head.

Let gratitude bloom in human hearts,
To greet the angels' eyes ;
E'en if we are lowly here in life
Our off'rings God will prize.

## Resurrexit Sicut Dixit.

LINES DEDICATED TO MR. AND MRS. THOMAS TILT, OF THE "BRITISH," ON THE DEATH OF THEIR BELOVED SON, ALBERT SYDNEY JOHNSTON TILT, AT ROSSLAND, NOVEMBER, 1896.

Weep not, dearest friends, weep not,
Life is ever short—thy boy,
With joyous step, left his home
By old Huron's shore to gain
Rossland's mesmerizing gold ;
But the Father, with loving hands,
Took him up to the "Golden Sands."

## Thanksgiving Day.

OCTOBER, 1900.

As I looked o'er the waters of Nile—painted green
I was stricken with awe at the beautiful scene ;
I looked at the sun, no dazzling ray did he miss,
While heaven's azure sky the green wavelets did kiss
With foam like lace edges, wrought by nymphs of the sea,
Transforming the turquoise waves to opal for me.
'Twas a good-bye to summer, October now reigns,
But the sweet breath of summer it wafts o'er the plains,
Wild doves soar and fishes gambol o'er Huron's breast,
And the fisherman wakes up from his tiresome rest
To tell all his comrades, with pure joy in his voice,
That this Thanksgiving Day made his sad heart rejoice :
Ye fishermen all, Christ's chosen children are ye,
From St. Peter down to this coming century.
May the praise of this fair Thanksgiving Day ascend
To the mansion on high, to Christ Jesus, our friend,
That war may never again a crimson stain lay
On field, veldt, nor ocean upon Thanksgiving Day.

## "Sweet Afton."

TO HAROLD JARVIS, ON HEARING HIM SING "SWEET AFTON."

Let Mary sleep by Afton's braes,
Let lapwing sing his roundelays,
Let Harold ever sing the praise
Of Afton's flowing water.

## November Musings.

Fear not the waves nor old Huron's roar,
King Lear is upon his round,
But list not to the promise he'll make
To silence old Huron for your sake,
For he would freeze you to the ground.

## Heather Bells.

LINES WRITTEN ON RECEIVING FROM D. FERGUSON, ESQ., A LOVELY BUNCH OF HEATHER FROM LOCH TAY.

Oh, wae's me! but it dune me guid
To see the bonnie spray
O' heather fresh frae the Highlan's
Aboon the Loch o' Tay.

It tells me o' the daurin' hairts
O' Scotia's bonnie lads,
An' lasses, too, wi' winsome e'en,
Wha waur the bonnie plaids.

Whose hairts aneath them beat sae true
Nae airthly poo'r can blight,
For Heaven is wi' a' who wark
For oor God an' the right.

Ah me! could I like Scotia's bard,
Burns, the immortal one,
Wander 'mong the braes an' heather,
My wark wad be weel dune.

I'd link the rose an' the heather
Tae Erin's shamrock dear,
An' I'd ask high Heaven's blessin'
For plenty o' guid cheer.

The heather bells mean solitude,
The shamrock faith divine,
An' love the chairm that England's rose
Wad in a' hairts enshrine.

An' noo three cheers for the heather
Aboon the Loch o' Tay,
An' may I o'er its waters sail
Wi' ane I'll love for aye.

## Dominus a Dextris Tuis.

TO STANISLAUS ALEXANDER, ESQ.

The artist's brush is thy delight,
And sacred objects in thy sight
Look still more sacred in the light
Painted by thee.

The master's touch is in thy hand,
The artist's brush at thy command
Creates grand scenes, like magic wand,
Of land and sea.

May Heaven grant thee true success,
Mayst thou earth's richest gems possess,
Crown'd by a life of happiness,
From earth's cares free.

## Florence.

TO MRS. CAPTAIN W. ROBINSON, ON THE DEATH OF HER DAUGHTER, FLORENCE.

'Twas hard to part from Florence,
And bitter tears still flow
From eyes of those who lov'd her
On this fair earth below.

But Heav'n is far fairer still,
God's throne is dazzling bright;
Thy Florence e'er sees God's face
In the eternal light.

## Sweeter Than Perfume.

TO MAUDE JOHNSTON.

Sweeter than perfume from flow'rs,
Sweeter than honey from bee,
Is the kindness from thy heart
Which oft hast thou shown to me.

Mayhap kind fortune will come
And smile on my later years,
If so, I'll not forget thee,
Thy kindness mov'd me to tears.

## Edith.

TO MISS EDITH M'GILLIVRAY, POETESS, OTTAWA.

Edith, fair maiden, allow me
To wish you a Happy New Year,
May fame gild your footsteps thro' life,
And smiles give no place to a tear.

Your thoughts are pure as the lily,
Your acts spring from Heaven above,
Your heart is true to the Maker,
Encompassing thee with His love.

## To Engineer McGillivray,

OF THE GOVERNMENT TUG "DE LISLE," GODERICH HARBOR.

May thy life be bright
As the September sun;
May prosperity
Woo auld Scotia's son.

May the brave DeLisle
Good fortune bring to thee,
While on its charm'd deck
You sail old Huron's sea.

## Sweet Dreams.

TO MISS PAISLEY, NEW YORK, ON PRESENTING HER WITH A BOUQUET OF MIGNONETTE ON HER JOURNEY HOME.

May thy dreams be sweet
  When thou art far away,
May "Love's Golden Dream"
  Remain with thee alway.

May thy life be fraught
  With off'rings to the King,
Of the joys of Heav'n
  May'st thou forever sing.

May this mignonette
  Plant its seed in thy heart,
Modesty and grace
  Will ne'er from thee depart.

## Jubilee Day, 1897.

TO JAMES MAGEE, Q. C., LONDON, ONT.

Inanimate the heart that does not beat in rhythm
To poesy's soul-stirring truths. The artist's hand
Cannot, with his Heaven-born genius, rival it,
Because his paintings only act like mem'ry's dream
And stir not the depths of man's soul to real action.
Would the artist awake a soul like Laurier's
Or like thy lov'd poet namesake—D'Arcy Magee?
No! the pen is mightier far than artist's brush,
And the poet wields the pen—and to-day the praise
Of Canada's Queen is sung o'er all our broad land,
And long may she reign in endless peace on this earth
And forever more in Heav'n—where God rules supreme.

## Snowdrops.

TO MRS. HARRY ROTHWELL, TORONTO, ON BEING PRESENTED WITH SOME TINY SNOWDROPS, MARCH, 1900.

How I prize thee, little snowdrops,
  Peeping up thro' winter's snow;
Brave art thou—yet tender darlings,
  Fearing naught on earth below.

What did the March winds promise thee
  When ye left the dark, cold earth?
Was it to cheer a poet's heart
  That the March winds gave thee birth?

Then, little buds of prophecy,
  We'll be brave and full of cheer;
We know that glad Easter follows
  Bright springtime of each New Year.

## Lottie.

MISS LOTTIE TILT, BRITISH EXCHANGE.

Will I tell thee that I miss'd thee
  And that I look'd for thee in vain ?
For a glimpse of thy cheerful face
  Is like glad sunshine after rain.

Tho' patience is with me a gift,
  Yet how I long'd for thy sweet face,
But now I can go out again
  And in life's battle take my place.
But this I tell you, maiden mine,
I pray you, wed your Valentine.

## Isobel.

LINES RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO MR. AND MRS. T. SWANTS, ON THE BIRTH OF THEIR ONLY DAUGHTER, ISOBEL.

How I love thee, dear Isobel,
No mortal tongue can ever tell ;
When thy bright, dark eyes thou didst ope
They fill'd my soul with sweetest hope.

How I love thee, dear Isobel,
With cheeks as pink as coral shell ;
Heav'n fitted thee to fill the heart
Of those of whom thou art a part.

Death came before thee, Isobel,
Blighting their lives with sorrow's knell,
But then the rose will bloom afresh
To blossom in King Cupid's mesh.

And be a joy while life doth last
To those whose brows are overcast,
A shining pearl, dear Isobel,
Art thou to those who wish thee well.

And now I lay at thy dear feet
This pretty bouquet's perfume sweet,
An emblem of thy life on earth,
Sent down from Heaven at thy birth.

## In Memoriam.

TO MRS. CARROLL, ON THE DEATH OF HER BELOVED MOTHER, MRS. NAHRGANG, HANOVER, ONT.

Patiently she bore the cross
  For Christ the Redeemer's sake,
Her crown she won by works on earth,
  Which no strong foe can take.

## Louise.

LINES DEDICATED TO CAPTAIN AND MRS. GIBSON.

(AN ODE.)

How fair, dear Louise, art thou,
With thy large, soft, soulful eyes,
Rivalling Heaven's blue;
With voice fill'd with melody,
The suff'rer's pain assuaging,
I know that thou art true,
And may I wish thee, maiden mine,
A very gallant Valentine.

## Kathleen Moore.

LINES RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO KATHLEEN MOORE, LITTLE DAUGHTER OF EXPRESS MESSENGER A. AND MRS. MOORE, ON HEARING HER SING "DADDY" AT THE M'GILL VRAY XMAS MISSION BAND ENTERTAINMENT, 1900.

The winter winds surround ye,
Kathleen Moore,
Why need ye fear their anger,
Kathleen Moore?
Your voice is full of gladness,
Then fill it not with sadness,
Kathleen Moore.

A little fairy are ye,
Kathleen Moore,
Loving, winsome and gentle,
Kathleen Moore;
Hair so soft and eyes so sweet,
Heart so true—I love to greet
Kathleen Moore.

May you ever be as bright,
Kathleen Moore;
May sorrow ne'er come thy way,
Kathleen Moore;
May Heaven keep thy voice attun'd,
That earth's cares may never wound,
Kathleen Moore.

## May Love Send Thee Golden Fetters.

TO MISS KATE DANCEY.

May love send thee golden fetters
With Cupid on his rounds,
For truly overwhelming love
In thy pure heart abounds.
And, Kate, this is a wish of mine,
That you will gain a Valentine.

## St. Andrew's Day.

TO A SON OF SCOTLAND.

I send ye Scotland's heather bells, my friend,
That St. Andrew to thee his light shall send,
An' when ye gently ope this paper lid
'Twill tell ye a tale o' happiness hid,
As bright as these heather bells were lang syne
When the nightingale trill'd his notes divine.

## Blossoms White.

TO MISS MARY SALKELD, "THE MAPLES," ON RECEIVING FROM HER ON THE 30TH OF MAY, 1902, A LOVELY BOUQUET OF WHITE LILACS AND WHITE SYRINGA BLOSSOMS.

Thou hast given me blossoms white,
Mary dear,
And soon upon thy own white brow,
Mary dear,
Will the orange wreath and white veil
Crown thy sweet, modest face so pale,
Mary dear.

And he to whom thy heart is giv'n,
Mary dear,
Must forever thank kind Heaven,
Mary dear,
For giving him a love so true
As the love given him by you,
Mary dear.

## To Mrs. James McGillivray.

ON A STORMY DAY IN JANUARY.

Yours very truly
This stormy day ;
When the sunshine comes
I'm yours alway.

## Autumn, 1894.

TO JUDGE JOHNSTON, SAULT STE. MARIE, ALGOMA.

The autumn in all its glory
Is fast fading from our view,
The heavily laden cloudbursts
Are now chilling us with dew.

No longer doth our harbor grand
Its gay votaries enchant,
But in the heart's deep recesses
Fair visions it doth implant.

## Merry Little Maidens.

TO MABEL AND LORETTA MAHONEY.

What merrie little maidens truly are we,
With our curls and our bright eyes which all can see ;
We love our dear mamma and papa so fine,
And we love next to them dear Saint Valentine.

## In The Eternal City.

LINES AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO S. NORDHEIMER, GERMAN CONSUL, ON THE DEATH OF HIS BELOVED DAUGHTER IN THE CITY OF ROME, ITALY.

Thy daughter—in the Eternal City
Let her lie—in the Eternal City
Above she lives—free from earth's sordid cares.
Cannons may roar and strong swords may clash
Of brightest steel, but her loving heart
Will ne'er flutter at war's dread, fateful news.
Her eyes feasted on the beauties of Rome,
While its vaulted blue sky made her yearn, with
St. Paul, who in the Eternal City
Wrote, "Let us not be weary in well doing,
For in due season we shall reap if
We faint not."

## Birthday Wishes, 1894.

TO MRS. HARRY CLUCAS.

May this New Year in your life be full
Of honor and joy in your home,
May your heart be light
And your hopes be bright
For many, many years to come.

## Regret.

TO PROFESSOR GAUDRY, TORONTO, LABOR DAY, 1900.

The rose I missed, with petals soft
And pink like the sunset's dye,
Sent o'er my heart a faint regret,
Like mist o'er the summer sky.

But your kind wishes will not fade,
Though your rose I did not see,
But in my mem'ry live each day
And sweet fragrance waft to me.

## To An American Eagle.

Dost think thou art beautiful,
Thou bird of gray,
When you come to my garden
And stay all day?
I would welcome thee gladly,
Thou bird of gray,
But methinks 'tis for plunder
You come to stay.

## Marguerite.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MARGUERITE, YOUNGEST DAUGHTER OF JAMES MILLER, ENGINEER G. T. R.

Dost hear the merry robins
In the springtime, Marguerite,
Calling thy name so softly
And fluttering round thy feet,

Asking if they'll build their nests
In your grand old apple trees,
When their sweet scented blossoms
Idly woo them in the breeze?

And the busy honey bee
Draws its nectar. Marguerite,
From those same orchard blossoms
Which May scatters at thy feet.

Love the springtime, Marguerite,
Love the pretty birds and flow'rs,
Love all thy little playmates,
Woo them to thy woodland bow'rs.

## Lilac Plumes.

TO MISS MARY LE TOUZEL, ON BEING PRESENTED WITH A BUNCH OF LILAC PLUMES.

The lilac plumes thou gavest to me,
Yesterday,
With the sweetest perfume fill my room,
Thoughtful Mary;
May fortune send thee clustering joys
To entwine
Around thy lov'd home, where artists roam,
Mary mine.

## Good Wishes.

TO A FRIEND.

May the muses be charm'd
With thy efforts, my dear,
And may Cupid follow
With pure joy and no tear.

## Easter, 1901.

LINES DEDICATED TO REV. MARK TURNBULL, RECTOR ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH, ON THE FIRST EASTER OF THE 20TH CENTURY.

O Easter, blessed Easter,
  Sweet songsters fill the air
With their gay, tuneful voices,
  That drive away despair.

The winter's gloom enwrapp'd us,
  But Easter's golden light
Sent fair flowers to greet us,
  Rare flow'ers, the heart's delight.

And may this blessed Easter
  Bring men a rich reward
Who help'd the poor and needy
  Whose joy in life is marr'd.

May the ris'n Christ be with us,
  And may we see His face
When life no longer charms us
  And we long for God's grace.

## Fair as a Lily.

TO WALLACE VIVIAN AND LENA BELLE MILLER, HIS BRIDE, OF KALAMAZOO, MICH., U. S.

Fair as a lily is Lena, thy bride,
Fairer to thee than all the world beside :
May thy love guard her from all life's sorrow
And may each day bring a fair to-morrow.

## Robin Red Breast.

LINES WRITTEN TO A 20TH CENTURY ROBIN.

Dear little robin, what have you to tell
To the hoping hearts that love you so well ?
Is thy song more cheerful this year than last ?
For now the nineteenth century has past

And the twentieth century begun :
But what doth it promise poor, fickle man ?
If thou couldst tell, dear little bird of spring,
What joy or sorrow to lov'd ones you bring !

One thing you tell us—that winter is o'er,
And you have return'd to sing at our door
And make us all feel that your lovely voice
Will make e'en the saddest of hearts rejoice.

## "A Man's a Man for A' That."

LINES WRITTEN ON BURNS' ANNIVERSARY, 1901.

I bro't thee a plume
  Fit for a knight,
In honor o' Burns,
  Who lov'd the right;
If friend in poverty sat,
"A man's a man for a' that."

Was the motto true
  Thro' all his song?
By Afton's water,
  All the day long,
With Mary, so poor, he sat.
"A man's a man for a' that."

She was rich to him,
  An' now she sleeps,
Near Afton's water
  Her vigil keeps;
Sacred the spot where they sat,
"A man's a man for a' that."

## Maggie Beck.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MAJOR JOSEPH BECK.

Like a flow'ret in the springtime,
  Broken by rude winds,
Thy lov'd memory will ever
  Sweetly fill our minds.

## Easter, 1902.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MRS. JOHN TUTT, ON THE DEATH OF HER DAUGHTER, MISS ANNIE H. CAMPBELL, EASTER, 1902.

Oh! Annie, dearest maiden, why didst thou leave us
  In sadness and sorrow this glad Easter time,
While the daffodils bloom'd so golden around thee,
  And thou like a June rose wert just in thy prime?

Thine eyes of azure blue were fill'd with love's soft light,
  Thy sun-tinted tresses were lovely to see,
The rose in thy cheek was matchless, dearest Annie,
  Then why didst thou leave us? O! whisper to me!

Because I so lov'd Heaven; no sin enters there,
  No parting from lov'd ones, no heart knoweth pain,
No flow'rs ever die there, the harps are all golden,
  And angels are singing this lovely refrain:

"He is risen, alleluia, come thou and greet
  The Saviour who died on Calvary to save
Our weak, erring souls from the fetters that bound them,
  Come now, behold Him—He is ris'n from the grave."

## Minimum Maximum.

TO ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

'Tis pleasant to list to the click, click, click
  Of my long needles of polished oak,
For I'm knitting a rug of odds and ends,
  Which truly is a domestic stroke.

When tired of your dresses just cut them up
  Like nice ribbon, an inch wide or more,
Then sew them together and knit them up
  For the feet of the one you adore.

Now I've read of your Aunt Hattie's kitchen,
  Where the tea kettle sits on the hob,
But had she one of my nice knitted rugs
  She'd be proud as an eastern nabob.

## Beautiful Boy Donald.

LINES INSCRIBED TO DR. AND MRS. RALPH HOOPER, TORONTO.

Dearest little Donald, how beautiful art thou,
With the fair, clustering curls upon thy pure brow!
And thou art fond of the flowers in their bright glow
Of golden yellow—bachelor's buttons, I trow.

Lovely boy, how the hearts of thy parents must beat
With pure joy when they look on thy features so sweet,
And they'll pray that thou wilt grow more beautiful still
In mind as in body, to keep thee from all ill.

## To Mary.

LINES DEDICATED TO THE ONLY DAUGHTER OF MRS. GEORGE JESSUP FOREMAN, CHICAGO, ILL.

O! my sweet babe's eyes are blue,
  Blue as Heaven's azure dome;
Her hair of sunniest brown—
  Like seraphs in their home,

In their home of gold and gems,
  Where sorrow ne'er dims their sight,
Where love knows no earthly pain,
  Where all things are pure and bright.

O! Mary is a treasure,
  No flower more fair than she;
Who could not love her sweet face,
  Where dwells naught but purity?

Then, O! Lord, for Thy dear sake
  Her little footsteps I'll guide,
Until another claims her,
  My Mary, for his fair bride.

## Elise Tye.

Beauteous flow'r queen, didst thou know
That poesy from my pen doth flow ?
'Mong roses thou shouldst alway dwell,
For they thy charms alone can tell ;
They look so happy ev'ry day,
E'en when the wanton wind doth play
Among their leaves—and seem to know
That to their fragrant charms we owe
The wreath that decks a bride's fair head
Or adorns the casket of our dead.

## To Sir Richard Cartwright.

Sir Richard, thou art truly good,
Nature's nobleman,
Casting bread upon the waters ;
Nothing grander can
Be the act of priest or statesman,
Leaders in life's van.

Canada has cause to praise thee,
Working for her weal ;
Tho' we love Victoria's name
And to her are leal,
Yet the Union on our borders
Craves her royal seal

To make us a wealthy nation
With commercial trade ;
And Old England, Merrie England,
Need not be afraid
To lose her most loyal subjects
When she needs their aid.

Then God bless your work, Sir Richard,
And bless your home, too,
May the sun of prosperity
O'er us shine anew,
And the blessing of our nation
Ever dwell with you.

## Grace.

GRACE SEAGER.

I love thy face,
My lovely Grace ;
Heaven's dower,
My earthly flow'r,
Beams from thine eyes so meek ;
Thou'rt sweet and mild,
My lovely child,
And good and true
As Heaven's blue,
You hold what others seek.

# Thy Mother.

LINES RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO MRS. ALLAN MARTIN, HER SISTERS AND BROTHERS, IN MEMORY OF THEIR MOTHER, THE LATE MARGARET ANDERSON, BELOVED WIFE OF DANIEL FERGUSON, ESQ.

For thee she waited morn and night,
Her dark eyes brighten'd at thy sight,
Her wreath'd smiles always I will see,
Her lips in pray'r form'd but for thee.

Her silver hair, with saint-like face,
Crown'd her pure brow with soul-lit grace ;
With folded hands her work was done,
While seasons follow'd one by one.

Happy mother—thrice happy wife,
Joyous thoughts ever fill'd her life,
Her Bible was her daily guide,
She car'd on earth for naught beside.

"Nearer, my God, to Thee," her pray'r
While wintry snowflakes fill'd the air ;
When April's sunshine kiss'd her cheek
"Nearer to Thee" she fain would speak.

True daughter of a noble race,
Auld Scotia's seal was on her face,
The blood of clansmen stirr'd her heart,
Which from thy veins will ne'er depart.

And now Heav'n op'd its pearly gates,
Where thy lov'd sister gently waits
To welcome thee when life is o'er
Upon God's fair eternal shore.

# Rachel.

TO RACHEL M'SWEEN (MRS. W. WALLACE.)

Could the Rachel of old look on thee, sweet maid,
Gladness would illumine her eyes,
For the bloom upon thy cheek
Sheweth thee patient and meek,
Truly a dower she would prize.

The flame color'd flow'rs that you gave me, sweet maid,
Were bright like the joy in thy heart,
And the stately maiden fern
Made me for sylvan nooks yearn
Till August's hot sun would depart.

—

And now a chief came and woo'd thee not in vain,
A fair lover from o'er the sea ;
Now, too, a sweet babe is thine,
From whose eyes true love doth shine
Upon its fond father and thee.

## "I'm Going Home."

LINES AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS. JOSEPH WHITELY ON THE DEATH OF THEIR YOUNGEST SON.

"I'm going home;" no pain on that bless'd shore,
Where the angels wait till the parting is o'er,
Wait for the ransom'd souls by Christ's loving side,
While earth loses her heroes, her joy and pride.

Yea, the heroes must go, but their lives, like flow'rs,
In our memory live thro' the darkest hours,
Bidding Christians awake with the morning sun
And ne'er fall by the way till Christ's work is done.

Christ's work—aye, let us arise in all our might
And put on the robes of the children of light,
Giving strength to the weak and joy to the world,
And meet Christ in Heav'n, with our banner unfurl'd.

## Japonica Blossoms.

TO MRS. DR. J. B. WHITELY, ON BEING PRESENTED WITH SOME SPRIGS OF JAPONICA BLOSSOMS.

Didst give me those bright red blossoms,
Emblems of a soldier true,
To strengthen my soul for life's cares
And burnish my armour anew?

Thou art thyself like those blossoms,
From duty thou dost not swerve,
Thou art truly the King's daughter,
Who well the Master doth serve.

## "Lord, With me Abide."

LINES DEDICATED TO MRS. CARROL ON THE DEATH OF HER HUSBAND, MR. JOHN CARROL.

This world, tho' full of sunshine, to me is sad and dreary
Since the partner of my joys and sorrows left my side;
His voice is hush'd forever, my soul is very weary,
And I daily ask this blessing, "Lord, with me abide."

When the sun sinks to rest in his effulgent glory grand,
I ask myself can frail mortal e'er so happy be?
Can they surround their lov'd ones with rays from the heav'nly land?
Or must they sleep unmindful for all eternity?

I know not, but I miss him, my brave husband kind and true,
His children around him thrice gather'd every day,
I look'd to him for counsel, as the flow'rs sip Heaven's dew,
And I hope in heart to meet him when I'm call'd away.

## Frances.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MISS FRANCES JOHNSTON.

Thy friendship, dearest Frances,
  Is like to pure refin'd gold,
W'hich ever keepeth burnish'd
  Though so many years have roll'd

Above our heads ; but pure hearts
  Like to thine time cannot mar,
But much closer binds the tie
  Till we see the gates ajar.

Thy brow speaks of constancy,
  Thy dark eyes of love sincere ;
Thy voice fill'd with tenderness
  Many sadden'd hearts will cheer.

## Gertie.

LINES RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO MR. AND MRS. JOHN SALKELD, "THE MAPLES," ON THE DEATH OF THEIR BELOVED DAUGHTER, GERTRUDE FLORENCE, LOVING WIFE OF JOHN SOWERBY, ESQ., GRAND RAPIDS, MICH., 15TH JUNE, 1899.

No more, Gertie,
  Wilt thou hear the poplars sigh at thy home,
But thy mother
  Will list for thy footsteps in days to come.

Clos'd are thine eyes,
  Thy soft fair hair falleth upon thy brow,
Thy mother weeps,
  But, Gertie, in thy sleep, thou'rt happy now.

The June roses
  Shed o'er thy new-made grave their sweet perfume ;
Song birds carol
  Sweetly, too, in the maples near thy tomb.

Sweetest Gertie,
  Lovely maiden, fairest mother and wife,
God has call'd thee
  To the Heaven of everlasting life.

To His Heaven
  God has call'd thee, Gertie. His home above
Has no sorrow,
  No parting, naught there but everlasting love.

Clos'd be thine eyes,
  Let thy fair hair lie on thy marble brow ;
Safe is thy boy,
  God has sent angels to watch o'er him now.

## Easter Morn.

LINES DEDICATED TO MISS ELISE TYE, ON BEING PRESENTED AT EASTER TIME WITH A LOVELY ROSE.

O ! Easter morn, so fair so bright,
To issue from the darkest night ;
No moon, no stars, were there to view,
No vaulted sky of azure blue—
All darkness enshrouded—but, lo !
The Easter sun, with golden glow,
From out Heav'n's canopy doth shine,
To fill our hearts with love divine—
A love no mortal can eschew,
A love that, like the morning dew,
Keeps our hearts refresh'd, when life's sin
Daily battles to enter in ;
And now to-day, o'er this fair earth,
Man should rejoice at his new birth,
As do the flow'rs this Easter day,
And, voices tun'd with heav'nly lay,
The Easter carols sweetly sing,
To give Thee praise—their God and King—
And what has man to give Thee more,
To Thee, the Christ, Whom all adore,
Than heart and soul !—but purity
Must fill all hearts offer'd to Thee.
Like the Easter flow'rs in their bloom
Our hearts must offer sweet perfume,
Like the rose, my Easter gift, giv'n
By maiden, fair as flow'rs from Heav'n,
Who early has been taught to love
The heav'nly teaching from above ;
And with her simple gift I may
Praise Thee Who art the Life, the Way,
The Prince of Peace, the Gospel's light,
Who came to lead our souls aright.
"Resurrexit" floats on my ear,
"Sicut Dixit" I plainly hear,
And alleluias soft and low
Float to Thee from this world below.

## Belle.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MISS BELLE MITCHELL, OF THE GODERICH "STAR," ON BEING PRESENTED BY HER WITH TWIN ROSES.

Were I an artist thy roses I'd paint,
That upon them I might look for aye,
In their twin beauty, the world I would charm
With the work of my easel to-day.

I must be content their beauty to praise
With the poet's all-powerful brain,
But your loving gift I will not forget,
In my heart it will ever remain.

## Upward and Onward.

LINES WRITTEN ON PRESENTING LADY ABERDEEN, AT THE GREAT NORTH WESTERN FAIR, WITH A POT OF SHAMROCK IN FLOWER.

From proud Aberdeen's halls to fam'd old Huron's shore
  Thou hast travell'd, dear lady, with pride
That all those whom thou hast met thy graces adore,
  For thy wisdom is known far and wide.

Let me then, for the love you bear Erin's daughters,
  Present you with the shamrock so green,
And a hope that the pot by Huron's waters
  Will bring to the fam'd house Aberdeen.

## Twentieth Century Thanksgiving, 1901.

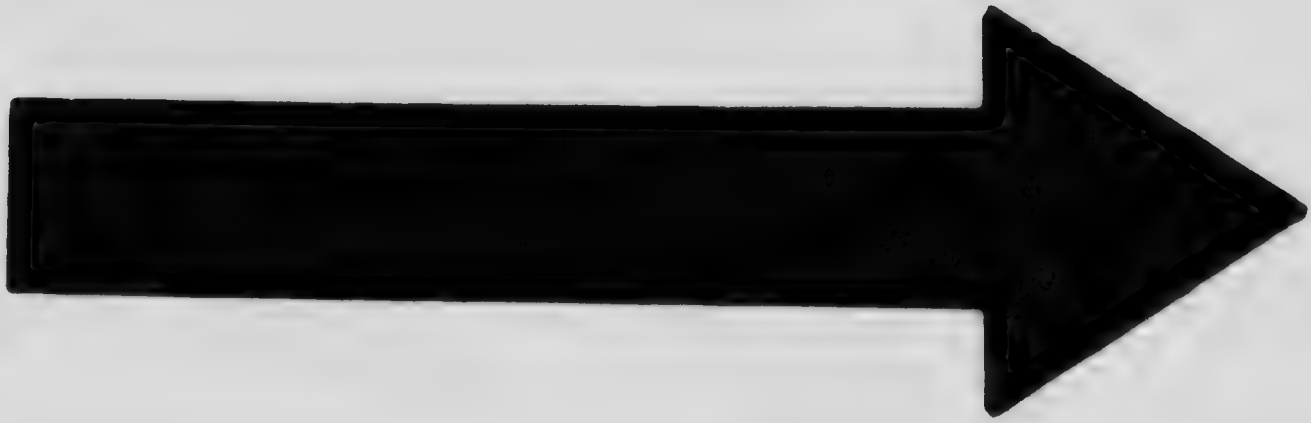
Lo! behold the sun shineth in all his glory
On this Thanksgiving Day in the new century;
Nineteen hundred years have pass'd since the Son of God
Came from Heaven to lead us in paths of virtue,
Of Christian love and fellowship—charity
To all men, all creeds—to win souls for His Father
And to give praise and thanks to the Lord God of Hosts.
And what are we doing? Are we faithful as they
Who walk'd with Him in Cana, in Jerusalem?
We gather in our golden grain, our vines laden
With purple grapes and white gladden the eyes of all,
But do we follow in the footsteps of our Lord?
Do we speak words of comfort to the sorrowing
Or pass them by and let them bear their grief alone?
The heavens are blue on this new Thanksgiving Day
Of the twentieth century, while a mantle
Of pure snow from Heav'n obliterates the dark spots
Of earth. So may the Son of God, with Divine rays,
This Thanksgiving Day, cover all the blemishes
Of our lives, making us pure in spirit—in love
With all mankind, speaking words of encouragement
To the thoughtless, turning their wandering footsteps
To the great Thanksgiving portals beyond the skies.

## The Bell of Point Gatineau.

INSCRIBED TO LORD AND LADY ABERDEEN.

Why all those crowds on this morning so fair?
Why those jubilant sounds borne on the air?
They're coming to see them anoint the bell,
Lord Aberdeen's gift and fair Isabel.

Ring, merrily ring, on Gatineau Point,
Ring, merrily ring, when thee they anoint;
Ring merrily for God and for Heav'n's Queen,
Ring for Isabel and Lord Aberdeen.



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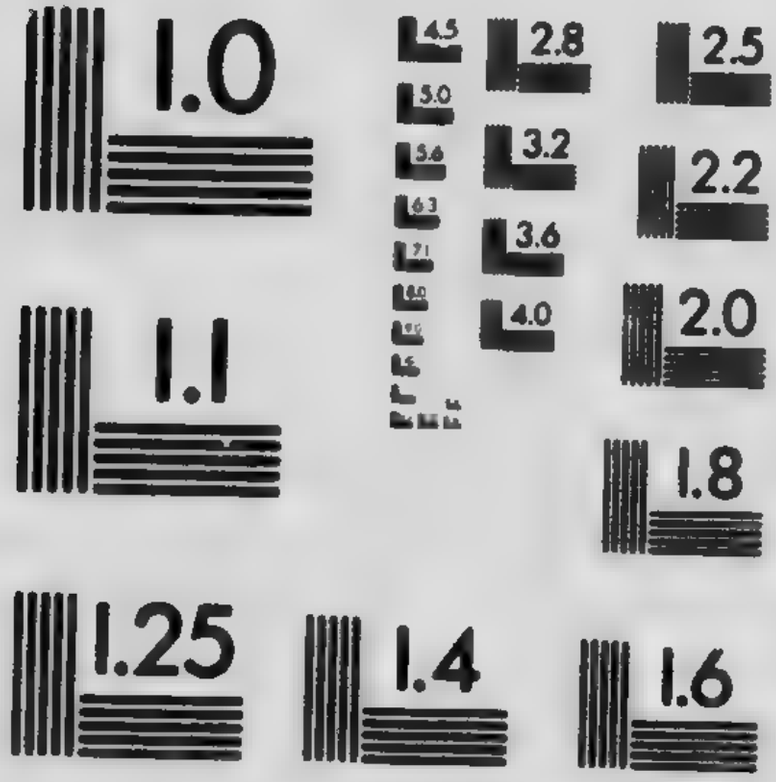


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## Sweet June Flowers.

TO MRS. M'G. M'FARLANE, ON BEING PRESENTED BY HER WITH SPRIGS OF THE "STAR OF BETHLEHEM" AND PINK BLOSSOM'D SHAMROCK.

So deftly she laid them in my hand,
  The sweet white and pink June flow'rs,
And I had not miss'd her, for she lay
  Resting quietly for hours.

But while with her son's wife in converse,
  Grandma slipp'd away unseen,
And from some nook where Bethlehem's star
  Blossom'd white, 'mid the grasses green,

She cull'd the starry flow'rs, and with grace,
  Blended with their petals white
The lovely, pink-tinted, bell-like flow'rs
  Of the shamrock, my heart's delight.

And I pray that this gentle lady,
  Who loves her dear Scottish land
Where she pluck'd the blossoming heather
  And walk'd o'er the seashore sand,

May be spar'd by God for many years,
  With all those she loves on earth,
And when He calls may the angels' joy
  Be as great as at her birth.

## Maiden of a Race of Braves.

LINES WRITTEN AND DEDICATED TO E. PAULINE JOHNSTON, THE INDIAN POETESS, ON READING IN THE LADIES' JOURNAL HER POEM "GRAY DAYS."

Maiden of a race of braves,
  No "gray days" shouldst thou see;
With thy youth and heav'n born gift
  How happy shouldst thou be!
The stars shine out their brightest
  After a "gray day's" dawn,
And flowers bloom in beauty
  After rain storms beat upon
    Their perfum'd petals.

Death will come to all, Pauline,
  But woo it not. Despair
Soon will hide its Hydra head
  When Hope lists to *your* pray'r
That laughter may kiss thy lips,
  Fame fill thy heart with glee;
God's love is more than human,
  His will a law to thee,
    Then do thou obey.

## Thy Face is Fair.

TO MISS MINNIE ACHESON (MRS. GREIG, SEAFORTH), ON PRESENTING HER WITH THE "FORGET-ME-NOT" WALTZ ON HER WEDDING EVE.

Thy face is fair,
  No fairer bride
Has e'er appear'd
  At bridegroom's side.

May love and joy
  Thy heart inflame
And lead thee on
  The way to fame.

## Guy.

TO MR. AND MRS. THOMAS SWARTS, ON THE DEATH OF THEIR ELDEST SON, GUY, AND LATER OF HIS LITTLE BROTHER.

I saw thee in thy beauty
  In thy father's hall,
Waiting for the sweet song birds
  To come at thy call.

The song birds came, but never
  Will they see thy face,
Never will thy sparkling eyes
  Follow them thro' space.

For the angels took thee, Guy,
  To a higher home,
To a Paradise above
  Any castle dome.

How they miss thee, little Guy,
  May God give them peace,
To meet thee crown'd with glory
  When earth's sufferings cease.

—

And now his blue-eye'd brother,
  So loving and fair,
Has gone to the spirit land,
  To meet his lov'd Guy there.

Kind Heaven cheer their parents,
  Spare them further grief;
When they say "Thy will be done"
  Thou'lt grant them relief.

Yet the song birds that they lov'd
  Flutter 'round their home,
And know not of the sorrow
  Ling'ring where they roam.

## Mabel.

LINES DEDICATED TO MR. AND MRS. CHARLES DOTY.

My dearest Mabel, child of song,
Be thou merry the whole day long.
So fair thy brow, and classic, too,
With those curls like Hebe—ah! who
Could not love thee, my fairy queen,
With lovely face and modest mien!
And when the flow'rs of spring perfume
Our gardens with their mystic bloom,
Bring me a tribute for this lay,
A pretty little bright bouquet.

## Shamrock and Roses.

LINES WRITTEN ON BEING PRESENTED BY MESSRS. W. W. MACVICAR AND W. H. MURNEY WITH A BEAUTIFUL BOUQUET OF SHAMROCK AND ROSES AT ST. PATRICK'S CONCERT, 1895, WHEN THE WRITER SANG HER SONG, "I LOVE THEE, O ERIN."

(W. W. MACVICAR.)

A shamrock from my wreath I send
To one who always is my friend,
To one whose highest aim will be
O'er self to win a victory,
And make his name with valor ring
In honor of the Heav'nly King.

(W. H. MURNEY.)

I send you a shamrock from my wreath,
A tribute won by thee,
For Erin's sons in all ages sing
Of acts of chivalry.

## And Is This Death?

LINES INSCRIBED TO THE DAUGHTERS AND SONS OF MRS. HUGH MATHESON.

And is this death—this calm repose?
This quiet sleep which numbs our woes?
This heart is still—thy mother lies
So still, so calm, clos'd are her eyes,
Her eyes that shone with lustrous light,
And lips that smil'd in fond delight.
"Weep not for me," her features say,
"I go to Him Who reigns for aye.
My time is come, I cannot stay."

## Jessie Lowe.

TO MRS. LOWE, ON HER VISIT TO GODERICH AFTER THE ABSENCE OF ONE QUARTER OF A CENTURY.

The days that were, Jessie,
Many years ago,
And o'er their memory
May true friendship glow,
To build up great wealth
For sweet Jessie Lowe.

Sorrow has not faded
The rose on thy cheek,
And thy dark eyes sparkle
O'er thy face so meek,
And the heav'nly mansions
Thy pure soul doth seek.

## Katie.

TO MR. AND MRS. REID, PIETERMARITZBURGH, SOUTH AFRICA, ON BEING PRESENTED WITH A BOUQUET BY KATIE BEFORE LEAVING GODERICH, ONT.

Thy fair hair is like virgin gold, Katie,
Upon thy lovely, pure white brow,
Thy brow which speaks of truth and love, Katie,
May it ever be pure as snow.

Thy love for noble deeds, dearest Katie,
Will alway inspire thee with zeal
To keep your mind untarnish'd, dear Katie,
And on it imprinted Christ's seal.

And be firm as these flowers, dear Katie,
Whose bright colors never will fade,
And ever lend a helping hand, Katie,
To all those who may need thy aid.

Many times have I thought of thee, Katie,
When War's ruthless hand made me sad,
But now may we all dwell in peace, Katie,
And forget all the grief we had.

## To Harry Craig.

VALENTINE'S DAY, 1901.

May the pain thou hadst to suffer
Give place to happiness great;
It made thee a hockey martyr,
Great honors must thee await;
And now to wish "Good Luck" be thine
I send this pretty valentine.

## Janie.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MISS JANIE BATES (MRS. LORNE M'DONALD), ON PRESENTING THE WRITER WITH A BOUQUET OF ROSES AND BLUE BELLS.

Fair Janie, thou'rt welcome with thy bouquet
Of bonnie blue bells and roses so gay;
Fain would I sing forever and for aye
"Jessie's Dream" and "Scotch Lassie Jean."

The morning was cool after the night's rain,
And now the sun's rays are shining again,
And, Janie, I trust thou'lt not wait in vain
To hear me sing Scotch songs some e'en.

Thou'rt fair as a lily and stately, too;
Some laddie will find thee faithful and true;
May God in Heav'n send His blessing on you,
And some chieftain make you his queen.

For as the heather that grows on the hill
Of Scotia's fair land, where the crystal rill
Makes music like bagpipes, thy mother still
Likes the Gael devout and serene.

## Mabel's Bouquet.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS. A. M'DONALD, LATE OF WINGHAM, ONT.

Mabel is a charming maid,
Happy all day long,
Always cheering her mother
With some pretty song,

Tossing back her curls all day
In a merry mood,
While she trips along from school
With thoughts pure and good.

And this fair lovely Maytime
Fill'd her heart with love
For the beautiful flowers
God sends from above.

Love the flowers, dear Mabel,
They speak to thy heart;
Could thy bouquet live for aye
It would ne'er depart;

But blossoms fade, dear Mabel,
As does earthly cheer;
But not for long, dear Mabel,
God is ever near.

## To W. W. McV.,

(MARINE BAND), ON PLAYING THE "SNARE DRUM."

O let this life's snares e'er emerge
From the orchestral drum ;
Cast thy bread upon the waters,
Even the smallest crumb.
And then its notes in melody
Will keep thy heart from anger free.

## Thou Art Gone.

IN MEMORIAM MRS. ANN ELLIOTT DARK BOWDEN. LINES INSCRIBED TO HER SON, THE FAMILY OF THE LATE PATRICK CARROLL, ESQ.

Thou art gone—'tis well—sorrow will ne'er ruffle thy calm brow more ;
Thou art gone to those who op'd the gates so many years before ;
Thou art gone where celestial joy awaits the faithful soul
Whose heart was wholly given to dim Who doth our lives control.

Yea—He was ever with thee—upheld by His heavenly arm
Thou didst work in His service—He will keep thy pure soul from harm ;
May He guide thy son, thy idol, from this cold world's strife and sin,
That he may offer Heav'n good works and be ready to enter in.

## Christmas, 1900.

DEDICATED TO REV. DR. DANIEL.

Christians awake ! 'tis midnight
On Judea's hills—Bethlehem
Is hush'd to sleep—hush'd for the King
Of Peace—for Whom the nations long'd ;
Long'd to do Him their homage grand,
Long'd to kneel at His feet—the feet
Of the only Begotten Son
Of God. He came—no sign He bore
Of David's royal house, save the
Bright glory of His infant face,
Which outrivall'd night's starry dome,
The emblem of Divinity.
But list ! the silence reigns no more,
The hills and plains re-echo with
The heavenly voices singing
In sweetest concert, "Hosanna !"
Hosanna ! for the Prince of Peace
Is come to ransom sinners all.
Then sing Hosanna to the Lamb ;
And sung Hosannas e'er will be
Thro' the Twentieth Century.

## Herbert.

TO MRS. AND THE MISSES HALEY, ON THE DEATH OF THEIR BELOVED BROTHER, HERBERT.

Gently they laid dear Herbert to rest,
As once he lay on his mother's breast,
His mother's love was his earthly crest.

His lovely eyes of Heaven's own blue
Clos'd with love for his mother so true
When the white-rob'd angel nearer drew.

The song he lov'd was "My Mother's Pray'r ;"
When life's bells so gladly fill'd the air
No one with his mother could compare.

"Thy will be done," to God's strong will bow,
He has only gone before, and now
The immortelles wreathe his classic brow.

Earth's flowers he lov'd when life was sweet,
Gather flow'rs to lay at Herbert's feet ;
Dearest ones on earth he lov'd to greet.

"My Mother's Prayer"—sing it again,
Thy mother will cherish its refrain,
E'en as a hymn it will soothe her pain.

## Sleep Gently, Mother.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO THE FAMILY OF E. J. BARKER PENSE, M. P. P., KINGSTON.

Sleep gently, mother, Christian wife,
Purest thoughts ennobled thy whole life,
With thee patience was a virtue rare
While suffering encompass'd thee with care.

Like a lily of the valley fair
Wert thou e'en cherished everywhere,
Thy voice with wisdom ne'er ceas'd to guide
The loving hearts ever at thy side.

Sleep gently, mother, the summer flow'rs
Give place to autumn's glorious bow'rs,
The birds sing sweetly and do not fear
The snowflakes that mark the dying year.

But the sun shines o'er thee and the stars—
No shadow their glorious lustre mars,
And thou in Heaven's light doth abid
An angel there by the Master's side.

## Proudly Sounded the Pipes.

LINES INSCRIBED ON PRESENTING A BLUEBELL TO THE PIPER OF THE 48TH HIGHLANDERS, WHO ACCOMPANIED THE HURON OLD BOYS ON THEIR FIRST VISIT TO GODERICH, ONT., CANADA, A. D. 1900.

O proudly sounded the pipes
When the Highland laddies play'd,
"The Campbell's are a Comin'."
In their tartan scarfs array'd.

No braw gift could be more priz'd,
More dear to the Highland heart,
Than Scotland's bonnie bluebells,
Of the piper's life a part.

## With Rosary of Pearls.

LINES RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO THE SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF THE LATE MRS. CAPTAIN FRANK TRAUNCH.

With rosary of pearls thy darling mother sleeps;
With firmly clasp'd hands Mary's lov'd chaplet she keeps:
She has gone where Mary dwells—Mary, virgin pure,
Mary, who had all life's bitterness to endure.

The fields are all abloom in rich tinted array,
And birds their love songs sing this flow'ry month of May:
Then weep not, dear children, thy mother look'd so calm,
Her soul took its flight to where life's cares find a balm.

On earth she was faithful as daughter, mother, wife,
Now she wears the crown won by her Christian life;
Forget not her maxims, pure as heavenly dew,
Keep innocent your hearts, to her mem'ry be true.

She lov'd you with a love, no one can ever tell
How truly and fondly, she lov'd you all so well;
So take comfort in the thought all will meet again
Where there is no bitter parting, no bitter pain.

## In Fr[illegible]ris.

TO MASTER GEORGE CARLISLE, DETROIT, MICH., U. S.

You'll be a general, never fear, and one of renown,
A general you will be,
Mayhap another brave general like George Washington,
Who cut down the apple tree.

And you will read how he became the famous President
Of the land that makes one free;
So save up all your golden coins and keep them in your bank,
In your porcine bank from me.

## Lizelle.

INSCRIBED TO MISS LIZELLE COLLINSON.

Could mortal ever fairer be
Than thou, Lizelle, so fair and free?
Thine azure eyes e'er dance with joy
That beams in them without alloy.

Pure innocence is on thy brow;
Keep it, Lizelle, as pure as now,
For Heaven's stamp is on thy face,
And in thy face His love I trace.

Its tones are pure, and truly sweet
As nightingale's in lov'd retreat,
But sweeter still is thine, Lizelle,
For in thy soul thy notes do dwell.

## Golden Glow.

LINES DEDICATED TO MISS BROWNLEE, TOLEDO, OHIO.

May the golden glow that charm'd you
  Drive from your hearts all care,
And fill your souls with the gladness
  That drives out all despair.

May prosperity surround you
  With royal diadem,
Royal, coming from Kingly Hand,
  That forms the smallest gem.

Yea, be ever true to Heav'n's King,
  Who rules o'er high and low,
Who ever fills our hearts with faith,
  Bright as the golden glow.

## Lottie Logan.

Innocent as a flow'r art thou, Lottie,
  When the bud unfolds its beauty;
Lovely in thy home life, too, dear Lottie,
  Always faithful to thy duty.

Thy eyes sparkle with untold joy, Lottie,
  Thy voice with candor and truth,
Thy laugh has a charm for all, dear Lottie,
  The greatest attraction of youth.

May the turquoise that thou gav'st me, Lottie,
  Be ever a pledge of thy love
For one who will e'er pray for thee, Lottie,
  That blessing be thine from above.

## Sara.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MRS. CAPTAIN JAMES A. ARMISTEAD, ST. PETERSBURG, FLORIDA.

I'll not bid thee remember
Thy 'friend on Huron's shore,
For th  at last prov'd thy friendship,
And one can do no more.

For God has His seal on thee,
He guides thee day and night ;
May joy be thine till Heav'n gives
Thee everlasting light.

## Nae Fairer Morn.

LINES WRITTEN ON PRESENTING MISS MAUDE MURRAY ON HER WEDDING MORN WITH A SPRIG OF HEATHER FROM LOCH TAY. THIS POEM WAS READ AT THE WEDDING BREAKFAST BY REV. J. A. ANDERSON, B. A.

Nae fairer autumn morn e'er greeted bridegroom an' bride,
Nae brighter sun e'er shone while nuptial knot was tied ;
An' may this wee bit giftie keep them baith thegether
And mak' them love for aye Loch Tay's bonnie sweet heather.

## Thanksgiving Day, 1899.

And now 'tis Thanksgiving Day again ;
Some mother's fond heart is fill'd with pain,
And ever she sighs this sad refrain :
"My dearest boy again I ne'er will see,
'Neath Spanish clay he lies, hidden from me."

And now another is fill'd with joy
To welcome home her warrior boy ;
No more will dread fear her heart annoy.
And she sings this carol so bright and gay :
"My dear boy is home this Thanksgiving Day."

But boys must go and mothers must weep,
Their brave sons must sail the briny deep,
And care they little if they must sleep
'Neath Spanish clay or fair Canada's earth.
If their g  ry gilds the land of their birth.

And now let the sunset speak of peace,
Let all rejoice at the glad release
Of Cuba ; may her suffering's cease ;
And pray that upon this Thanksgiving Day
God will reward us with peace for aye.

## Faithful.

IN MEMORIAM GEORGE M'MAHON, ESQ.

Faithful friend and brother kind,
Loving, tender son;
He fought life's battles bravely,
A crown he has won.

## Carolyn.

LINES AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO MISS CAROLYN HAY YOUNG, WHISTLING SOLOIST, DETROIT, AT THE 1901 MARINE HOSPITAL ENTERTAINMENT IN VICTORIA HALL, "EAST LYNNE."

Be thou ever bright and gay,
May thy dark eyes shine alway,
May true love be thine for aye,
Carolyn.

May thy voice be pure and clear,
Warbling pæans from year to year,
Thanking Him for gift so dear,
Carolyn.

Be thou ever pure and true,
Cheering hearts like Heaven's dew,
O'er their paths fresh flow'rets strew,
Carolyn.

May no shadow of despair
Ever fill thy heart with care,
Let earth's roses nestle there,
Carolyn.

Praise God morning, noon and night,
Praise Him for thy voice so bright,
Till thy spirit's onward flight,
Carolyn.

Forget not the Maitland true,
Remember Lake Huron's blue,
And Huron's poetess, too,
Carolyn.

## Canada's Greeting.

TO PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT HIS BEING RETURNED AS RULER OF THE UNITED STATES.

I send to thee a maple leaf
From fair Canada's poetess brave,
Who works and toils from morn till night
Beside proud Huron's crested wave.

## Margaret.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MISS MAGGIE SUTHERLAND, DAUGHTER OF CAPTAIN DAN. SUTHERLAND.

Fair Margaret, accept from me
A marguerite as pure as thee,
With golden heart as light and free.

God lov'd thee, Margaret, and thou
Must ever to His goodness bow,
That new life may be giv'n thee now.

May God spare thee, Margaret dear,
And may He wipe away the tear,
And fill thy parents' hearts with cheer.

## True Courtesy.

TO MRS. A. R. DEWITT, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

Well might I think the fairies dwell
By Huron's sounding waves;
Well might I think that silver mines
Are hidden in its caves:

For as the sunset dyed the sky
With August's colors grand,
Thy friendship with its grandeur woo'd
The muse in this fair land.

For poesy and art combine
To cheer me with their spell,
And music, too, its witchery
Within my heart doth dwell.

And with the triple pow'r I pray
That God will be thy friend,
And lead thee to the golden shore,
Where His love ne'er will end.

## The Sunflower's Welcome.

TO MRS. KATE SHERWOOD, TOLEDO, OHIO.

I welcome thee with sunflowers,
Sweet singer of sacred song,
The sunflower, emblem of truth,
While the ages roll along.

Sing on, sweet singer, sing for Him,
His praise is beyond compare;
Thy voice will strengthen with His love
And with His heavenly care.

## Harriet.

LINES RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO MR. AND MRS. WILBUR MANNING, LONDON, ONT.

Thou art like a rosebud, Harriet,
With dimple in thy chin,
And rounded cheek, like a full-blown rose,
And smiles all hearts to win.

Thy golden ringlets have charm'd my heart,
Thine eyes like stars do shine,
Reflecting the pureness of thy heart
Mirror'd in soul of thine.

Dear little Harriet, ne'er forget
The friends you met so true,
By Huron's side they all love to dwell,
And will ne'er forget you.

## White is thy Hair.

TO MRS. O'DELL, ST. LOUIS.

White is thy hair and pleasing is thy voice;
Thou hast made many trusting hearts rejoice;
Mine thou didst cheer one fair September day,
And for thy happiness I'll ever pray.

Thou'lt come back again from Missouri's shore,
Thou'lt come back again to hear Huron's roar;
I pray I may meet you in hope and joy,
The joy of this life without its alloy.

## Pearl.

TO PEARL WIGLE, ELDEST DAUGHTER OF REV. HAMILTON WIGLE, ZION CHURCH, WINNIPEG.

Pearl, thou'rt fair, none fairer than thou;
With the lily dost thou vie:
And e'en the pearl for which thou'rt nam'd
Might well for thy beauty sigh.

Thy heart is light and knoweth not care,
Thy mind is a gem of light,
And He who fill'd thee with thoughts so pure
Will keep thee pure in His sight,

Perfect as the rose thou gav'st me,
With its fragrant petals rare,
Pluck'd after the late July dewdrops
Cover'd it with pearls most fair.

## Tina.

TO MISS TURNBULL, "BURNSIDE" FARM, NEWTON, ONT., WITH ACCOMPANYING SPRIG OF HEATHER AND COMPLIMENTS OF THE WRITER ON HER WEDDING EVE, OCT. 9TH, 1901.

May this fair October e'en
Bring thee doon the luve o' Heaven,
For thou hast a luve on earth;
A' ye want to ye is given;
An' this sprig o' heather will
Guard thee, dearie, frae a' ill.

Naething mair hae I tae send,
Naething braw can I gie tae thee
But this sprig o' bonnie heather
From thy lo'ed father's ain countrie;
An' thy life will be a boon
To friens' an' a' a' aroon.

An' noo I wish tae thee, luve,
A' happiness through thy dear life,
An' a' tae the chosen one
Who maks thee this e'en his wife;
A' praise tae the Word Divine
That maks his luve ever thine.

## The White Rose and Cameo.

LINES TO DON. M'GILLICUDDY, TORONTO, ON FASTENING A WHITE ROSE IN MY CAMEO BROOCH.

We took a walk adown the street,
My cameo and I;
Anon we met a city youth
Who would not pass us by,

But slipp'd a white rose in to please
My cameo and me,
An act which show'd the tribute paid
By him to poesy,

To the muse who paints the flowers
In words faithful and well,
Whether they grow on mountain high
Or down in grassy dell,

With pen or pencil, naught she cares;
The task to her is dear;
And now this lovely pure white rose
Speaks of friendship sincere.

Our gracious thanks do we bestow,
My cameo and I,
Upon the gallant city youth
Who would not pass us by.

## Golden Wedding, 1901.

LINES RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS. ISAAC SALKELD ON THEIR GOLDEN WEDDING DAY, AUGUST 21ST, 1901.

All hail the Golden Wedding Day
  Of friends we love so dear,
Friends whose path in life is gilded
  With plenty of good cheer!

Friends whom God has bless'd so richly
  With fields of golden grain;
Sons and daughters all around them,
  Life's work was not in vain.

And in this golden harvest time
  Let us all merrie be,
And wish anew to groom and bride
  Renew'd prosperity.

All honor to their work of toil!
  All honor to their race!
If not on earthly scroll enroll'd
  God's seal is on each face.

All honor to the lands they left,
  Lands of rose and heather!
All honor to the maples which
  Link'd their hearts together!

In life and death may chains of love
  Lead them to shores of gold,
And all their children gather in
  To the eternal fold.

## Annie.

LINES RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO CAPTAIN AND MRS. CHARLES M'INTOSH, 1876.

Thine eyes so soft and tender, Annie,
  With affection fill our hearts;
Thy voice with liquid sweetness, Annie,
  Love's holiest thoughts imparts.

I knew thee in thy childhood, Annie;
  Thy brow knew no shade of care:
The rich rose mantled thy cheek, Annie;
  Love's blushes were hidden there.

May thy pure, young voice win fame, Annie,
  And strength to thee be given
To sing the Almighty's praise, Annie,
  And be crown'd by Him in Heav'n.

## To a Cocoon.

DEDICATED TO MISS GUILLOT, WINDSOR, ONT.

There it stands
Before me now, that cocoon
Of pale golden, fluffy silk,
Like an oval ball lying
In its little bed of soft,
Pale blue lining—grand, complete,
Just as the poor little worm,
With wondrous dexterity
All unknown to man, form'd it
In truly bird's egg fashion.
And man looks on and wonders
How the mite he would trample
Under his foot could rival
Him—forming that wondrous ball
Symmetrically perfect.
Just another example
Of God's inscrutable plan
Of teaching man, who rules all
His inferiority
To the crawling worm of earth.
Yea, the robes of kings and queens
Owe their beauty, not to birds
That fly o'er heav'n's vaulted sky
With plumage whose bright colors
Would rival the rainbow's hue,
But to the poor earthly worm
Of unparallel'd power
And unrivall'd usefulness.
Then man weaves the golden silk
Into webs of silken cloth,
Dyeing it in richer tints
To bedeck humanity.

## Poesy's Thanks.

TO MRS. DR. DEWITT, CINCINNATI.

Well might I think the fairies dwelt
By Huron's sounding waves,
Well might I think that silver mines
Were hidden in its caves;
For as the sunset dy'd the sky
With August colors grand,
Thy friendships with their grandeur woo'd
The muse in this fair land;
For poesy and art combine
To cheer me with their spell,
And music, too, its witchery
Within my heart doth dwell.

## The Oak Tree of Vancouver.

LINES DEDICATED TO MR. HENRY HUMLER, VANCOUVER, ON SEEING A PHOTO. SENT HIM OF A GIANT TREE IN VANCOUVER WITH A YOUNG LADY STANDING UNDER ONE OF THE ARCHES.

Methinks I see the giant oak
On far Vancouver's regal shore,
Where love takes root and blossoms fair,
Regardless of the ocean's roar

Methinks I see a loving maid
Whose thoughts have flown to Huron's wave,
Under the oak's leafy bowers,
Thinking of the promise she gave

When her lover homeward journey'd,
Lov'd ones to see, and leave again
To join the maid 'neath giant oak,
To stand by her a loving twain.

Thy heart is true, Annie, fair maid,
Thy lover is faithful as well,
One glance at the oak-arch'd picture
Threw o'er me love's poetic spell.

## Fair May.

LINES AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO MRS. WM. TIGHE, ON THE DEATH OF HER ONLY DAUGHTER, MAY LOUISA BERNADETTA, OF THE COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE.

Mourn not, fond mother, be not sad,
God and his angels guard thy bed;
Thy blue-ey'd daughter sweetly sleeps
And with them nightly vigil keeps
O'er thy fair home.

Her blue eyes and pretty brown hair
Crown'd a face with innocence rare,
Too fair for earth, where discord reigns,
She dwells where God's love never wanes,
And all is peace.

Fair May, thy little acts of love
Were inspirations from above,
Thy parents' hope, pray God to give
Strength to each, and may they long live
For His sweet sake.

Happy art thou, May, in thy fair home,
Where angels wait for all to come;
And may we live as pure as thee,
To gain bliss in eternity
Forever more.

## Farewell.

IN MEMORIAM MRS. CAPTAIN EDWARD MARLTON. LINES DEDICATED TO HER LOVING FAMILY.

Farewell, my dear friend, farewell,
Thou now hast found sweet rest,
And calmly now dost thou lie
With flowers on thy breast.

The flowers thou us'd to pick
Wherever thou didst roam,
The shamrocks and the daisies
That grew around thy home,

And the sweet primroses
That smil'd so sweet on thee
When thou wert a prattling child
Upon thy mother's knee.

Ah! those days you ne'er forgot,
E'en at old Huron's side,
When you met the sailor boy
Who made you his fair bride.

To old Erin thou wert true,
E'en on Vancouver's shore,
And by lov'd Lake Huron, where
You watch'd till day was o'er

And waited for the New Year
And the summer flowers,
That happiness might be thine
Thro' many passing hours.

But thou art with Him whom thy soul didst love
In the Garden of Life, in Heav'n above.

## Life.

TO MRS. ROBINSON, DETROIT, MICH., AUTHORESS OF "THE KING'S MESSENGER."

Life is full of novelty,
Full of stranger ups and downs
Than what we read of. The world
Knows them not—far better
Better that the tranquil w.
Close over and tell no tales
Of what is hidden in the
Bosom of the sea. For did
Man know he would use his pow'r
To bring back that which was lost,
And gain no other reward
Than to glory in his feat.
And we—would we be gladden'd
If all our hopes lay anew
Before our eyes? We think not!
And to the King's Messenger
We must bow.

## Dearie.

VALENTINE'S DAY, 1901.

DEDICATED TO MR. AND MRS. JOHN PROUDFOOT.

Dearie, my dearie, I am thine,
And send you this nice valentine;
I pray that you may live to bless
Kind Heaven for thy loveliness.

## The Homeland.

TO REV. W. W. STODDART, LEBANON, KENTUCKY, ON HIS WEDDING DAY, SEPT., 1902.

O the "Homeland," the "Homeland,"
  'Tis sweet unto the ear
Of those who knew the singer,
  Of those who lov'd him dear.

And now to the sunny south
  He takes his fair young bride
To reap with him God's harvest,
  The Gospel seed, his pride.

Then ring, ring, ye happy chimes,
  Ring, ring them, earthly love,
Ring for the "Homeland" wedding
  On earth and heav'n above.

With the triple pow'r I pray
  That God will be thy friend,
And lead thee to golden shores,
  Where His love ne'er will end.

May blessings strew their path thro' life,
Happy husband, thrice happy wife.

## Hugh Moore.

DEDICATED TO MRS. A. MOORE. WRITTEN ON BEING PRESENTED ON SUNDAY, JUNE 7TH, WITH A BOUQUET OF LOVELY PANSIES.

How lovely are those pansies
  Thou hast brought me to-day,
But thou art, my dearest Hugh,
  Lovelier far than they.

But be like these sweet pansies,
  Teaching lessons of love
To draw souls to the Master,
  In His garden above.

## What Can I Write?

MRS. IDE, DETROIT.

What can I write, little mother, dear?
What can I say thy fond heart to cheer?
Smiles wreathe thy lips and kindle a light
In thine eyes in the darkness of night.

Be happy, then, little mother, dear;
May smiles be thy heirloom, may no tear
From earth's sorrows e'er cast o'er thy heart
A shadow to break love's divine dart.

## Margaret Clarke.

LINES "IN MEMORIAM," AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO THE MISSES HABERLACK, OF BUFFALO, N. Y.

Weep not for thy sister, with her babe
On her breast;
She has gone to the mansion where
All are at rest.

She was lent only to us, who lov'd
Her so dear,
Whom she greeted with smiles and who now
Drop a tear.

Bu' 'her mem'ry will live as the long
Years roll on;
Husband, friends, sisters, know that to Heav'n
She has gone.

With her babe she has pass'd thro' Heaven's
Pearly gate,
And with the hosts of Heav'n their coming
Will await.

## Gladys Saults.

LINES RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS. WALTER SAULTS.

No fairer face e'er came to dwell
Than thine own on this fair earth,
Not e'en in the long centuries
That have pass'd before thy birth.

Thou viest with the lily pure
And the anemone white,
And mayst thou ever keep as fair,
Thy fond parents to delight.

## Independence Day, 1902.

DEDICATED TO COMMODORE MILLS, OF THE YACHT "CYNTHIA," THAT LAY IN GODERICH HARBOR 4TH JULY, 1902.

Accept these flow'rs
Which bloom so fair
For Independence Day,
And may these hours
Dispel all care
While you at anchor lay.

## Retrospection.

(CARRIE CARISSIMA.)

LINES DEDICATED TO MRS. FRED. HODGSON, OF THE CITY OF MEXICO.

To thy childhood's home
Thou art come once more,
Where in happiness ever thou didst dwell,
As bright as the birds
That o'er our heads soar,
And singing pæans thou didst love so well.

And now thou'rt a wife
The music of love
Thrills thy young heart like some cadence of song.
Stars speak thy love's name
From their homes of love
And songbirds warble his praise all day long.

He'll be true, Carrie,
As knight of old Spain,
Whilst thou'rt far from the "City of the Sun:"
Dear old Mexico
Thou'lt soon see again,
And the husband thou hast luckily won.

## Maggie.

TO MAGGIE HURLEY, ON HER WEDDING DAY, SEPT. 24TH, 1902.

May kind Heaven bless thee, Maggie,
And strew thy path with flowers
Which may yield thee great happiness
In life's dreary, darkest hours.

A fair young bride art thou, Maggie,
With voice so pure and so sweet;
Then ever leave thy gratitude
At our dear Redeemer's feet.

## Clara.

DEDICATED TO THE MISSES DARK.

Angels are ever near thee, Clara dear,
Singing sweet songs of joy into thine ear.
Thy heart is ever ready to defend
The cause of poverty—thou art a friend
Of the poor and needy, thy dark eyes shine
With a soft, quiet light, almost divine;
Thy smile is soft as a midsummer day,
And may thy sweet smile keep with thee alway.

## Abraham.

LINES DEDICATED TO MR. AND MRS. ISRAEL SHER, ON BABY ABRAHAM'S CIRCUMCISION DAY.

To thee, sweet babe, I bring these sweet flow'rs.
Emblems of purity and love,
And that our good Father in Heaven
Will strengthen thy babe with His love.

As a tender bud he is giv'n thee,
To guard from all harm and all sin.
To lead to the mansions immortal,
Where only the bless'd enter in.

Anemone means "expectation,"
And the dahlia "forever thine,"
So around the heart of thy sweet babe
May all Heaven's blessings entwine.

As peerless as the bright stars of night
Are dear little Abraham's dark eyes,
Brighter and dearer is he to thee
Than stars that glitter in midnight skies.

## To My Kind Friends

(MR. AND MRS. CHARLIE SIMONS.)

Faith, love and joy are all thine,
Three gems in the Book Divine,
Three stars of Heaven that shine
Ever upon thee;
Hope is thy bright guiding star,
That beams on thee from afar,
Leading to the "gates ajar"
Of eternity.

## Kind Remembrance.

TO MRS. NELLIE CARLISLE, DETROIT, READ BY THE AUTHOR AT AN ENTERTAINMENT GIVEN AT "LAKEVIEW" BY MRS. CARLISLE.

All honor be given those
Who have truly woo'd the muse
By old Huron's enchanting shore,
For God gives us the talent
Tho' we are His weak vessels,
But Heaven's gifts we all adore.

For God guides the artist's brush
As well as the poet's pen,
And gives strength to the willing hand :
He fills hearts with gratitude
That gladdens the artist's soul
And makes him a p w'r in the land.

And now all honor to thee,
And those I meet here to-night,
To show their right gude will to me :
For without friends we are weak,
Our talents would lie buried
In Lethe's oblivious sea.

## "Is Thy Cruse of Comfort Wasting ?"

LINES "IN MEMORIAM," DEDICATED TO THE SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF MARY TUMOTH, BELOVED WIFE OF MR. MATTHEW JOHNSTON.

"Is thy cruse of comfort wasting ?"
  Was her daily text thro' life,
Her open hand was oft extended,
Her faith sincere until life ended,
  Thrice happy mother and wife.

Her bright, dark eyes ever bespoke
  A calm, hopeful, soulful love ;
The joys of this earth for her were pure,
No hypocrisy could she endure,
  Her thoughts were for Him above.

Plant roses near her, belov'd ones,
  For her life was like the rose,
Her good acts were like their perfume sweet,
For rich and poor she alike did greet
  Ere she sank in sweet repose.

Be like her, belov'd ones, ever,
  Take thou up her thread of life,
So that you all may the good seed sow
In this terrestrial vale below,
  Like sainted mother and wife.

## Lumen De Lumine.

TO REV. C. R. GUNNE, WRITTEN ON HEARING HIM LECTURE ON MARCONI'S WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY

Light is thy theme,
The earthly light
That genius brings
From the dark clouds
The h[illegible] of light
[illegible].

Light is thy theme,
The Gospel's light
That shows mankind
How to reach Heaven,
The land of light
Heavenly.

The Gospel's light
From heart to heart
Speeds as swiftly
Without one word,
Marconi's plan
Is God's own.

## Ayston Doherty.

Didst thou but live in olden time,
When chivalry was in its prime,
Of thy fair locks poets would rhyme,
Ayston Doherty.

The artist, too, a tale would tell,
With the palette he loves so well,
Of auburn hair and fairy dell,
Ayston Doherty.

Hope and faith, twin friends of thine,
Around thy heart their tendrils twine,
And Cupid, too, with charms divine,
Ayston Doherty.

Ah me! how well thou knowest my heart,
The flow'rs are of my life a part,
Carnations woo me with love's dart,
Ayston Doherty.

And asters, too, September's flow'rs,
With azaleas from some lov'd bow'rs,
I'll think of thee in sunny hours,
Ayston Doherty.

Now let me wish thee, maiden fair,
A happy home 'mid flowers rare,
A life of sunshine, void of care,
Ayston Doherty.

## Queenie.

TO MISS MOORE, SPRINGBANK.

Beautiful as a rippling rill
  Running through the glade,
Beautiful as the violets
  Art thou, pretty maid.

Breath like the scent of primroses
  In the early spring,
When the sun in all his glory
  Fresh beauties doth bring.

May a wealth of joy and gladness
  Encompass t' y home,
May thy life be strewn with roses
  From high Heaven's dome.

And, Queenie, thou bloom of beauty,
  Ne'er let vanity
Mar thy pretty, graceful childhood,
  Love's humility.

## The Beautiful Gates of Gold.

LINES RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO THE REV. AND MRS. ORR, ON THE DEATH OF THEIR BELOVED SON, JOHN NORMAN ORR, OF THE PRESBYTERIAN MANSE, MONO MILLS, AGED 17 YEARS AND 20 DAYS.

"The beautiful gates of gold,"
  The beautiful golden gates,
    'Twas of them he sweetly sung,
    When that day, his friends among,
      Ere his going in.

Beautiful, bright golden gates,
  The beautiful gates of gold,
    Pass'd thy lov'd boy safely through,
    While the ev'ning sunset grew
      Paler in the West.

And through these same golden gates,
  Those beautiful gates of gold,
    Thy fair-hair'd boy wilt thou meet,
    Whose eyes of blue lov'd to greet
      Thee, his parents dear.

The beautiful gates of gold,
  The beautiful golden gates,
    To him now are brighter far
    Than the fair, bright ev'ning star
      In the vaulted sky.

Weep not, ye lov'd ones—weep not,
  Thou art nearer the gates of gold,
The beautiful golden gates
  Will encircle thee in the fold.

## Lulu.

INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS. CHARLES TWEEDIE, ON HEARING THEIR DAUGHTER PLAY AT THE C. I. ASSEMBLY ROOM.

Thy dark, flowing ringlets, dear Lulu,
  Would inflame my heart with love's fire,
Were I a youthful student, Lulu,
  Of thy face I would never tire.

Like a Southern maiden, dear Lulu,
  Thy cheeks were a dark olive hue,
With the southern roses upon them,
  While thy dark eyes love's praises drew.

From thy violin to-night, Lulu,
  Sweetest tones of music did flow;
Long mayst thou live to charm our hearts
  With thy priz'd violin and bow.

## Etoile.

TO MR. AND MRS. KING.

Heaven has sent thee,
  Blessed babe with e'en of blue,
To shed Heaven's love
  Upon thy parents so true;
Etoile, Star of Heav'n,
  O'er their hearts Divine love strew.

Hair of gold, a crown
  To hallow thy infant brow,
Rose pink in thy cheek
  White as falling flakes of snow.
Thou'lt keep thy heart pure,
  A true King's Daughter, I trow.

## Lena.

LINES WRITTEN ON BEING PRESENTED ON MY BIRTHDAY WITH A LOVELY ROSE BY MISS LENA WALTON.

How little didst thou dream, fair maid,
  That my last birthday gift was thy rose so sweet,
  But some occult pow'r,
  Born at this late hour,
  Sent you, with fresh beauty my spirits to greet.

May thy gift inspire me to-night
  As fragrant seed by life's tortuous pathway,
  And may Heaven bless
  Thy rare thoughtfulness,
  And grant thy wish this glorious month of May.

## To Mollie.

GOOD LUCK.

ON PRESENTING HER WITH A LITTLE SILVER SOUVENIR HORSE-SHOE ON HER WEDDING EVE.

To ensure thee good luck now and for aye
Look at this silver horseshoe ev'ry day ;
And for thee, Mollie, the giver doth pray
That over thee God shed His heav'nly ray.

## Allie.

LOVINGLY INSCRIBED TO MISS ALLIE LEWIS, SECRETARY OF THE AHMEEK CHAPTER OF THE DAUGHTERS OF THE EMPIRE.

Could sorrow e'er chase, Allie,
The bright light from thy dark e'en ?
So dark are they and sunlit,
Fit for any Spanish queen,
And the bloom upon thy cheeks
Is worthy a crown, I deem.

The summer sunshine, Allie,
Greets thy garden fair, I trow,
And the roses and lilies
Vie with each other, I know,
But thou art, yea, much fairer far
Than any flowers that grow.

Thy life has been, dear Allie,
Clouded many times by care,
A bitter cup, yet sweeten'd
By the hope that kills despair,
Hope, the rarest of blossoms,
That grows in the desert air.

Then leave us not, dear Allie,
Till o'er Ahmeek's height we soar,
For to help humanity
Is now needed more and more,
And charity has its root
In the depths of thy heart's core.

## Agnes.

TO MR. AND MRS. ALEX. SAUNDERS.

Little maiden, pure and sweet,
Here I offer at thy feet
Harps and roses, all complete,
For 'tis Valentine's day.

# In Memoriam.

CAPTAIN ALEXANDER CAMPBELL, LATE OF BOSTON HARBOR.
DEDICATED TO MRS. WILLIAM TUTT.

The storms may rage on Huron's breast,
The waves roll high, with storm-toss'd crest,
While thy son calmly lies at rest.

To him thou ever wert most fair,
None other did his true love share,
"God bless mother" his daily pray'r.

His blue eyes were thy joy and pride,
His rich brown hair might charm a bride,
None won his heart in this world wide.

No shadows o'er his pathway lie,
He dwells above the vaulted sky,
And thou wilt meet him bye and bye.

Thou'lt think of him in summer show'r,
Thou'lt think of him in summer bow'r,
Thou'lt think of him, aye, ev'ry hour.

Weep not for him—his Captain's call
To glory leads—the fun'ral pall
But guides him to the Lord of all.

And in this happy Christmas time
Praise God when the glad Christ bells chime,
Anchor thy soul in Heav'n's fair clime.

Now he's with the "Star of the East,"
'Mong His jewels he is not the least;
His vict'ry's won—his pain has ceas'd.

# "Asleep In Jesus."

LINES WRITTEN BY REQUEST OF MRS. ORR, MOTHER OF CHARLES ALLAN ORR, BACCALAUREUS MEDICINÆ.

"All powerful is God's Holy Word,
Sharper far than a two-edged sword;"
So read the man of God on that day
When thy idol, thy fair treasure, lay
"Asleep in Jesus."

"Asleep in Jesus," thrice blessed thought
To all those who know God's truth he sought;
In Wisdom's way would that mortals all
Could with latest sighs like thy son fall
"Asleep in Jesus."

Science has lost an intellect rare,
A name untarnish'd—no name more fair;
May his life, tho' short, a mem'ry be
To all those who wish Christ's face to see.
"Asleep in Jesus."

# In Memoriam.

NEIL CAMPBELL.

INSCRIBED WITH LOVE TO MRS. N. CAMPBELL.

Like a child they laid him to rest,
With the flow'r he lov'd on his breast ;
Bravely he met the angel Death
And spoke these words with latest breath,
"I'm going to my children four
To dwell with Christ for evermore."

And now the October sunset
Gilds their graves with glorious ray,
God knoweth best—His guiding arm
Will be the widow'd mother's stay.

# Alma.

DEDICATED TO REV. AND MRS. J. W. ROBINSON.

Thou'rt happy as the joyous birds
That sing around thy home,
Warbling sweetly this roundelay :
"The summer time has come,
We'll build our nests in thy treetops
Before again we roam."

Thou'rt happy as the fragrant flow'rs.
Where lurks the busy bee,
Sipping all the sweetness from them
For all the world, you see ;
So like them, Alma, sip the sweets
This life shall hold for thee.

The sweets that fill the soul, Alma,
With innocent delight,
For the garden of our Saviour
Leads all our hearts aright
That tend the flowers, dear Alma,
Most precious in His sight.

His flowers are call'd earth's duties,
And love is king of all,
Love for God's suffering creatures
When pain holds them in thrall,
Love for thy home and parents dear,
And ready for God's call.

I see thee with thy flaxen curls,
In thy innocent glee,
Like little elf making gladness
'Round ev'ry one you see ;
Now thou art hence to meet new friends,
But, dear, remember me.

## Ethel Jean.

INSCRIBED TO MISS ETHEL JEAN RHYNAS, FRANK.

How brave wert thou, dear Ethel,
When Frank was stricken with woe,
When to the many wounded
So cheerfully didst thou go
With words of love to lighten
Their heavy cross—well they know

Of father, mother, sisters,
And of brothers kind and true,
Who fell asleep in Jesus
As Turtle Mount's thunder grew
Louder and louder—while rocks
In maddening fury flew.

But God came to thy rescue
With His all-seeing power,
Strengthening thee to assist
The wounded in that lone hour,
That awful hour, which might have
Made the bravest heart cower.

Thou didst thy duty, Ethel,
Altho' thou art young in years,
Thy tender heart took pity
On those faces bath'd in tears,
And God will bless thee, Ethel,
Thy loving prayers he hears.

## Sammy Bean.

TO MASTER SAMMY BEAN, ELOCUTIONIST, C. I.

No wasted hours hast thou, Sammy,
From the earliest morn,
Tho' we know thou art not waken'd
By any Alpine horn.

But never dweller in the Alps,
No matter how much fame
Surrounds his noted place of birth,
Thou'lt win a greater name.

## St. Patrick Holds Sway O'er My Heart.

LINES INSCRIBED TO CAPTAIN R. CAMPAIGNE, "IRISH MINSTREL," ST. PATRICK'S CONCERT, 1895.

St. Patrick holds sway o'er my heart,
And my voice doth sing Erin's praise,
And the God above,
The Lord God of love,
Spreads o'er me his celestial rays.

## Mason Bell.

DEDICATED TO MR. AND MRS. PERCIVAL BELL.

Thoughtful and kind art thou, ever
Ready for duty's call—never
Throwing away life's precious hours,
Happy as birds in summer bow'rs,
With voice as sweet as any bird
When in the choir thy voice is heard;
Thy face is fair, thy heart is true,
May God rich blessings 'round thee strew.

## Etta Mae.

TO MRS. H. L. METZGER, SAULT STE. MARIE, ON HER WEDDING DAY.

The winter storms are gathering,
The wind whistles loud and shrill,
But thou'lt not fear the storms so fierce,
For new love thy heart doth thrill.

All fears from thy heart have vanish'd,
Thy lover claims thee to-day,
Flow'rs deck thy brow, symbols of joy,
And faith in our Lord alway.

Yea, trust in the Lord, Etta dear,
He will keep thy pathway free
From ev'ry ill; forsake Him not,
Some day thou'lt His glory see.

Keep thy heart tun'd in joyous song,
Faithful and true to thy love,
And be ready if God calls thy spouse
Or thee to mansions above.

## Hugh.

VALENTINE'S DAY, 1901, TO HUGH WILSON, LITTLE SON OF REV. AND MRS. JASPER WILSON.

My own dear Hugh,
Be ever true
To home and country dear;
The Gospel's truth
Will fill thy youth
With wisdom strong and clear.

## Water Fairies.

DEDICATED TO HATTIE BELCHER ON SINGING IN THE CHORUS "WATER FAIRIES" ON VALENTINE'S DAY.

O Hattie dear, 'tis Valentine's Day,
With skies so blue and singers so gay,
All dressed in most beautiful array,
Like water fairies in lovely May.

Keep thy sweet voice pure, O Hattie dear,
And to many hearts thou'lt give good cheer,
For our God above will send thee here
His choicest blessings every year.

## Louise Masson.

ON PRESENTING THE WRITER WITH A BOUQUET OF SWEET PEA AT THE HOSPITAL CORONATION TEA.

Didst thou know that thy flow'rs held a charm,
Thy bouquet of lovely, fragrant sweet pea?
From my heart must I offer thee thanks
For the great blessings that it brought to me.

May God from His throne bless thee, Louise,
May He bless the loving work of thy hands,
Whether in our own fair Canada
Or across the ocean in foreign lands.

Thou hast left thy beloved home, Louise,
To soothe some one's bitter anguish and pain,
To moisten the fever'd cheek and brow,
And nurse the sick ones back to health again.

## Lov'd Emily.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS. FRANK LAWRENCE.

Like a lovely daisy sweet
Ever did I love to greet
Lov'd Emily.

Love's golden chain binds her heart
And fills her soul with Heav'n's dart,
Lov'd Emily.

Hope, faith, love, are center'd there,
No one can with her compare,
Lov'd Emily.

Her dark brown hair is now white,
Yet more lovely in my sight,
Lov'd Emily.

## To An April Chestnut.

A chestnut of glossy brown to the pavement
Found its way,
Where it had lain untouched through the long, long
Wintry day,
And now the warm April sunshine has fill'd it
With new life,
That it might venture to flourish in this strange
Vale of strife.

A tiny shoot it offer'd to the heedless
Passer-by,
A mute appeal for protection to make it
Live, not die.
How far'd that April chestnut? Its brave appeal
Spake its worth,
And now it lies hidden in the bosom of
Mother earth.

In after years that chestnut a grand, stately
Tree will be,
Where pretty birds will build their nests and sing right
Merrily;
Where lovers will sit in its shade and watch the
Setting sun
Over Huron's lovely waters, the pride of
Everyone.

## Fortune's Favorite.

LINES LOVINGLY INSCRIBED TO MRS. W. KIELY.

If Fortune favors thee with wealth,
Thou dost lay up a richer treasure
In the land where joy reigns supreme,
Thou dost give thy wealth without measure

To the needy of earth—thy hand
E'er goes out in distress or in pain,
Thy sympathy full is silent,
Like the softly falling summer rain.

Thy children love thee; well they know
That their welfare is first in thy heart;
And thou hast seen sorrow, but now
Thy children to thee new love impart.

Thy cheeks are crimson, as of old,
Thine eyes like the bright stars of night shine,
And music charms thy soul with chords
That thrill it with love almost divine.

God is our refuge. He will ope
Golden gates of happiness for thee;
Trust in Him ever, He can fill
Thy soul with purest tranquility.

## Well Hast Thou Borne the Weight.

LINES TO MRS. FRANKLIN SMITH.

Well hast thou borne the weight
Of care upon thy brow,
With heart so light and eyes—
I see them sparkle now.

Thy heart was brave, despair
Never yet left a trace,
Thou wert ever bright, with
Sweet smile upon thy face.

And now I trust kind Heav'n
Has wealth for thee in store,
And a blessing sincere,
Which all need more and more.

## Oh the Bonnie Wee Bit o' Heather.

TO CAPTAIN AND MRS. INKSTER.

Oh the bonnie wee bit o' heather,
O' crimson an' white,
That ye baith gie me, one evenin'
Just afore twilight !

Hoo I treasur'd the wee bit giftie
Frae Auld Scotia's banks ;
An' may we a' be true as heather
In the Saviour's ranks.

## There is Grandeur in Thy Goodness.

LINES RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MRS. JUDGE HOLT.

There is grandeur in thy goodness,
Purity in thy face,
The seed of Heavenly virtue
In thy life all can trace.

Well dost thou show nobility
Of soul in all thy ways,
In all thy acts of charity,
In all thy acts of praise.

"Sincerity" is thy watchword,
All honor be giv'n thee,
And happiness in thy lov'd home,
And where'er thou mayst be.

God is love ; He sendeth His rays
From His Heaven above
To all those who work to gain
His everlasting love.

## "Happy Are They Who Die in the Lord."

ARTHUR CURRIE.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS. JOSEPH CURRIE, ON THE SUDDEN DEATH OF THEIR YOUNGEST SON, ARTHUR CURRIE.

He died in his early manhood,
The idol of his parents' hearts,
To save a life—the life of one
As young and fair as he—a son
Of promise—one who lov'd the Lord
And gloried in His works; and now
He wears the victor's crown—for him
Death had no fear—his lovely eyes
Of blue saw no danger, saw naught
But a life in peril, battling
With the angel Death—the angel
That bore them to the great white throne,
The throne of the Omnipotent.

## Willie.

WILLIE PROUDFOOT.

Happy little Willie,
Like a courtier true,
Hair of glossy ringlets,
Everyone loves you.

## Poetical Address.

TO MRS. DAVID CANTELON, PRESIDENT OF THE WOMEN'S INSTITUTE.

May the new honors that now do rest
On you bring happiness to thy breast,
For woman's work saints and angels priz ,
For it fitteth mankind for the skies.
Man needs a helpmate on earth below,
And woman's work, how well we all know,
Is for his own good—is for his sake,
To lighten the burden he must take.
They could not elect one who will feel
Better the need to be true and leal
To woman's work, for thou hast long been
Where woman's work the world has all seen
Early and late, when earth's duties bade,
Thou didst hear the call, with heart so glad;
And now I pray woman's work will make
A harvest rich for the Master's sake.

## Weep Not, Fond Parents.

LINES RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS. GEORGE BURNETT, ON THE DEATH OF THEIR ONLY SON, ARTHUR GEORGE BURNETT.

O weep not, fond parents, for
  Thy idol, thy only son,
Whose smiles of loving kindness
  On earth his lov'd sisters won.
No tear dims his hazel eyes,
  No pain fills his heart so gay,
His voice is tun'd to Heav'n's songs
  That will float to earth alway.

Then weep not, fondest parents,
  "The Lord He taketh away
Those whom He giveth," to rise
  Upon the great judgment day.
Roses o'er his grassy mound
  Strew by Bayfield's winding shore.
With God he and his comrade
  Reign now and forever more.

## Thy Life is Pure.

LINES AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO MRS. THOMAS TROY. CHRISTMAS DAY, 1902.

Thy life is pure
  As lily white,
Thy mind is fill'd
  With Heaven's light.

Thy time is spent
  In doing good
To those in pain;
  Or when winds rude

Take hope and heart
  From someone's life,
Maybe from some
  Husband or wife,

Then pity fills
  Thy heart of hearts,
And thou to them
  Rich grace imparts.

Thou'rt ne'er alone,
  God dwells with thee,
He'll be thy spouse
  Eternally.

## May the Love of Thy Children.

TO MRS. LUTTREL.

Thou art happy as ever
In all those long years,
No grief in thy pure bosom,
No cause for sad tears.

May the love of thy children
Delight thy fond heart,
May thy life be all sunshine
Wherever thou art.

## Like a Fragrant Flower.

LINES RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MRS. W. L. ELIOT, BANK OF MONTREAL.

Like a fragrant flower
Thy kindness has been,
Buoying up my spirits
When sad they have been.

For thou wert a stranger;
No favor from me
Ever awoke in you
Generosity.

Thy kindness was lasting,
It came from thy heart,
And may the love of Heav'n
Ne'er from thee depart.

Like a violet thou art,
So modest and sweet;
E'er let my gratitude
Lie low at thy feet.

## Pearl.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS. WOOLGAR.

Little Pearl,
Winsome girl,
Thou art a maiden so fair,
Liquid eyes,
Lips I prize,
Voice as sweet as robin rare.

Pretty child,
Sweet and mild,
Thou'rt a pearl beyond all price,
Pearl of love
From above,
Follow thy mother's advice.

# I Gave Thy Bride Fair Flowers.

LINES AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO T. WRIGHT, ESQ., MANAGER NORDHEIMER'S ESTABLISHMENT, LONDON.

I gave thy bride fair flowers,
  In bright memory of thee,
Who ever hast been faithful
  In thy true friendship for me.

A treasure art thou to her,
  A gem in her earthly crown,
For love and sincerity
  Are beyond Fame's priz'd renown.

Long may ye reap together
  A harvest both rich and rare,
Fill'd with flowers of esteem
  With which naught else can compare.

Thy golden rule, "Remember
  Thy Creator," has e'er been
Through life's path thy guiding star
  To Heavenly pastures green.

# Ena.

LINES DEDICATED TO MR. AND MRS. J. YULE.

O Ena, as fair as the morning,
  Why didst thou leave thy belov'd home ?
Didst long for the wealth of the city ?
  Didst long 'mong new faces to roam ?
How thou didst rejoice when thy brother
  Return'd from far Africa's shore,
And well might'st thou be happy, Ena,
  For on earth he'll not leave thee more.

Thou art fair as the lilies in June,
  Thou art bright as the morning star,
Thy pretty brown hair an aureole,
  May no clouds thy joyous life mar ;
Forget not thy home in the city –
  The Queen City I love so well,
But at home thy parents long for thee
  And pray for thee with them to dwell.

The only daughter of their abode,
  A daughter so proud and so fair ;
Let not the blue Ontario keep
  Thee from old Huron's bracing air.
Farewell, Ena ! If thou'lt not return
  We wish for thee earth's wealth untold,
And may thy life be fraught with good deeds,
  To be treasur'd in Heaven's fold.

## Bella Howrie.

With the howries, Bella love,
  Thou dost vie,
With plaidie on thy shoulder,
  Pinn'd fast by

A bonnie siller buckle
  Wi' cairngorm,
Dancin' to the bagpipes' tunes
  In gran' form.

Thy face tells o' the beauty
  Of thy soul,
As pure as the billows white
  When they roll

O'er the wild, treacherous sea;
  Pure they keep,
An' list to the thunders roll
  O'er the deep.

So, Bella, keep thy heart pure
  As to-day,
That with Christ, when life doth end,
  Thou wilt stay.

To the memory of Burns
  Faithful be;
God bless the land of ferns, oor
  Ain countrie.

## Crials and Sorrows.

LINES TO MRS. PATRICK LYNN.

Trials and sorrows hast thou known,
  But God knows best,
He took from thee a husband true
  To Heav'n to rest.

But thou'rt not alone—thy lov'd sons
  Ever will be
Kind and loving, and thy daughter
  Always with thee.

Thy loving heart is like the sun
  That paints the flow'rs,
Giving help to poor and needy
  To lighten hours

Of pain and sorrow—may God bless
Thy earnest Christian righteousness.

## "Asleep in the Woods."

FAITHFULLY INSCRIBED TO MAJOR AND MRS. DUDLEY HOLMES.

There they lay, the faithful babes two,
Asleep in the woods, where the dew
Of Heaven o'er them gently fell,
While at their home the curfew bell
Rang to arouse the people round
That they two babes could not be found.
They long'd to meet their grandma dear,
And sped along the rail track, near
Exhausted they stray'd through the wood,
While the heart of their mother stood
Stricken with fear—but with a rush
Good news came, "Asleep in the bush."
What happy hearts lay down to rest
That night in town, God knoweth best.

## I Give Thee This Sprig of Golden Rod.

TO MISS HELEN ATTRILL.

I give thee this sprig of golden rod,
Emblem of thy nation's pow'r,
May its memory bloom in thy heart
And gild thy every hour.

To strengthen thee if sorrow's dark cloud
E'er shadows thy golden road,
For sweet and pure is the soul that bows
To the holy will of God.

## Charlotte.

INSCRIBED TO PROFESSOR AND MRS. CUFF.

Pretty little Charlotte,
With thy ringlets fair,
Thou hast a look, Charlotte,
Like some princess rare.

Coy, innocent Charlotte,
Loving little friend,
Faithful and true, Charlotte,
Thou'lt be to the end.

Music may charm, Charlotte,
Thee thou pretty one,
Thy parents' hope, Charlotte,
All they yet have won,
Fame and wealth are all for thee
And thy loving brothers three.

## May Malcolmson.

LOVINGLY INSCRIBED TO MRS. GORDON HENDERSON.

I never could forget thee, May,
Thou daughter of Scotia fair,
With thy starry blue eyes, dear May,
And thy lovely golden hair.

Thy parents lov'd thee tenderly,
And watch'd thee like a flower,
Growing with them in thy childhood,
Beautiful every hour.

And now thou art a mother, May,
And a fair, loving young wife;
May God reign His choice blessings down
Upon thee, May, all thy life.

## God's Seal is Set Upon Thy Brow.

INSCRIBED TO MRS. DOTY.

God's seal is set upon thy brow,
A true King's Daughter yea art thou,
Compassion dwells within thine eyes,
A virtue that we all must prize.

May God send thee His honors here;
Those who knoweth that God is near
Knows that He loveth all who take
The cross away for His dear sake,-

Away from those who feel its weight,
Away from those at sorrow's gate,—
And God will crown thee with His love
When thou dost reach His Heav'n above.

God is ever at thy right side,
Since first thou didst become a bride;
May He bless thy devoted sons,
And thy fair daughter—happy ones

To have a mother good and true,
Who leads them into pastures new,
Who by ev'ry look, word and deed
Implants in them the Gospel's seed.

## To a Friend.

May Christmas bring thee many joys
And hopes of future power,
May this twentieth century
Bring thee blessings ev'ry hour.

## Gladness of Heart.

LINES RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MRS. CAPTAIN A. M. SHEPHARD.

Gladness of heart is thy ruling passion,
  Thy face is enwreath'd with smiles,
Thine eyes beam with a Heavenly born light
  Which no earthly care beguiles;
Loving and true, like some sweet flower
Thou sheddest fragrance every hour.

Brave art thou, like thy lov'd sailor husband,
  Pure courage fanneth the flame
Within thy loving and generous heart,
  Gen'rous not only in name;
Anchor'd upon the Heavenly shore
Wilt thou be when this life here is o'er.

## The Notes of Thy Violin.

TO MR. FRED. EGENER.

The notes of thy violin
  Have charm'd me many a time,
    And in time thou wilt grow
    Fond of music, I trow,
  As fond as I am of rhyme.

## A Soldier's Courtesy.

LINES LOYALLY DEDICATED TO LIEUT.-COL. VARCOE.

Dost remember the grand reception
  To Lord and Lady Aberdeen,
When thy volunteers in uniform
  Made so gay the opening scene?

When they form'd such a loyal cordon
  Around our Queen's gracious guests,
And held themselves all in readiness
  To exercise thy gallant requests?

Dost remember my pot of shamrock
  That you passed along the grand line
And presented it right loyally?—
  Emblem of the Godhead divine.

May your broad acres yield greater wealth
  Than ever they have done before,
And may your loyal young volunteers
  And you in peace rest for years more.

## Jack.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MASTER JACK PROUDFOOT.

Dear Jack, you and I
  Have both the same birthday,
And we always meet
  On the second of May.

May we often meet
  While the swift year rolls,
And may we each feel
  God's love within our souls.

Mayst thou, dear Jack, be
  A comfort and a stay
To thy lov'd parents
  Every new birthday.

## Thou Art Gracious, May.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MISS MAY DOYLE, DAUGHTER OF JUDGE DOYLE.

Thou art gracious, May, and faithful
  To all who need thy love,
Thou dost not forget duties of earth
  Nor those of Heav'n above.

Pleasant and kind to all whom you meet,
  Thou art true to the land
Of the birth of thy dear old grandsire,
  One of the patriot band

Who left Erin for fair Canada,
  Home of the maple tree,
And I know thou art true to them both,
  Both are honor'd by thee.

## Alma.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS. SPENCE, BERLIN.

Charming little Alma,
  With thy large blue eyes,
Looking at Lake Huron
  With unfeign'd surprise.
Thou hast no olive cheek
  Like thy sisters dear,
Thou art like an angel
  Sent from Heav'n to cheer
Thy sisters when they come
  From school ev'ry day,
Where they study so hard,
  And then come home to play.

## Like England's Rose.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MRS. BLACKSTONE.

Like England's rose
Art thou so fair,
With rosy cheeks
And blue eyes rare.
Thou really art a very rose complete,
For in every act thou art so sweet.

Music charms thee
Just the same
As in England,
When you came.
The chords of music sweet fill thy pure soul,
The chords of perfect love thou dost control.

Fair mother, be
Always the same,
A rose indeed,
As when you came
From old Albion's lovely city home
To fair Canada, o'er old ocean's foam.

## Bella.

LINES RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS. JAMES STEWART.

Ella, darling, fill'd with love
For the Saviour on high,
But for Him thou didst truly live,
In His love thou didst die.

Happy wert thou in thy fair home
By Maitland's rippling stream;
Now thou'rt by the "River of Life,"
Of which thy parents dream.

Thou art never absent from them.
Their thoughts are all of thee.
The fair flowers in the garden
Whisper most lovingly,

"We know thou dost well remember
Her hair like raven's wing,
And her merrie, bright eyes so dark
List to our whispering.

Though not so fair as thy daughter,
Our hearts are truly thine,
We bring thee her lov'd messages
In the bright summer time.

We tell thee she is happier
In her Heavenly home,
With her Saviour and her brother,
Waiting for thee to come."

## Sleep On, Little Babe.

LINES DEDICATED TO BABY ERNEST WILLIAM M'CREATH, NEW BRUNSWICK, NEW JERSEY, U. S., ON SEEING HIM ASLEEP.

Thy dear little babe
  Came into this world of love
To fill thy heart with glee,
While it lies upon thy knee,
  And lead thee to realms above.

It lies calm and quiet
  Upon its mother's fond breast,
And the richest gems
Of royal diadems
  Thee from thy babe could not wrest.

Sleep on, little babe,
  Thou art safe from ev'ry harm,
Let thy azure blue eyes
Rest with a glad surprise
  On my rose laid on thy arm.

Sleep on, little babe,
  And may in manhood this rose
A symbol of fame
Be to thy lov'd name,
  And shield thy life from earth's woes.

## Floral Courtesy.

LINES INSCRIBED FONDLY TO MASTER FREDDIE G. JOHNSTON. SAULT STE. MARIE, ONT

Thou art welcome to thy father's home,
  From beautiful Sault Ste. Marie,
And in honor of thy home-coming
  Offer this pretty rose to thee.

Thou art clever for thy youthful age,
  Well train'd is thy mind, like a vine
Which will bear good fruit in after years
  When Fame's proud harvest will be thine.

Let thy works, dear Freddie, like this rose,
  Spread through thy life sweetest perfume,
And may thy mem'ry ever be bless'd
  And Heav'n's light thy pathway illume.

And the lovely, large flower, with heart
  Of gold, and petals creamy white,
That thou gavest me as tribute fair,
  Fill'd my heart with purest delight.

For it show'd that thy heart was sincere
  In all that thou takest in hand,
And may all the plans of thy young life
  Mature when thou takest command.

## Bertie Murphy.

Be ever buoyant, brave and bright,
E'en as the eagle takes to flight;
Roaming here or on foreign shore,
His eagle's eye shines more and more:
If earthly dangers come his way
Never near danger doth he stay.

## Ernie.

TO ERNIE DEVINE, EASTER, 1902.

Be faithful and true
While life doth last,
And may no sorrow
Thy life o'ercast.

## Blessed Art Thou.

TO AMY M'GUINNESS, DETROIT.

Blessed art thou, the parting's o'er,
Gone are thy lov'd ones, never more
Shall sorrow enter at thy door,
Amy.

The skies are blue when rain storms cease,
The birds carol sweet songs of peace,
Love from pain will thy heart release,
Amy.

## Gerald.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MASTER GERALD NEWTON AND HIS GRANDMA GORDON.

Gerald over the pathway strays
In pretty suit of velvet brown,
Picking golden dandelions,
The loveliest flowers in town

To his dark eyes, and to many
He greets as he marches along;
With long, slender stems he holds them,
As happy as the birds of song

That soar o'er his head and grandma's,
Who guards him with such tender love.
May their lives, like these golden flow'rs,
Win blessings from Heaven above!

## To Cecil Neilly.

ON PRESENTING HIS MOTHER WITH A BEAUTIFUL ROSE TO WEAR AT THE WEDDING OF MISS SANDS, OF SALTFORD, ONT.

To your mama a rose, dear Cecil, I gave,
A crimson rose, fragrant and sweet,
To honor a bride,
The village pride,
Whom Hymen this morn chose to greet.

O, dear little Cecil, like Cupid thou art,
In thine orbs the little god dwells;
Dear angel of love,
May God from above
Keep His wisdom impress'd on thy youthful heart.

## Bright Josie, Like a Butterfly.

LINES LOVINGLY INSCRIBED TO MISS JOSIE REYNOLDS. LEEDS, NORTH DAKOTA.

Bright Josie, like a butterfly,
No thought of sorrow,
Life will never portray for thee
A sad to-morrow;
Thou'lt be content with thy fate, no
One's crown to borrow.

Thou'rt far from us, Josie darling,
But thou'lt not forget
All the loving, heping prayers
Of those thou hast met,
And from afar I seem to hear
Thy loving voice yet.

## A Sabbath Night.

(BEFORE ADVENT, 1894.)

TO MRS. JUDGE COOPER.

The church bells are chiming their beautiful notes,
Calling upon all the faithful to hear
Songs of praise from the choir's praise to the Master
Who speaks thro' the storm, "Be thou of good cheer."

Yea, the wintry winds try to muffle the chimes,
Try to fill Christian hearts with despair,
But list, we hear "Rock of Ages, cleft for me,"
Ringing out upon the snow-laden air.
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide my soul in thee."

## Marie.

LINES LOVINGLY INSCRIBED TO MISS MARIE M'SWEEN ON BEING PRESENTED WITH A LOVELY LARGE BOUQUET OF NASTURTIUMS, AZALEAS AND MIGNONETTE ON THE 12TH JULY, 1896.

So sweet are thy blossoms of flame-colored hue,
Made bright by the sunshine and pure morning dew :
May thy fair face charm and thy talents expand,
That thy name may be cherish'd throughout the land.

## Le Petit Beau Beau

TO GEOFFREY KIELY.

Dimples on cheek,
And dimples on chin,
Geoffrey is sure
Happy smiles to win

From dear mamma,
Who loves her Beau Beau :
Kind papa, too,
Adores him, I know,

His lovely eyes
And pretty, round face,
No portrait fair
Has such matchless grace.

## A Lily White.

LINES WRITTEN TO REV. W. STODDART, OF LEBANON, KY., ON FLOWER SUNDAY IN KNOX CHURCH, GODERICH, JULY 12TH, 1903.

There, lowly it lay, and my heart with delight
Beat with joy for the lily so pure and white ;
I lifted it up, for 'twas fragrant as well,
And seem'd for me to hold a magical spell.

I reach'd the church door where the service at even
Had drawn many souls together for Heaven ;
The preacher, a youth, spake of the fatal charm
Life held for the strong- but no thought of the harm

It would do to the soul to forget God's love
And keep true souls from winning in Heav'n above
Seats in the bless'd mansion, where only the pure
God with his bright angels can ever endure.

And still while he preached the perfume ascended,
And floated around till the sermon was ended :
It seem'd my heart to fill with greatest content
That finding the lily on Flow'r Sunday meant
I must on the Lord for success in life lean,
And from thoughts of despair my trusting heart wean.

## Harold.

TO HAROLD, ONLY SON OF MR. AND MRS. EDWARD.

With Berenice for thy playmate,
Happy children are ye,
Never a care for to-morrow,
Ever joyous and free.

Eager in the morning's sunshine
To rise and be at play,
And like merrie little song birds
Contented all the day.

May God guard thee, little children,
And list to thy prayer
That He may bless thy parents dear
And keep them from all care.

And now for writing this poem
Thou hast e'en fill'd my hand
With those lovely red carnations,
Fit for a princess grand.

May thy life in beauty grow, Harold,
And fill the world with fame
As bright as those red carnations,
Laurels to crown thy name.

## Thou Art Growing Like a Sunflower.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MASTER HUGH PRESTON STRANG, OF THE GODERICH COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE.

Thou art growing like a sunflower,
With pure love for all,
Ever turning round to the bright sunlight,
Waiting for the call

Of Him Who says, "Go, teach all nations,
For I am the Way,
The Truth and the Life," dearest Preston,
Doth our Saviour say.

Then listen, Preston, listen, to the
Command from above,
And gird thou on thy armour, Preston,
To lead men by love,

To teach all you meet to scatter seeds
Of kindness around,
And harvest health and true happiness
From this fruitful ground.

And lay up a treasure, Preston, not
Corrupted by rust,
Which will ascend to Heaven, Preston,
Like incense, I trust.

## Lizzie Hyde.

LINES LOVINGLY INSCRIBED TO MRS. E. W. HYDE, HAMILTON.

Lizzie, as true to me hast thou been
As the needle to the pole,
Altho' far away
In thought we stray,
Like the clouds that onward roll

But the clouds bring rain to fertilize
The earth for fruit and flowers,
And so we will each
Be certain to reach
Love's everlasting bowers.

So, Lizzie, in mind, if not in sight,
True to each other we'll be,
And if time sends wealth
And the best of health
We may soon each other see.

## Dost Remember ?

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MRS. RIDDELL.

Dost remember when our tall forests grand
Surrounded both lake and river ?
Dost remember the busy harvest time,
For which we all thank'd the Giver
Who fill'd our homes with plenty o' good cheer,
In happy days so long gone by ?

And now, when the harvest is bountiful,
Are we as thankful you and I ?
"Scatter seeds of kindness" was then well known,
The farmer's heart was larger then ;
His heart should ne'er change in harvest time, for
Farmers are the happiest men.

## Art Has Its Firm Abode.

LINES RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MRS. M'KIM.

Art has its firm abode
Within thy pure, calm soul :
The dark clouds in Life's sky
May daily o'er thee roll,

But thou art contented,
Thou hast not e'en a care,
Like flow'rs in thy garden ;
So lovely and so rare

Are the flowers in thy heart of love,
Whose fragrance reaches to Heav'n above.

## Anniversary Wedding Day.

ON PRESENTING MRS. REUBEN SALLOWS WITH A BOUQUET OF SUNFLOWERS.

To-day to wish you joy I bring
The flower Moore lov'd so well,
The lovely, golden sunflower,
That grows in every dell.

It speaks of love and truth and faith,
In every age and clime;
May it inspire most love for Him
Whose true love outlasts all time.

## Beautiful Father, Brother, Son.

LINES INSCRIBED TO THE LOVING FAMILY OF THE LATE JOSIE M'GILLIVRAY, OF OTTAWA.

Beautiful father, brother and son,
How dearly they lov'd thee, ev'ry one;
God lov'd thee too, we know not why
He call'd thee to His home on high.

He call'd thee that thy loving wife
Might give to Him her heart through life,
And keep thy children pure and sweet
To lay like incense at His feet.

Dear Edith, to his mem'ry be
As true as leaflets to the tree;
Grow strong, his lonely wife to cheer,
And children whom he lov'd so dear.

Thy parents long will mourn their son
With e'en of blue his work is done;
His lovely face no care will mar,
For he has found the "gates ajar."

Thy mother, too, has found the gates,
And with her son lov'd ones awaits,
Her lovely boy is with her still,
And thou must bow to God's own will.

## Gladys.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS. WALTER SAULTS.

Baby Gladys, fair art thou,
Many hearts to thee will bow,
But may your heart ever be
Full of fervent love for me.

## Ethel.

LOVINGLY INSCRIBED TO MISS ETHEL BOYER, CHICAGO

Thy rich, brown braid of hair, Ethel,
Is beautiful to see,
Yet thou'rt like thy mother, Ethel,
With heart so full and free.

Her roguish eyes, blue as the skies
In glorious summer time,
Her hair was fair as a siren's,
Her mind with thoughts sublime

Was fill'd e'en as I watched her, oft
Joyous as butterfly,
Flitting eagerly here and there
To hear the wild fowl's cry.

Oh! happy days were those, Ethel,
When old Lake Huron's breeze
Like zephyrs touch'd her hair so fair
While 'mong the leafy trees

She stroll'd or read in her hammock
Of colors gay and bright:
Oh! these were days when no cloud e'er
Marr'd her pure soul's delight.

So, Ethel, like thy mother dear,
When next thy face I see
Some other love may fill thy heart,
But do not forget me.

## Ada.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MRS. C. A. PLACKETT, SPOKANE, WASH.

Ada, as fair as Byron's daughter,
Oh, why dost thou never come
To thy old home beside Lake Huron,
Where the wild bee now doth hum

'Mong purple pansies and mignonette?
For it is the sweet June time,
When the white sweet clover doth blossom
And the honeysuckles climb

Over thy mother's cottage so white,
'Twould make your heart glad to see
How fair and happy thy mother looks
Watching and waiting for thee.

Dost hear her, Ada, dost hear her call
When you look at Heav'n's blue dome?
Dost, when the moon and stars are shining,
Hear, "Come, dear Ada, come home?"

## Early and Late.

TO MISS KATE REID, LAKE VIEW.

Early and late thou'rt busy,
  Like b y honey bee,
Thinking of thy future home
  Beside old Huron's sea.

Thinking of thy lover brave,
  Whom soon I trust thou'lt wed,
Wear thy wreath and bridal veil
  When to the altar led.

## Huldah.

LINES AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO MISS HULDAH WHITELY, CLINTON, ONT.

Huldah, joyous maiden
  Wert thou by Huron's tide,
Eyes twinkling with merrie light,
Like the joyous stars of night,
Ever thy heart was aright
  At thy lov'd parents' side.

But one has gone to Heav'n,
  To live by Jordan's tide;
Thou wilt often miss his love,
Since kind Heav'n took him above,
There to find life's treasure trove
  By Christ, the Saviour's side.

Huldah, joyous maiden
  Mayst thou forever be,
E'er keep thy heart strong and brave,
While upon Life's stormy wave,
Ever try some souls to save
  For all eternity.

## Priscilla.

INSCRIBED TO MISS PRISCILLA JENNINGS, BAYFIELD ROAD

Like Priscilla in the Gospel
  Thou art ever full of love
For thy home and parents,
  For thy God in Heav'n above.

Like Priscilla in the Mayflow'r
  Thou'rt modest and full of truth,
Happy in doing thy duty,
  Happy in thy blooming youth.

Then as true as the Puritan maiden ever be,
And, like Priscilla in the Gospel, thy reward see

## Little Ray.

INSCRIBED TO CAPTAIN AND MRS. M'DAVIDID

Pretty and happy art thou,
Little maiden so free,
Always giving welcome true
To all who e'er meet thee.

The birds must be thy playmates
On Huron's sounding shore,
Thou art merrie when thou dost
Hear old Huron's wild roar

Thou hast no fear, happy child,
Plucking the pansies rare
To make someone a bouquet,
Ever thy daily care.

And when snows of winter come
Ready art thou to go
With thy bright sled and shovel
To clear away the snow

So, little Ray, e'er be joyous and bright,
The Saviour will keep thee safe in His sight.

## Some People Say the Earth.

LINES WRITTEN ON PRESENTING MASTER WALKER WITH A TURTLE
IT BEING A PRIZE FOR ENGLISH, AT THE ENTRANCE
EXAMINATION FOR G. C. I., FIRST YEAR OF
20TH CENTURY.

Some people say the earth
Upon a great turtle stands :
We know not but we know
Turtles hide among its sands

## Aggie.

TO MISS DICKSON

Soft and low thy well-known voice
Rings with melody true,
And fills my heart with many thoughts
Of thy nobility, too.

Thine eyes still with keen delight
Sparkle as they did of yore,
Thou hast not changed, true to me
Thou wilt be forever more.

And in days to come, Aggie,
May both health and wealth be thine,
And mayst thou soon find a friend
To claim that true heart of thine

## Orange Blossoms.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MISS LIZZIE COSTIE.

Oh! the lovely orange blossoms
Perfume my pleasant room,
And make it appear quite bridal
And chase away all gloom.

The blossoms are so large and white,
Of sunny climes they speak,
And tell us of the troubadours
Who lonely vigils keep.

Oft with their soft, sweet-ton'd guitars
They sing sweet songs of love
To the ladies of their choice, who
List to their notes above.

I thank thee, Lizzie, for the charm
That thy flow'rs lend my room,
And more than the beautiful sight
I feel their rich perfume.

Then, Lizzie, may thy fortune be
As lovely as your flow'rs,
And may orange blossoms ever
Give thee thy brightest hours.

## Christmas is Coming.

LINES WRITTEN AND INSCRIBED IN ADVENT, 1898, TO REV. DR. URE.

Christmas is coming, happy time,
Of all the year the most sublime;
Let the Christ bells merrily chime,
Jesus, the Infant, is coming.

Let all rejoice and kneel in pray'r,
Jesus, the King, is coming to wear
An infant's robe, in chamber bare,
Jesus, the Infant, is coming.

Gather the holly, children dear,
W'th berries red, old England's cheer,
And deck your lamps, Christmas is near,
Jesus, the Infant, is coming.

Ring, ring, Christ bells, ring merrily,
For Christ, the Child, ring "Adeste,"
The Infant born in Galilee,
"Gæte Triumphantes," is coming.

Let all adore the King of Peace,
Let all from sin their souls release,
And swell the song which ne'er can cease,
Jesus, the God King, is coming.

## To Beatrice Curry.

TO BEATRICE CURRY, ON BEING PRESENTED WITH A BOUQUET OF EVERLASTING FLOWERS.

'Twas kind to bring me a souvenir
From the meadows fair,
Where these tiny blossoms held full sway,
With no thought of care.

And may love for me live in thy heart
While thy life doth last,
And, like these white blossoms, be content
Where thy lot is cast.

## Dorothy.

LINES RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS. BISSETT-THOM.

Charming dark-eyed Dorothy,
In thy parents' sight
Walking like a fairy queen
With footsteps so light.

As modest as a daisy
In the early spring,
Before June's lovely roses
Their rich fragrance bring.

But thou art lovelier far
Than any flower,
Or than any bird that sings
In summer bower.

Then, Dorothy, keep lovely
For thy parents' sake,
Reward them with loving acts
For the pains they take

To guard thee, dear Dorothy,
From every ill,
And with love for our Saviour
Thy youthful heart fill.

## A New Year's Prayer.

1903.

TO MRS. CAPTAIN TRETHEWAY.

May God give thee a Happy New Year
And spare thee many a day,
For heart wounds you bind
With your love so kind,
And for thee I'll ever pray.

## Maude Ferguson.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MRS. W. OLIVER RHYNAS.

What a lovely, trusting bride art thou,
Maude Ferguson,
With the bloom of youth upon thy cheek,
Maude Ferguson,
While thy dark eyes shine with love's veil'd soft light,
Rivalling Heaven's bright stars at midnight.

Then forget me not, my pretty bride,
Maude Ferguson,
Forget not the orange you gave me,
Maude Ferguson,
So round and so plump from the orange tree,
Whose fragrant blossoms made wreath for thee.

Then forget me not while life shall last,
Maude Ferguson,
Forget not thy home and parents dear,
Maude Ferguson;
Be happy as a wife, as thou art a bride,
True as steel, whether weal or woe betide.

## Florence Gertrude.

LINES TO MR. AND MRS. ALEX. M'LEAN.

Her cheeks like harvest apples
Are rosy red,
Her eyes are like the gazelle,
Heavenward led,
To search for food on the Alps so high,
And listen to the proud eagle's cry.

## "Here's A Rosebud For You."

INSCRIBED RESPECTFULLY TO MISS GERTRUDE MORROW.

"Here's a rosebud for you, a lovely rosebud," said a young girl fair,
Juno's offering to Poesy, this bud exquisitely rare;
I took it home to open and exhale its fragrance by my side,
And the opening would have charm'd the heart of some expectant bride.

Each petal seem'd to waft to me a sweet kiss from Juno's bower,
And I felt that its wooing grew more powerful every hour;
I bow'd my heart in silence and my heart offer'd Heaven this pray'r,
"Strengthen the youthful heart of her who gave me this rosebud so rare."

## Trusting in the Lord.

(MAGGIE FOWLER.)

LINES RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO THE FAMILY OF THE LATE MISS MAGGIE FOWLER, OF AKRON, OHIO.

Trusting in the Saviour they laid her to rest,
With the flower of innocence on her breast,
In blissful repose,
Lay a pure white rose.

## God Has Heard Thy Prayer.

LINES RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MRS. H. SPENCE.

God has heard thy prayer—thine
Eyes are brighter, and thy smile
Has all its old winning ways.
Death call'd thy soldier husband
From thy side—God will'd it so;
But mourn not, earth has bl[illegible]ings
For thee in store. Thou hast been
Faithful to thy trust to guide
Those whom God has given thee,
And He will ne'er forsake thee.
On thy cheeks roses will bloom
Again, and thy step regain
Its old time buoyancy, for
Contentment dwelleth with thee,
Whose crown is a crown of peace.

## Pleasure Sincere.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MRS. GUNDRY.

Much pleasure sincere have I had
  Ever since I met thee,
Always so cheerful, never sad,
  Heart fill'd with charity.

In life thou hast seen much sorrow
  Among those thou hast met,
For thou hast sooth'd the aching brow,
  Which Heav'n will ne'er forget.

Like rain upon the strawberries,
  This lovely month of June,
Sorrow's sad tears encompass'd thee
  And kept thy heart in tune

With the harps in Heaven above,
  That know of no discord,
And with the angelic voices
  That praise our risen Lord.

## Berenice.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS. F. DAVIS.

Like a little, bright sunbeam,
  Berenice, dearest, art thou,
With thy pretty brown ringlets
  Encircling thy pure, fair brow.

With dimpled cheeks all aglow,
  And eyes that sparkle so bright,
Thou art like a butterfly
  Flitting around in delight.

Happy in the Saviour's love,
  Then, Berenice, ever be,
For He says, "Suffer little
  Children to come unto Me."

## Jennie.

LINES RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO THE BROTHERS AND SISTERS OF MISS JENNIE SHARKEY, WHO DIED AT 709, ST. PAUL AVENUE, MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN, OCT. 29TH, 1859.

They laid her to rest, their dear sister so true,
They laid her to rest under Heaven so blue,
With lovely carnations of pink and of white,
They lay on her breast like a lover's troth plight.

They laid her to rest by her pure mother's side,
No more to be parted in this world so wide;
In Heaven they'll pray for those they lov'd on earth
To the God who watch'd over them from their birth.

Fond daughter, sweet sister, with thine eyes of brown,
Thy fond heart was so pure, thy face wore no frown,
Thy life was consecrated for His sweet sake,
On earth thou but sleepest, in Heav'n to awake.

Long, long will they mourn thee, their darling so fair,
The heart in thy bosom was e'en light as air,
Thy voice low and sweet, oft thou wert heard repeat
The Pater and the Ave with thy voice so sweet.

Safe, safe art thou now, near thy lov'd mother's breast,
That oft sooth'd thee on earth to a peaceful rest,
And now with thy "beads" twin'd around thy fair hand
Happy art thou now in that fair better land.

Be thou, O then, dear Father, the Guiding Star
Of those who are left upon earth's harbor bar,
May they cling to Thy cross, afloat on life's sea,
And gain crowns of pure gold in eternity.

## To Norah in Heaven.

IN MEMORIAM, MISS NORAH SEYMOUR.

Many years have I miss'd the music of thy voice
And the sparkling of thy merry, laughing eyes;
Engrav'd on my heart thy graceful image lies,
But now in the beautiful land dost thou rejoice.

Norah darling, how I lov'd thee no pen can tell,
Thy joys were all mine and thy sorrows the same,
With love for Erin's isle thy heart was aflame,
Yet o'er thy grave no tear of mine ever yet fell.

I watch'd thee in thy beauty, so free from life's guile,
Kneeling every morn before the altar,
From helping the oppress'd thou didst not falter,
Ever on thy beaming face Heaven's sweetest smile.

But far, far above the vaulted blue of Heaven
Dost thou with thy lov'd sister Mary look down,
Both in thy pure innocence wearing the crown
That only to this world's faithful souls is given.

## Fannie.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MRS. EDWARD CARRINGTON JONES, TEXAS.

Dear little Fannie, so active and bright,
Ever the flowers were thy fond delight,
But now thou'rt in a land where wild flow'rs vie
With the flow'rs thou didst pluck so lovingly

In thy old Canadian home, now so far
From the ranches of Texas, where you are;
But two flowers now you have full of love,
Two souls to bloom in God's garden above.

Mourn not, Fannie, for the one that is gone,
Thy faithful spouse is with the Heav'nly One;
Take care of his children, lead them aright,
God will illume the darkness of thy night.

## Sweeter Than Perfume From Flowers.

LINES AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO MISS JANE JOHNSTON.

Sweeter than perfume from flow'rs,
Sweeter than honey from bee,
Is the kindness from thy heart
Which thou hast oft shown to me.

Mayhap kind fortune will come
And smile on my later years,
If so, I'll not forget thee,
Thy kindness mov'd me to tears.

## Fair Epworth Leaguers.

LINES INSCRIBED TO THE MISSES ETHEL SHANNON AND MAUDE HALE, MEMBERS OF THE EPWORTH LEAGUE, ON PRESENTING THE WRITER WITH A BEAUTIFUL LARGE BOUQUET OF FLOWERS FROM THE PULPIT DECORATION ON SUNDAY, 21ST JUNE, BEING THE CLOSING SUNDAY OF REV. J. W. ROBINSON'S PASTORATE IN VICTORIA STREET CHURCH.

O fair Epworth Leaguers, how kind
To think of me this morn,
And bring such a lovely bouquet
My table to adorn.

Of marble white, fit for some hall
In grander mansion far;
But your little actions of love
In my heart planted are.

May your lives be fill'd with gladness
And your paths strewn with flow'rs,
For your kindly loving forethought
In early morning hours.

Peonies, roses and carnations,
With anemone white,
Red honeysuckles and geraniums,
My very heart's delight.

Then be thou like these bright flowers,
Scatter the perfume round
Of thy good works and kindly words
With which thy hearts abound.

## Nellie.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MISS NELLIE CATLING, ON PRESENTING HER WITH A CRIMSON MOSS ROSE, AFTER HER RETURN FROM THE BLIND INSTITUTE, BRANTFORD.

Thou mayst not see the beauty
Of my moss rose so fair,
Thou mayst not see the green leaves
That round it nestle there.

But thou must feel the perfume
That only God can give,
And thank Him for the blessing
As long as thou mayst live.

Then be happy, Nellie dear,
May music charm thy heart
To fill the world with gladness,
Of which thou art a part.

## My Pansy Gift.

INSCRIBED TO MRS. FOWLIE.

Accept those pansy blossoms,
They are all I have to give,
With dew like diamonds on them,
May they in thy mem'ry live.

True daughter of a sailor,
Courage in thy heart doth grow.
Thou art faithful and sincere
To all thy lov'd friends, I trow.

Thou art happy, too; thy spouse
Like the pansy tells his love,
His trusting love, dear Jessie,
Like dew from Heaven above.

June tells us of red roses,
So full of fragrant perfume,
But no flow'r wields greater sway
Than the pansies in full bloom.

## For This Rose I Thank Thee.

AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO FLORRIE DOYLE, ON PRESENTING THE WRITER WITH A RED, RED ROSE, "THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER."

For this rose I thank thee,
Dear Florrie so true,
Its beautiful petals
Remind me of you.

So perfect and graceful,
Like a maiden's face,
Whose thoughts are ever pure
As the soul they grace.

This last rose of summer,
May it waft to me
A rose-color'd future
O'er land and o'er sea.

## Like Dew Upon the Flowers.

LINES AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO MRS. M. H. MORRIS, SECRETARY MARINE HOSPITAL, GODERICH, ONT., CANADA.

Like dew upon the flowers,
Thy kindness to me,
So fraught with a love sincere,
Which belongs to thee.

May Heav'n let the flower, faith,
In both our hearts bloom,
May each other's constancy
In our hearts find room.

## My Rose's Mission.

TO H. RUTHVEN M'DONALD, BARITONE SOLOIST, TORONTO.

A maiden fair—methinks I see her now,
With the dew of innocence on her brow
"The Mission of a Rose" she sweetly sang,
And through my brain like a clear bell it rang.
And I held a rose, an October rose,
Which lay in my hand in sweetest repose;
Its petals of pink and perfume most rare
Caus'd me to take it to the house of pray'r.
And to this singer this poem I owe;
"The Mission of a Rose" made my soul o'erflow.
"What mission hast thou?" its petals I ask'd,
While inhaling its perfume, pleasant task.
And it said, "My mission is to that king
Of sacred song the Lord has led to sing
Of 'The Holy City.' His songs of praise
Emanate from Thee, as the sun's bright rays.
Give me to him, that souls he may inspire
To sing on earth and in Heavenly choir,
To lead hearts which so seldom turn to Thee,
And bless his 'Building for Eternity.'"

## Philip.

INSCRIBED LOVINGLY TO MR. AND MRS. OSWALD CAREY, ST. GEORGE'S CRESCENT.

Noble, gracious Philip,
Wouldst thou like to be
Like Philip the apostle,
Setting men's souls free;

Helping them by constant pray'r,
Helping them to live
Like good soldiers of the Lord,
Helping them to give

Alms to the poor and needy,
Kind to those in pain,
Like the June strawberries, that
Ripen in the rain?

God will keep thy heart mellow
With sorrows of earth;
But be strong of mind, Philip,
Bless thy day of birth.

For many souls canst thou save
If thou dost but choose;
But what path thou dost follow,
Thy faith never lose.

## The Hawthorn Tree of England.

TO MISS MINNIE STRACHAN, ON BEING PRESENTED AT "CULDUTHEL" WITH A BOUQUET OF HAWTHORN BLOSSOMS.

All hail the stately hawthorn tree,
With its cluster'd blossoms crown'd!
All hail the pride of Albion,
Where laughter and sweet song resound!

Where the stately youth and maiden
Under its crimson deck'd boughs oft stray,
Where fair Luna in her glory
Hallows the hawthorn's mystic sway.

All hail the royal hawthorn tree
In our fair Canadian bowers!
Its crimson bloom will e'er enshrine
England's love in these hearts of ours.

## Fiat Voluntas Tua.

LINES WRITTEN BY REQUEST IN MEMORY OF MARGARET CARMICHAEL FERGUSON, BELOVED WIFE OF MR. WILLIAM ALLAN MARTIN, OF DETROIT, MICH., LATER OF THE YUKON, WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE MARCH 9TH, 1900.

"Thy will be done"—how little didst thou know,
When thy husband dear bade thee farewell,
That ne'er again thy lov'd voice would he hear,
In the land where thy lov'd maples grow.

Brave wert thou, hiding the pain of parting
From one thou didst hold on earth most dear,
And from thy mother, when death o'er her stood,
"Thy will be done" check'd the falling tear.

Tell him, ye winged winds, she was true till death,
While he roam'd o'er the Yukon for gold;
Tell him, ye stars, she awaits for him now
In the land where no love can grow cold.

Ah! Maggie, with thy bonnie e'en of blue,
And smile of joy that ne'er left thy face,
E'en when thy daughters said their last good-bye
True wert thou to the maxims of thy race.

Rest, Maggie dear, for thee no sorrow more
Can hydra-headed o'er thee hold sway,
Thy daughters cherish thy mem'ry, Maggie,
And thy sons, forever and for aye.

When the bell chim'd twelve on last New Year's night,
Came "A guid New Year to yin an' a',"
With her lips so pale, yet her eyes so bright
Said, "Thy will be done, Thy word is law."

## Madge.

TO MISS MADGE M'DONALD.

When I see thy rosy cheeks
And the flash of thy dark eyes,
I wonder if Cupid seeks
Thy heart for another prize.

For Cupid lurks with his bow
Around when we know it not;
His quivers are true, we know,
And his prizes must be got.

Hymen and Cupid go hand in hand,
And Study trembles at their command.

## I Give Thee This Red Moss Rose.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MISS GERTRUDE TOLSMA, DETROIT.

I give thee this red moss rose,
Pluck'd this e'en for thy mother dear,
Who always sends love's tokens
Ever my poetic heart to cheer.

May her love for me ne'er fade,
Like the petals of my moss rose,
But they will live in mem'ry
And fragrant in her heart repose.

Be bright and gay, dear Gertrude,
Make thy mother's fond heart rejoice,
Until some wooer tells thee
Thou alone art his only choice.

Then thou'lt go with him and pave the way
To meet our Saviour, our Guide and Stay.

## Charlie.

MR. CHARLIE BLACKSTONE.

We have all miss'd thee, Charlie,
Ever so bright and so fair,
Filling our summer ev'nings
With music so sweet and rare.

The Stars and Stripes attract thee,
We may look for thee in vain,
But trust that golden treasure
In Michigan thou wilt gain.

But keep thy clarionet
Well tun'd for "God Save the King;"
When thou comest back again
Thou wilt make the welkin ring.

## Lulu Bates.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS. WILLIAM BATES.

With this birthday, dearest Lulu,
I bring some heather braw,
For Scottish bluid rins thro' thy veins
An' thro' thy luv'd kin a'.

May thy future be as bright
As this November day,
And may thy luve for Heaven be
Forever and for aye.

## I Will Offer Thee This Holly Sprig.

LINES WRITTEN ON PRESENTING LORD STANLEY (THEN GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA) WITH A SPRIG OF HOLLY, WHILE ON A VISIT TO GODERICH IN 1883. THE POEM WAS ALSO PRINTED ON CREAM SATIN AND FRAMED IN WHITE AND GOLD, AND SENT TO RIDEAU HALL, OTTAWA, FOR WHICH LORD STANLEY RETURNED HIS MOST SINCERE THANKS TO THE POETESS.

I will offer thee this holly sprig in honor of thy home,
Where Yuletide holds full sway across the grand old Atlantic's foam;
But our snow drifts are not purer than my love for England's Queen
And I honor you, her messenger, of truly noble mien.

May God with His Heavenly wisdom inspire thee in thy work.
For our fair Canada's progress that lethargy may not lurk
Within the bosoms of our statesmen, whose duty 'tis to guide
The barque of Prosperity safe from Destruction's whirlpool tide.

## Glad Tidings.

LINES INSCRIBED TO THE CAPTAIN AND CREW OF "GLAD TIDINGS."

Thy yacht is welcome to Huron's pride—
Goderich—on fam'd Lake Huron's side,
With banner unfurl'd to wave o'er men,
That those in sin may be born again
Of the Spirit that strengthens the good
With true faith in God's Heavenly food,
The Gospel, that with undying light
Turns to early dawn the darkest night.
Make thy anchor safe in ev'ry port,
To draw men's souls to the Saviour's court.
Unfurl thy banner, "Glad Tidings" will
Echo Christ's voice in storm, "Peace, be still."

## A Bit o' Heather.

TO CHIEF A. P. M'LEAN, "SPRUCE GROVE," ON RECEIVING FROM HIM A BIT O' HEATHER.

How kind and how loyally true
Wert thou e'en to me
When thou gave [illegible] the heather
Brought f[illegible] o'er the sea.

From auld Scot[illegible] braes,
Thy own [illegible],
The land o' bonnie Prince Charlie
And his gallant [illegible].

May thy faithful life be spar'd years
In thy love[illegible]
"Spruce Grove," [illegible]
To any who [illegible]

Through the [illegible]
To all thou lent [illegible] wel[illegible]

## Jean.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS. R. CUTT.

Jean, Jean, bonnie Jean,
Curls of golden sheen ;
With thy lov'd blue e'en
Truly a fairy thou art,
With steps light as air,
Thy brow wears no care,
Thou'rt beyond compare
In thy dear grandmamma's heart.

## I Met Thee in the Twilight.

1903.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MISS BEAUMONT.

I met thee in the twilight eve
Of our fair Dominion Day,
And I thought of the kindly heart
Thou hast had for me alway.

I gave thee a blossoming spray,
To pay thee my homage true,
And I pray that God in Heaven
May roses o'er thy path strew.

Thou art truly a King's Daughter,
Thy kindness is known to all,
May thy life be spar'd many years,
And o'er thee God's blessing fall.

## Ruth.

TO MISS RUTH WILLIAMS ON HER WEDDING EVE

Dear Ruth, didst remember the sunflowers
  You left at my cottage door
Just one year ago, in laughing mood,
In your modest, joyous maidenhood,
  With your heart true to the core

To the teachings of home, to the mother
  Whom now you must leave for life,
For the stranger who loves you faithfully,
And to-morrow his happy bride you'll be,
  A most true and happy wife.

## I Give Thee This Pink Rose.

TO MISS MAIR, ON HER WEDDING EVE.

I give thee this pink rose,
  But cannot compare
With the rose on thy cheek
  Love has planted there.

May it grow in beauty
  And keep thy heart true
For the lover who soon
  Will be wed to you.

Wreathe her brow with blossoms
  From the orange tree,
Fasten well the bridal veil
  With the fleur-de-lis.

Her heart is fill'd with faith
  In her artist love,
May he bring her blessings
  From Heaven above.

## Fair Roses Strew Thy Pathway.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MRS. ALFRED TERBUTT.

Fair roses strew thy pathway now in life,
Thou'rt a happy mother, thrice happy wife;
Thy husband's smiles are full of earnest love,
Thou know'st thy parents are happy above.

Thy lovely little son and heir with joy
Ev'ry moment of thy life doth employ,
No time hast thou for care, no time to mourn,
God heals the wounds of hearts that have been torn.

May thy life with true happiness be crown'd,
May thy harvests with vast richness abound,
Mayst thou live long with thy lov'd husband blest,
May thy son flourish, whom thou in youth caress'd.

## In Memoriam.

(ALDERMAN MURNEY.)

From his labors he rests,
In quiet repose,
Mourn'd by those he most lov'd
Thro' life's joys and woes.

## Augusta Mary.

LOVINGLY INSCRIBED TO MISS AUGUSTA MARY MACLEOD, ONLY DAUGHTER OF THE LATE DR. J. M. MACLEOD.

Like a winsome little fairy
Wert thou ever,
With step as light as a fawn,
Always for life's duty ready,
Careless never,
Happy at the break of dawn

And in the evening's twilight soft.
God has thy heart,
His love encompasseth thee,
Forever in His lov'd service ;
Ne'er from Him part,
The cross leads to victory.

Early came the cross to thy fair home ;
Thy mother dear
Was taken to Heav'n above ;
But never were thy youthful eyes
Dimm'd by a tear,
For thou hadst thy father's love.

But God always watches o'er thee,
And loving friends
Will guard well thy tender years ;
Thy lov'd parents now dwell where God's
Love never ends ;
His hand wipes away all tears.

## Vera.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MISS VERA MURDOCK, HENSALL.

A holy calm shows in thine eyes, Vera,
The meek and humble thou'lt not despise,
A beautiful hope is within thy soul,
A hope which takes birth beyond the skies.

Where music makes glad the angels, Vera,
Singing God's praises from morn till night,
And I know that thy heart with earth's music
Will keep thee precious in His sight.

## May.

LINES INSCRIBED RESPECTFULLY TO MR. AND MRS. JAMES BUCHANAN.

Thou art fond of thy home, dear May,
Near old Maitland's stream.
Of leaving it to roam, dear May,
Dost thou ever dream?
Let music be thy heart's delight
And tune its chords morn, noon and night.

Thou'lt leave thy happy home, dear May,
For some one you love,
But ne'er forget thy duties, May,
To the Lord above,
And ask Him ev'ry night and day
To ever be thy guide and stay.

## Cletia Irene.

LINES WRITTEN IN SYMPATHY AND INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS. HENRY SMITH.

Pride of thy father's loving heart,
Truly thou didst long
To be with the Father of Light
At the evensong.

"A better home has He, mother,
In Heaven above,
Than any home on earth, mother,
Where He dwells in love."

In her beautiful white casket
They laid her to rest,
With white roses and lilies fair
Upon her pure breast.

And lovingly her schoolmates dear
Press'd about her side,
With hands fill'd with flowers of June,
Fit for some fair bride.

But she is safe, no storms can mar
Her bless'd peaceful rest;
She long'd to leave the cares of life,
"For God knoweth best."

## To A Sprig of Mignonette.

Speak to him lovingly, O dear mignonette,
Tell him that the giver will never forget
His kindness like dewdrops upon her heart shine,
And prays he'll be bless'd by the Healer Divine.

## Gladys May.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS. GEORGE H. FOWLER IN STRAWBERRY TIME.

Sweet innocent babe,
  With bonnie blue e'en,
Lovely golden curls,
  Little fairy queen.

Couldst thou lisp thy name
  Proud would papa be,
And mother dearest,
  Who watches o'er thee

'Mong the strawberries,
  Where Gladys sits oft,
Pulling the green leaves
  With her fingers soft.

Lovely Gladys May,
  May our Lord bless you,
And the strawberries
  That He doth send, too.

## Dorothy and Rosalind.

LINES INSCRIBED LOVINGLY TO MR. AND MRS. CHARLES PASSMORE, ORGANIST KNOX CHURCH, GODERICH.

Sweet Dorothy and Rosalind
  Are pretty little girls,
The one with hair like raven's wing,
  The other golden curls.

The one with eyes as black as night,
  The other turquoise blue,
And as any Cupid chubby
  As ever artist drew.

'Tis sad to say farewell to them,
  Such happy days they spend
Together in their pleasant home,
  Or as they homeward wend

When sometimes for a stroll they go
  To play beneath the shade
Of spreading elm or maple tree,
  Down in some grassy glade.

So fare thee well, sweet Dorothy,
  And Rosalind so fair,
Forget not Huron's sweet brier banks,
  Nor Huron's breezes rare.

## Chrissie Cantelon.

LINES INSCRIBED TO ALDERMAN D. AND MRS. CANTELON.

Thy face is very fair,
Chrissie Cantelon ;
Thy voice is rich and rare,
Chrissie Cantelon ;
Thou art bright and joyous ev'ry day,
Ready when duty calls thee from play.

Thine eyes are true,
Chrissie Cantelon,
As Heaven's blue,
Chrissie Cantelon ;
No sorrow reigneth when thou art near ;
To the hearts of all thou art most dear.

## Retta Clark.

LINES RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO DR. AND MRS. CLARK.

Thy face is like a pansy,
Retta Clark ;
Thy blue eyes shine like diamonds
In the dark ;
Thou art so beautiful and fair,
Modest as a floweret rare,
Happy always—without a care,
Retta Clark.

Thy voice is pure as songbird,
Retta Clark,
Ev'ry morn rising early,
Like the lark ;
Happy when school time is over,
Playing 'mid the grass and clover ;
May good angels o'er thee hover,
Retta Clark.

## Paul.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS. JOSEPH MERRETT, LONDON.

How very plain and how truly firm
Stands here thy name, baby Paul ;
And now in thy curtain'd retreat
Thou art asleep when thee I greet
With a kiss on thy forehead sweet,
Baby Paul.

This sprig of mignonette I will lay
On thy pillow, baby Paul :
Thy mother left her home for thee,
And thou dost fill her heart with glee ;
May this sprig a talisman be,
Baby Paul.

## Alie.

INSCRIBED LOVINGLY TO MRS. WEBSTER.

O Lily, fair one, I hope that soon
  Orange blossoms fragrant and fair
And a bridal veil of silken mesh
  Will bind thy lovely golden hair.

Thy heart is light, sorrow has never
  Dimm'd the azure blue of thine e'en,
And like the stars in Heaven so bright
  Be always as calm and serene.

## Of Hearts Thou Art a True Heaven-born Queen.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MRS. POTTER PALMER, FOUNDER OF THE WOMAN'S LIBRARY OF THE WORLD'S FAIR AND COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION, 1893.

Of hearts thou art a true Heaven-born queen,
All the nations are proud of thee, I ween,
For thou wert the founder of the World's Fair,
A crown like Semiramis shouldst thou wear.
Did Columbus think when his proud ship rode
The briny deep, to the Indian's abode,
Like Queen Isabella, a woman too
Would four centuries later garlands strew
O'er his ashes, which immortal Fame won
From ev'ry clime and nation 'neath the sun ?

## In His Little White Casket.

TO GEORGE THOMAS BATES. DEDICATED TO MR. AND MRS. THOMAS BATES.

In his little white casket
  Rob'd in purest white,
Thy babe lay 'mong the lilies,
  Lovely in thy sight.

The lilies of the valley
  In profusion spread,
And the lovely roses white
  Lay around his head.

His beautiful auburn hair
  And lovely blue eyes
Made him look like an angel
  Sent down from the skies.

Mourn not, Dell, dear mother, wipe
  From thine eyes the tears,
Thy angel babe will meet thee
  In the after years.

# Ora Pro Nobis.

LINES RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE MESSRS. SHARKEY, MILWAUKEE.

Thy mother's day is night for thee,
But God so will'd it—let it be;
Like mist that flies before the sun
Her sorrow mov'd the Holy One;
He took her from the cares of life,
Loving mother and faithful wife.

Thou'lt ne'er forget her—never will
Her words so sage lie idly still.
They'll rouse thy manhood to do right,
To fight all evil with thy might,
And ev'ry day, on bended knee,
Thou'lt pray for her who pray'd for thee.

Her voice was gentle, sweet and low,
Her faith e'en wore a rosy glow,
Her trust in Him was great, sublime,
To highest Heav'n did her thoughts climb,
Like Sharon's rose her mem'ry sweet
Will lie like incense at thy feet.

# Josie.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MRS. JAMES PRICE, ON THE DROWNING OF HER SON, JOSIE, WHO WAS ABOARD THE STEAMER ALBANY WHEN SHE COLLIDED AT POINT AUX BARQUES WITH ANOTHER STEAMER IN A FOG, NOV. 7TH, 1893.

The sailor boy, he sleeps
'Neath Huron's crystal wave;
His heart beat but for thee,
His heart so true and brave.

His parting words were full
Of buoyant, manly hope;
Alas! with Death's cold chills
He had no pow'r to cope.

Tho' strong and willing hands
The lifeboat's safety sought,
The treach'rous fog grew dense,
Yet thy boy fear'd it not.

His love was thine, all thine,
To help thee his first care;
Weep not, O fond mother,
For thy sailor boy so fair.

The mem'ry of his love
Will light thro' life thy way;
In joy thou'lt meet again,
No more to part for aye.

## Dearest Isobel.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS. FRANK BERNHARDT, GALT.

"Jesus bids us shine
With a pure clear light,"
Sang a little maid
Like a lily white.

Her lovely brown orbs
With Heaven's light seem
To send around all
Love's undying beam.

Dearest Isobel,
Be thou always bright,
"Like a little candle
Burning in the night."

## Be Happy Like the Joyous Birds.

TO NIXON STURDY, ESQ., TOWNSHIP CLERK.

Be happy like the joyous birds,
Let not earth's care or sorrow
Lay their imprint upon thy soul,
Look for a bright to-morrow.

For you the sunset grand appears
And golden harvests for many years,
Let glory ne'er be bath'd in tears.

## Ellen St. John.

TO MR. AND MRS. HENRY ARMSTRONG, SNOWFLAKE.

The little white casket
They laid 'neath the snow,
With its wealth of roses,
Love's tribute to woe.

The cheek of thy darling,
Like marble so white,
Wore a radiant bloom
From their petals bright.

The links of love strengthen
'Round Ellen St. John,
She now dwells 'mong the saints,
Gently leading on

Her lov'd ones here below
To the throne of love,
To their Lord and Master
In the home above.

## Edna.

LINES WRITTEN TO MR. AND MRS. WM. TILT, ON THE DAY AFTER THE WEDDING OF CARLOTTA PATTI TILT.

O, Edna darling, thy large blue eyes
And lovely flaxen hair charm me ;
Like the maidens on the Rhine so fair,
The Fatherland might well claim thee.

May music and song bring thee fortune,
For thy race is well known to fame,
And, dearest little Edna, remember
To do honor to thy sweet name.

A little flow'r girl wert thou yestre'en,
With basket of roses so fair,
Within it a golden wedding ring
Hidden among the roses there.

And so in thy young heart lie hidden
The chords of music and of love,
Which gifts will charm all in after years,
From the Divine Father above.

## Rest.

Ch ! why should we sigh for days of rest,
When our rest comes ofttimes with pain ?
With tears in our eyes and aching hearts
We pray to be busy again.

Then let us work with a joy sincere
Howe'er on earth our lot be cast,
And angels will strew our path with flow'rs,
To delight us while life shall last.

## Emma.

LINES DEDICATED TO MR. AND MRS. W. WALLACE.

Thou art like a little princess
Of the fam'd olden time,
When fairies turn'd the flowers rare
Into a face sublime.

Golden ringlets cluster, Emma,
Around thy neck so white,
On thy cheeks crimson roses bloom,
In thine eyes Heaven's light

Inspires thee with love so trusting
In all the friends you meet ;
Then be sure to grow, fair Emma,
And always pure and sweet.

## What Will I Write?

BARCLAY DOYLE, ESQ.

What will I write thee, fair Barclay, not written before?
What praise can I now repeat not told thee o'er and o'er?
Wert told that the fairies would truly crown thee their king,
And make thy young voice echo the chorus which they sing:
"Honor thy father and mother"?

To far fam'd "Ehren on the Rhine" then hie thee away,
Where music "Under the Lindens" o'er hearts holds full sway,
Where with gladness thy voice will rise in pæans of love
To Him Who gave thee this Divine command from above:
"Honor thy father and mother."

## Annie.

TO MISS ANNIE DRIVER, "THE GLEBE."

Never feast day dost thou forget me,
Christmas Day and fair Easter morn;
Thy gentle voice and sweet smiling face,
A princely home wouldst thou adorn.
Oh! Annie, may Heav'n ever be
Loving, trusting and kind to thee.

Happy art thou in thy loving home,
Where the grand waving wheat fields grow,
And the nodding maples around thee
When summer breezes idly blow;
Then art thou happy, Annie dear,
Smiles wreathe thy face, none see a tear.

## Ah! Canst Thou Tell, Dear Gertrude?

LINES INSCRIBED TO GERTRUDE GRAHAME, ON BEING PRESENTED BY HER WITH A LOVELY FRAGRANT BOUQUET OF DAY LILIES, GERANIUMS AND PURPLE BLOSSOM'D HELIOTROPE.

Ah! canst thou tell, dear Gertrude,
Whence do thy flowers their fragrance gain?
They speak only of earth's joys,
Its bitter sorrow brings them no pain.

They grow in their true beauty,
Geraniums and day lilies fair,
The little purple blossoms
With sweet fragrance float upon the air.

Dear Gertrude, 'twas kind of thee
To bring me this floral gift so sweet,
I doubt not if rich jewels
Could give my heart so divine a beat.

## Rose.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MISS ROSE PROUSE.

Thou art well nam'd, maiden mine,
Bright is that sweet face of thine,
Sparkling eyes with pleasure fill'd,
Like the flow'rs on ground well till'd.

Music fills thy fresh young heart,
Love is of thy life a part;
Love is in the crimson glow
Of thy cheeks, full well I know.

When another's home you share
May your heart be free from care,
And to your love be as true
As your parents are to you.

## I Gave Thee A Narcissus.

TO PHILIP KIELY.

I gave thee a narcissus—canst thou not tell
What thou didst do with it? Didst thou know
That I only offer'd it to wish thee well?
For fame and fortune are thine, I trow.

## The Work Thou Hast Chosen.

LINES RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO MRS. D. M'DONALD, REGENT OF THE AHMEEK CHAPTER OF THE DAUGHTERS OF THE EMPIRE.

The great work thou hast humbly chosen
Is work for the Lord,
"Whosoever shall give you a cup,"
Is our Saviour's word,

"Of water to drink in My name, I
Say he shall not lose
His reward." So thou wilt fully reap
What our Lord doth choose.

Thy voice ringeth with gladness alway,
Inspir'd from on high,
Ever the friend of poor and needy,
That others pass by.

Life's pain and sorrows bring the teardrops
To many bright eyes,
But thou hast begun a noble work,
A work all must prize.

Then "life let us cherish" most gladly,
And work for the Lord,
And be true to our king and country
And gain our reward.

## Bella.

LINES INSCRIBED TO CAPTAIN AND MRS. JOHN M'DONALD.

With music I would charm thee, Bella dear,
Had I power o'er these dark eyes of thine,
And thy olive cheek with the crimson rose;
I'd make thee a prima donna, ne'er fear.
And now, Bella dear, be faithful and true,
Improve thy mind, for some day thou mayst be
By wealth surrounded without measure,
For Fortune's wide door will open for you.

## "Jesus, Lover of My Soul."

INSCRIBED TO REV. MR. MUIR, GRIMSBY.

MINNIE M'DONALD, ON HANDING THE AUTHORESS A HYMN-BOOK AT KNOX CHURCH WHEN THE CHOIR WAS SINGING "JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL."

Ever will I remember, Minnie,
Thy loving act,
To hand me the hymn-book in silence,
With thoughtful tact.

"Jesus, lover of my soul," the choir
At Knox church sang,
"Let me to thy bosom fly" through all
The rafters rang.

No hymn-book had I, so Minnie dear
Gave me her own;
So may the Jesus that she loveth
Never alone

Leave her to this world's thorns and briers,
But strew her path
With the loveliest of fragrant flow'rs
This fair earth hath.

## May Eve.

WRITTEN ON BEING PRESENTED WITH TWO SPIKES OF WHITE HYACINTHS ON MAY EVE, 1895, BY MISS ADA CHILTON, AT THE U. S. CONSULATE.

Could thy hyacinths bloom forever
And fill my heart with their sweet perfume,
How little I'd care for the sorrow
That oft filleth my heart with its gloom.

Yea, filleth my heart, for life has cares
That surge like a turbulent river,
But thy white hyacinths know not fear,
Emblems of thee, Ada, the giver.

## Florence.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS. R. R. SALLOWS.

Lov'd daughter of an artist rare,
Cherish'd with the tenderest care,
Thou art like a flower so fair,
Florence.

How I lov'd thy voice sweet and clear,
When Santa came with his reindeer
To Knox church, all our hearts to cheer,
Florence.

And well I know you love the flow'rs
And sweet songbirds in summer bow'rs,
That come to cheer us in sad hours,
Florence.

But thou nothing of sadness know,
Thy parents love thee here below,
And study is thy choice, I know,
Florence.

## Live Not Thou for Life's Pleasure.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS. ST. GEORGE PRICE ON THEIR WEDDING DAY.

Live not thou for earth's pleasure,
Live thou for the Lord,
Then the Heavenly treasure
Will be thy reward.

## Here's a Bouquet for the "Petrel."

LINES PRESENTED TO THE OFFICERS AND CREW OF THE GOVERNMENT TUG "PETREL" WITH A BEAUTIFUL BOUQUET OF ANEMONES, MIGNONETTE AND SCENTED GERANIUM LEAVES.

Here's a bouquet for the "Petrel" that sails o'er Huron's blue,
Its blossoms are white and pure, like the "Petrel's" wings so true,
Its wings that bear it safely over ev'ry crag and brake,
Guarding well the treasures of Huron's far-fam'd sounding lake.

May its white wings ne'er be stain'd with a sordid love for wealth,
May the homes of those who guide them be blessed with perfect health,
May their hearts be anchor'd to the cross that pilots their way
To the haven where God's sunshine is one eternal day.

## The Wedding Ring.

'Tis not when the songbirds sing,
  Nor yet when the stars shine bright,
That the hallow'd wedding ring
  Makes the trusting heart so light.

'Tis when life's storm-clouds gather
  And life's rude tempests prevail,
We know our Heav'nly Father
  Gives them strength to stand the gale,

Who with His love makes that ring
  A circlet to wield a charm :
When life's storms their fury fling
  Wedded love keeps all from harm.

## I Priz'd Thy Kindness.

TO MRS. JOHN CAMERON.

I priz'd thy kindness, for well I knew
That thy Scotch heart was tender and true,
Thy bonnie Scotch accent charm'd my ear,
I knew I could trust thee without fear.

Long mayst thou live by Huron's fam'd shore,
Long mayst thou live to open thy door
To those who have their fortune to make ;
Thou'lt help them, I know, for Christ's dear sake.

## How Well I Remember Thy Sorrow !

LINES TO MRS. M EVOY.

How well I remember thy sorrow,
  Dear mother, when thou didst kneel
By the casket of thy belov'd son,
  Who to thee was true as steel !

The casket was cover'd with roses
  And lilies fragrant and sweet,
And thou didst lay all thy sorrow down
  At Christ thy Redeemer's feet.

And once again sorrow came near thee,
  Another son was born home,
But God in His mercy has spared him
  To thee for long years to come.

I gave him a rose to remember
  God's mercy to him that day
He fell doing his soldier's duty,
  Snatching him from death away.

## Dost Ever Sigh?

LINES INSCRIBED TO MRS. EPHRAIM DOWNING.

Dost ever sigh for thy Devon home
By the rolling sea?
Dost remember the rose on thy cheek
When first I met thee?

'Twas years ago, but thou'rt still the same
In kindness to me,
And I pray that Heav'n will always send
Thee prosperity.

## Lina.

LINES DEDICATED TO LINA, THE CLEVER LITTLE ELOCUTIONIST ACCOMPANYING THE BOSTON FAUSTUS LADIES' ORCHESTRA ON THEIR VISIT TO GODERICH, ONT., APRIL 10TH, 1899.

Dearest Lina, let me now greet thee
Lovely dark-eyed child,
Didst thou cherish that white carnation,
Pure and undefiled,
Just as pure and sweet, Lina, art thou
Wondrous little maid,
A blossom sent from Heaven, of naught
In this world afraid.
Earth has many sorrows, may the rose
Always bloom near thee, in sweet repose.

In a bowl of massive silver that carnation white
On the altar table stood, in the Easter sun's light,
Just where my eye rested, in St. George's house of pray'r;
And, strange, next day 'twas given me by a lady fair;
The rector's wife I chanc'd to meet, who knows I love flow'rs;
And may its mem'ry cling to these many pleasant hours;
Mayst thou draw inspiration from its petals so white,
And fill lives with fragrance and thine own with fond delight.

## An Easter Gift.

MRS. CHADWICK, WOODSTOCK.

For thy Easter gift I gave thee, fair maid,
A spray of blooming mignonette,
Fragrant, tho' the April showers never
Its clust'ring crimson'd flowers wet.

So, fair maid, if life's cares ever assail
Thy happy future, like this spray
Keep the bloom on thy cheek, for God's love
Is greater than the sun's warm ray.

## Laura Craig.

Dear Laura, thou art full of grace,
Noble efforts in thee I trace;
Hope is the anchor of thy soul,
And true as needle to the pole.

Dear Laura, thou art always gay,
Driving life's dull cares all away,
Striving ever to serve the Lord;
"The glory," saith the Divine Word,

"Which thou gavest Me I have giv'n
Them;" so now our hearts are riven,
And we must use our minds and pen
To uphold God's mercies to men.

## By the Bond of Sympathy.

TO MISS WALTERS.

By the bond of sympathy
Are we bound,
Sorrows and care in this life
Have we found,
But God has led us in our way
And turn'd the darkest night to day.

Thy friendship like a mantle
Warm'd my heart,
And bade the chill of winter's
Snow depart,
And God I trust will ope the way
And be our constant guide and stay.

## Daisy.

INSCRIBED TO THE MISSES FISHER.

Dear little Daisy, as sweet as thy name,
With train'd voice like a silver bell,
Thou art trusting and loving, thy dark eyes
Of a merrie maiden doth tell.

At heart be like the daisy red "beauty
To the possessor is unknown,"
In the simple language of the flowers,
And thy heart echoes it thy own.

The daisy white means "innocence," which now
In thy school days thy heart proclaims;
Be clever, dear Daisy, for now 'tis plain
Thou hast the loveliest of names.

## Essie.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MISS ESSIE SMITH.

Thy hair like glints of virgin gold
  Crowns a forehead fair,
And roses of health on thy cheek
  Make a picture rare.

Thy mind above earth's treasures vain
  With wisdom is stor'd,
And happiness is thine alway,
  For thou art ador'd.

The trusting love of thy parents
  Is to thee a joy,
And thou for them ev'ry moment
  Of thy time employ.

And duties well done have a price
  More precious than gold,
The love of the Saviour, Essie,
  For all in His fold.

May thy life's work as an artist
  Soon be known to fame,
And may in letters of fine gold
  Be written thy name.

## Maida.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS. ARMOUR, WOODSTOCK.

Dost thou hear the birds call thee,
  Maida, my true love,
When they so joyously fly
  In regions above?

Thou art as happy, Maida,
  As birds on the tree,
When they call to their lov'd ones
  Sweet and lovingly.

Thou art fair as the lily,
  Little Maida true,
As pure and as innocent
  As the morning dew.

Methinks, Maida, thou art like
  Some precious gem,
And with thy little sisters
  Form a diadem.

A diadem of pearls in
  Thy lov'd parents' crown,
And upon them I pray God
  Will pour blessings down

## "Onward, Christian Soldiers."

LINES DEDICATED TO MR. AND MRS. W. W. MACVICAR ON THEIR WEDDING DAY.

"Onward, Christian soldiers,"
Keep thy armour bright,
"On the Rock of Ages"
Lean with all thy might.

"What a Friend we have in
Jesus," the true light,
The stars tell of His love
Tho' far from our sight.

"Onward, Christian soldiers,"
Clinging to the cross,
Let the gems ye offer
Be free from earth's dross.

Bright the rivers sparkle
In the noonday sun,
Saying to old ocean,
"Our work is well done.

"We are true and faithful,
Kneeling at thy feet,
Where the 'Rock of Ages'
Is for those a seat

"Who call on Him daily,
As they course along,
Fill our minds with courage,
Fill our hearts with song."

## May Heaven Send You Wealth.

TO MRS. GEORGE EVANS.

May Heaven send you wealth
To aid your friends in need,
May Heaven send you health
To sow the blessed seed

Of Him Who reigns above,
Whose mercies never cease,
Filling all hearts with love
And never-ending peace.

Praise Him Who reigns above,
The God of earth and sky :
Oh, who could doubt the love
Of the Ruler on High !

## Naomi.

(IN MEMORIAM.)

NAOMI RUTH SWAFFIELD.

Fair and queenly wert thou, the pride of Willowdale,
Roaming over the meadows with thy cheeks so pale,
To coax the roses growing 'mid the wild flow'rs rare
To nestle on thy cheeks in the warm summer air.

But thou'rt gone, dear Naomi, where the lilies bloom.
For like a pure, fair lily they laid thee in the tomb;
Thy stately couch, casket of purple velvet told
That nothing was too good for thee, pride of the fold.

For thou wert the pride of thy parents' hearts and home,
And now thou canst look down from Heaven's high dome,
And pray that God may guide and bless their way in life,
And keep them always happy, husband and lov'd wife.

## Isa.

TO ISA NIVENS.

Could I but roam in foreign lands,
No more queenly maiden would I see,
The Heav'nly light in thy dark eyes
Is grander than diadems to thee.

Thy crimson cheeks are well rounded,
Thy twin lips like the fan'd corals' red,
Thy dark hair like the raven's wing,
Thou must be soon to the altar led.

May God guard thee, Isa, dear one,
From ev'ry ill we meet in this life,
And may He send prosperity,
Whether you may be maiden or wife.

## Thy Large Brown Eyes, Alma.

ALMA STURDY.

Thy large brown eyes, Alma,
Tell of a soul so pure,
Thy clustering ringlets
Of rich brown I am sure
Would charm a prince, were he to come
And visit at thy pretty home.

Thou art lovely, Alma,
Thy pretty face so pale
Fram'd about with ringlets
Many maidens bewail
The pure beauty of thy young face,
On which earth's cares have left no trace.

## It Was Hard to Part.

LINES TO CAPTAIN AND MRS. BAXTER ON THE DEATH OF THEIR SON.

It was hard to part from thy brave sailor boy,
But God knoweth best;
In the eternal mansion he now doth lie
On the Saviour's breast;
His soul was anchor'd on the Heavenly shore,
He lov'd his happy home, but lov'd Heaven more;
His friends on this earth were many, leal and true,
And now on his beautiful casket they strew
Lovely wreaths and emblems of most fragrant flow'rs,
Which will comfort thee both in the length'ning hours.
May you to each other in health long spar'd be,
And reap a rich reward in eternity.

## Thirza.

TO MISS THIRZA LEWITT.

Music fills thy pure heart with love
Attun'd by Heav'nly chords above;
Be ever, Thirza, sweet and good,
A pure type of fair womanhood,
To lead woman to noble spheres
And crown with joy thy later years.

## Leila and Dorothy.

LINES RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO JUDGE AND MRS. CARPENTER, OF DETROIT (NOW OF LANSING, MICH.), WHILE ON A VISIT TO GODERICH, ONT.

I saw a pretty picture in an orchard yesterday,
Where I met a "wee girlie," as her grandmamma would say,
With eyes as black as any sloe's and hair like raven's wing;
'Neath an apple tree with doll the little maid was sitting.

"What is your dollie's name?" I ask'd the little maiden dark;
"Dorothy," she answer'd quickly, with voice just like a lark;
And her little brother by her side look'd at dollie, too,
And I wish'd I were an artist to sketch the lovely view.

Of course dollie had a table and a five o'clock tea,
For dollies must be as stylish as any maid could be;
Then mother stood beside them and her dark eyes shone with pride
As I bade her good-bye with her lov'd children at her side.

## Thy Heart is Tun'd to Suffering.

TO MRS. A. STRAITON.

Thy heart is tun'd to suffering,
Thou knowest life has care :
May God send to thee health and wealth,
Will ever be my pray'r.

And God to thee has given much,
Has spar'd thy husband dear,
And now thou'lt pray that he may live
Many a coming year.

## A Loving Friend Hast Thou Ever.

LINES LOVINGLY INSCRIBED TO MRS. JOHN DOUGLAS.

A loving friend hast thou ever
Been to me,
Always giving of thy bounty
Full and free.

A kindly word hast thou for all,
Good and true,
Faith and hope firmly in thy heart
Ever grew.

"Scatter seeds of kindness," motto
Which I feel
Is engrav'd on thy heart of hearts,
True as steel.

Thy hair so soft and silvery
Crowns a face
Where peace and contentment dwelleth
With God's grace.

## For Years Hast Thou Lived in Thy Lighthouse Home.

MR. R. CAMPBELL, LIGHTHOUSE KEEPER.

For years hast thou liv'd in thy lighthouse home
Above old Lake Huron's waters ;
Many a wild storm has pass'd over thee
And over thy wife and daughters.

But little dost thou fear, for storms pass by,
No cloudbursts ever assail thee ;
Thou art happy in thy home as the ducks
That hover o'er Huron's wild sea.

## Helena.

TO MRS. WM. CARTER.

Oft did I listen to thy pure voice,
And oft didst thou make my heart rejoice ;
Now thou hast the husband of thy choice,
Helena.

Sorrow came, too, when thy little boy
Was taken from thee, but now new joy
Has refill'd thy heart, without alloy,
Helena.

Another son has come—a new heir,
Thine and thy husband's lov'd home to share,
And may he ever be welcome there,
Helena.

## Harold Jones.

INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS. JONES, DUART, ONT.

Child of sunshine,
Let me pay
My tribute to thy beauty :
Love's hidden mine
Ev'ry day
Makes sacred ev'ry duty.

Thy liquid eyes,
Full of love,
Are blue as the azure sky ;
Thy voice sweet lies,
Like dove's coo,
In farthest nooks of mem'ry.

Like molten gold
Is thy hair,
So beautiful 'tis to see ;
No friendship cold,
But love rare,
Wilt thou, Harold, have for me.

## Thou Art A Treasure.

TO ALDERMAN AND MRS. GEORGE ELLIOTT.

Thou art a treasure in thy home,
Thy lovely children are bright and fair,
Thou lovest to deck God's altar
With June's red roses and lilies so rare.

Thy children to thee precious are,
Their altar at home is well lighted
With love's flame in their parents' hearts,
Which with God's help will ne'er be blighted.

TO BANDMASTER AND MRS. R. PARKER, UNO, LAKE NIPISSING.

Didst like thy father's old home
On old Lake Huron's shore ?
Thy hazel eyes seem'd to beam
At what it had in store

For thee and thy dear mother,
Who saw the busy mills
Down by the grand old harbor,
Where the Arnoldi trills

Its quaint, son'rous music, to
Keep the harbor in tune
And bring millions to our town,
Our greatest earthly boon.

## Edna Guest.

Love lies hidden, Edna, in thy pale blue eyes ;
Cupid, rogush fellow, has won a great prize,
A prize well may he boast of, full well I know,
For thou art fair and lovely,—none fairer, I trow.

Knowledge, too, thou lovest ; hard study for thee
Has not pal'd thy cheek nor check'd thy girlish glee,
For thou art like a child, yet a woman true,
And I hope the Saviour gives long life to you.

## An Honor'd Great-grandmother Art Thou Now.

LINES TO MRS. CARRICK.

An honor'd greatgrandmother art thou now,
Adding grand dignity to thy calm brow :
Thou lovest little children all so well,
Like Longfellow—posterity can tell
Of the bless'd honors God has given thee,
For from all pain and sorrow thou art free,
In perfect health, with thy dark eyes so bright,
Making lovely knitted gifts e'en at night,
Like the fair hands of our own belov'd Queen
Victoria, the Good, who oft was seen
With "Woman's Work" in her soft, loving hands,
Making gifts for many in far off lands.
Those lovely white octagons which I saw
Were for some pretty bridal gift (I draw
Conclusions from the loving pains you take
To have your work well done for some one's sake)
For some one, I know, who cares for you now,
Gladdens with love your eyes and keeps your brow
Calm and peaceful, and to you may God give
That bless'd peace you now enjoy while you live.

## Alice.

TO MISS SPENCE ON BEING PRESENTED WITH A PRETTY, STYLISH PENWIPER.

Thy pretty little thoughtful gift
Of lovely chamois leaves
Makes such a stylish penwiper
That my poet brain weaves

A happy future for thee, dear,
Of home and lover, too,
Of one who wears the victor's crown,
One worthy to woo you.

## Over on the Golden Shore.

(IN MEMORIAM.)

TO MR. AND MRS. D. BELL, ON THE DEATH OF THEIR ELDEST SON, EDWARD.

Over on the golden shore
He is waiting for thee;
The bright light in his dark eyes
Will one hundredfold be
Brighter now in the mansion
Of God's eternity.

"Home and mother" were his thoughts
Every night and day,
Always eager to return
When he was far away,
Longing for the happy time
When he with thee could stay.

But with God's precious jewels,
On the golden shore,
In the new land of Beulah,
With those gone before,
His dear face soul-lit will be
With God for evermore.

## Thy Crimson Rose I Treasure.

TO MISS CRAIGIE, ON PRESENTING THE WRITER WITH A JUNE ROSE.

Thy crimson rose I treasure
This lovely day of June,
And thank you beyond measure,
And hope white roses soon

May encircle thy fair brow:
Minnie, maiden most fair,
Mayst thou in faith richer grow
To battle with life's care.

## Nessie.

LINES LOVINGLY INSCRIBED TO MY COUSINS, MR. AND MRS. ARCHIBALD STUART, HAMILTON.

Beautiful little Nessie,
With lips of coral red,
Blue eyes like forget-me-nots,
As if no tears they shed.

Beautiful little Nessie,
With thy soft, flaxen hair,
Twin cheeks with pretty rose tint,
With dimples hidden there.

Thou dost well exalt thy name,
"Stuart," the royal clan,
But ne'er like Queen Mary come
Under a nation's ban.

Beautiful little Nessie,
Let me now welcome you
From fam'd old Lake Ontario
To Huron's waters blue.

## Nellie Jamieson.

INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS. S. E. HICK.

Dark-ey'd maiden, thee now I greet
And cast my tribute at thy feet,
For now before the hill of fame
I have engrav'd thy pretty name,
Nellie Jamieson.

But not like "Lasca" thou must live
And to the world thy talent give,
Thou, like "Lasca," hast not a fear,
But thou'lt not meet with Texan steer,
Nellie Jamieson.

Happy it is those days have past
When "Lasca's" sky was overcast
By clouds, a living madden'd mass,
That man nor horse could not compass,
Nellie Jamieson.

But, like "Lasca," thou wilt not swerve
From doing thy duty. Thy nerve
Is nourish'd by the Holy Word;
"Ask and thou'lt receive," says the Lord,
Nellie Jamieson.

And may I, Nellie, live to see
Laurels of fame given to thee,
And may I know that thou art true
To me, as I have been to you.

# In Memoriam.

LINES RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MRS. CAPTAIN JOHN FREEH, OF CHICAGO, WHOSE HUSBAND DIED ON THE "ADELAIDE DOWNING" IN GODERICH HARBOR.

Mourn not for thy beloy'd husband,
His earthly work is done.
His work in the early morning,
His work at set of sun;
Calmly at his post he died, 'mong
The crew he lov'd so well,
Whose tears slowly on his casket
In rev'rent silence fell.

Weep not, dearest mother, weep not,
God will e'er be thy stay,
And take the place of him you chose
Upon thy wedding day;
Flow'rs on his casket will wither,
His ship will sail the main,
But mate nor seaman ne'er will see
Their captain's like again.

Gather the flow'rs in sweet springtime,
When birds their carols sing,
That they may on his vessel light
When they are on the wing,
And to this port echo his speech,
"How glad I am to come
To this harbor of beauty," ere
Death made his senses numb.

Then mourn not for thy lov'd husband;
Thou didst kneel by his side
In death, as thou knelt years ago,
His loving, fair young bride.
He was true to thee and country,
To Him Who rules above,
To the star that chain'd his compass,
Anchor of Heavenly love.

He is safe from strife of warfare,
He has cross'd Jordan's tide,
Emblazon'd on his anchor is
"Jesus the Crucified."

# Kate.

TO MISS CAMPAIGNE.

O may thy life be fill'd with sunshine bright, Kate, my dear,
And may no storms arise to fill thy fond heart with fear,
May the love that's in thy heart expand every year,
And fill a happy home with another heart to cheer,
And may chords of music sweet drive from thine eyes a tear.

# Walter.

LOVINGLY INSCRIBED TO CAPTAIN AND MRS. MALCOLM M'DONALD.

Dear little Walter,
How eager art thou
To become clever
As a singer now!

In Oddfellows' Hall
How the people cheer'd
To hear their young friend
Sing the song endear'd

To the Gælic heart,
In our land so fair!
"Ho ro, mo nighean
Doun bhoidheach" were

Words of the chorus,
Sung by lumbermen
On the Ottawa,
Where many a glen

Sent into forests
Men with axe in hand,
Who with heart and soul
Fell'd trees o'er the land.

"Ho ro, mo nighean,
Doun bhoidheach" rang,
Echo'd through forests
As at work they sang.

But now, dear Walter,
The forests are few,
"Ho ro, mo nighean"
Is just sung by you.

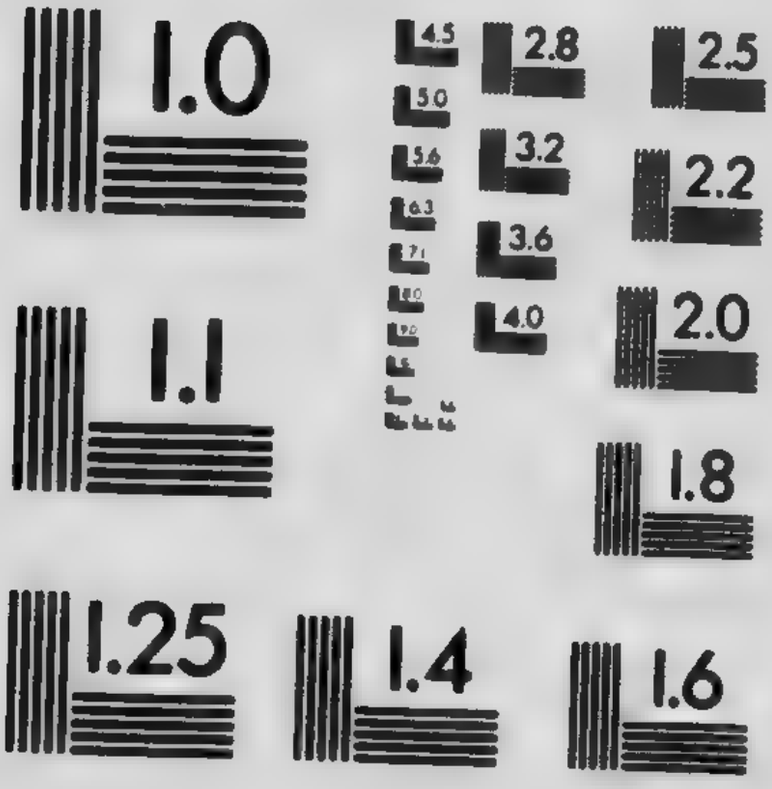
"Harlech cyfod dy
Fau eri" will ever
Be sung by Briton
Who rules the beaver.

Now the lightnings flash
And the thunders roll,
"Ho ro, mo nighean"
Overpow'rs my soul,

Thinking of the brave
That lie under the sod,
Who clear'd our forests
In the name of God.

MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)

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## I Miss Thy Kindly Face.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MRS. DR. COVENTRY, WINDSOR.

I miss thy kindly face,
  Which affection for me did tell,
    And know how thy sad heart
    Must have suffer'd to part
  From the one who lov'd thee so well.

When I met thee thine eyes
  Kindl'd with a bright, joyous light,
    And the flow'rs from my hand
    Seem'd as if magic wand
  Made them like jewels in thy sight.

"God doeth all things well;"
  The love of thy sons will e'er be
    Thy fond hope and thy pride,
    Forever at thy side,
  While life or earth lasteth for thee.

## Coral.

TO MISS CORAL VIVIAN, VICTORIA HOSPITAL, LONDON.

Blooming art thou, Coral, in thy fair womanhood,
  Lovely, Madonna-like face hast thou,
And glorious dark eyes that must feel love's power,
  O'erarched by thy tranquil, thoughtful brow.

When first I kiss'd thee, dear Coral, thou wert a babe,
  So lovely that Cupid must e'er sigh
That so beauteous a child ever came to earth
  And with his vaunted beauty must vie.

The fond wish that I made when I touch'd thy fair brow
  Was answer'd—it was for a letter
From one I met so fair—the angels since garner'd
  Into a land brighter and better.

And now, Coral dearest, like a true red cross knight
  Thou wearest, like Florence Nightingale,
The red cross of compassion and of sacrifice,
  A bless'd angel in earth's tearful vale.

## Dedication.

TO N. D. ROUGVIE, ESQ.

May I now dedicate to thee
This short tribute of poetry,
To thank thee for the flag you gave
O'er the Oddfellows' hall to wave.

## Sweet Brier Blossoms.

WRITTEN ON BEING PRESENTED ON THE HARBOR HILL IN JUNE WITH A BOUQUET OF LOVELY, HALF-BLOWN SWEET BRIER BLOSSOMS BY MASTER THOS. E. SHEPHARD, TORONTO.

Thy pale blossoms so sweet,
Fit for princess to greet,
  Growing by Huron's side,
Just came like answer true,
From Heaven's dome of blue,
  Over the hillside wide.

To the wish that I might
Take some sweet buds in sight;
  But the thorns said "Beware!
We are lovely and good,
Fit for the angels' food,
  But we warn you, take care."

And soon I saw a hand,
As if at their command,
  Fill'd with scented brier
Ready for me, and coy,
The face of a fair boy,
  Who should to art aspire.

May kind Heaven keep him like these flow'rs
He pluck'd for me in the sunset hours.

## "Verunna."

LINES INSCRIBED TO THE YACHTSMEN ON BOARD THE AMERICAN YACHT, "VERUNNA," THAT LAY IN GODERICH HARBOR AUG. 17TH, 1896.

The skies are blue,
  All earth seems fair,
While thy proud yacht at anchor lies;
  It woos the waves,
  Which idly laves
Its jaunty sides which seamen prize.

Right welcome is
  Thy gallant yacht,
With its fluttering pennons gay;
  Its snowy sails
  Our harbor hails,
And bids them "God speed" ev'ry day.

Then let my pen
  The yachtsmen give
A right good Canadian cheer,
  May Heav'n above
  Reward with love
Thy sailor hearts, which know no fear.

## Thy Mother Lay So Peaceful.

TO THE FAMILY OF REV. MURDOCH M'KAY.

Thy mother lay so peaceful and calm,
Over her heart the Heavenly balm
Death's angel alone can give.

But call it not death—it is new life
To the patient mother, faithful wife,
In Heaven again to live.

The flowers she lov'd lay on her breast,
Roses and lilies, all she lov'd best ;
Upon her casket they lay.

Her life was pure, without earth's alloy,
Her blue eyes shone with Heavenly joy,
Waiting for the Judgment Day.

Then mourn not for her, daughters ; she is above,
Anchored safe on the Father's bosom of love.

## Good Wishes.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MR. AUSTIN, MONTREAL.

My good wishes brought to thee
Good health and pleasure,
And may they now bring to thee
Wealth without measure ;
But, here whate'er thou hast, lay up
In Heav'n thy treasure.

## How They Mourned For Thee, Ada.

TO MRS. GEORGE AND MISS MARY MORRIS.

How they mourn'd for thee, Ada,
In life their greatest joy and pride !
Their love for thee was so pure
That either for thee could have died ;
But well they know thou art safe
In the land of the sanctified.

With roses and lilies white
Fair hands cover'd thy casket o'er,
Thy wish was granted, thy pray'r
Was heard waiting on this life's shore :
"Take me to Thee, dear Father,
To live in Heaven evermore."

Thy lovely dark eyes, Ada,
Shone with compassion and with love
On earth's suffering children,
And now in realms of bliss above
God has crown'd thee with vict'ry,
And thou hast found the treasure trove.

## Ellen and Kate.

TO THE MISSES M'GILLICUDDY ON GOING TO RESIDE IN TORONTO.

Thou wilt not forget the days we met
In "Auld Lang Syne,"
When thou wert merry as joyous birds
In love's sunshine,
And my friendship will still, as then, be
Forever thine.

Thou wilt ne'er forget in the city
The sad, I trow :
Thy hands went out to poor and needy,
Gifts to bestow,
And God will encompass thee around with
His love, I know.

## An Easter Gift.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MISS MINNIE BALL, OF ST. GEORGE'S CHOIR, ON PRESENTING THE AUTHORESS AT EASTER TIDE WITH A BEAUTIFUL PURPLE HYACINTH IN FULL BLOOM.

For my Easter gift, this beautiful flower
Of royal purple, a hyacinth filling my room
With sweet odor, like some Mosaic tower,
In all the Heav'nly majesty of its Easter bloom.

## Lillian.

TO LILLIAN FRASER.

Stately and tall,
As thy name doth proclaim,
Art thou, Lillian, dear,
As bright as the morning,
Thy lov'd face adorning,
Wearing smiles, but no tear.

Yet tears oft fall
On the cheek of the brave,
Glistening in the eyes ;
But thou art quite content,
Alway on study bent,
To win a golden prize.

Then, Lillian,
Be thou up and doing ;
Like the lilies e'er be
As stately and tall,
And honor'd by all.
Fortune will smile on thee.

## As I Sat by My Window.

LINES ON RECEIVING FROM R. S. WILLIAMS, ESQ., OF THE BANK OF COMMERCE, A BOUQUET OF EXQUISITE LARGE PURPLE AND YELLOW PANSIES FROM HIS CONSERVATORY, JULY 3RD, 1903.

As I sat by my window,
Looking out at the rain
And writing a poem new,
While I look'd thro' the pane,

There came a friend with pansies,
E'en to my cottage door ;
And how joy rose in my heart
To feel the wondrous pow'r

Of knowing that the world takes
Interest in my pen !
And thus the lovely pansies
Lisp'd in my ear again :

"See how we grow in sunshine,
And we, thro' all the rain,
Keep our sweet faces smiling
And our hearts free from pain.

"Like the lilies in the fields
We neither work nor spin,
But God gives us the power
Generous hearts to win.

"And may we wield that power
So long as we do live,
For we reflect the glory
Of blessings He doth give."

## Ridgewood Park.

LINES RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO MISS ATTRILL.

Proud art thou of "Ridgewood Park," thy beautiful home,
By broad, historic old Huron's lake,
With its grand old groves and beauteous, verdant glades,
Growing in beauty for thy dear sake.

How lovely are its woods in the gay summer time,
When thy guests wander through its bowers,
And watch the sunset's golden rays on the water
As they while away the ev'ning hours !

May Ridgewood Park grow in new beauty year by year,
May rare flowers adorn its broad fields,
May rich harvests uphold the glory of thy home,
Which Ridgewood's proud domain ever wields.

And may the zephyrs whisper as they stray around
Of the beautiful mansions thy lov'd ones have found.

# Christefero Columbo.

1892.

LINES WRITTEN ON THE 400TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA BY CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, ON BOARD THE GOVERNMENT TUG "DELISLE."

INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS. HEALE.

As I glide in the sunset
  O'er Huron's fam'd blue sea,
I think that the true friendship
  Upon the bright "De Lis"
Has on my heart set its seal,
  Awak'ning it anew
In the golden sunset's path,
  Over the waters blue.

Did the sun in glory grand,
  Four hundred years ago,
Woo the proud Menesetung,
  Whose waters daily flow
Westward? Did the setting sun
  With Indian summer's glow
Gild the red man's birch canoe,
  Four hundred years ago?

All hail thee, proud Columbus,
  A true, valiant knight,
Who knelt with faith's devotion
  When our land came in sight!
All hail thee, true Columbus!
  Like thee we bend our knee
To ask kind Heaven's blessing
  O'er all on Huron's sea.

# Floral Farewell.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MISS JEAN MACARA ON HER WEDDING EVE, NOW MRS. GLASGOW, ROANOKE, W. VA.

As those lilies of the valley thou gavest me
  To-day when I wish'd thee much joy,
As pure, my bonnie Jean, from Huron's banks and braes,
  Art thou true, without fashion's alloy.

Be always like those fragrant flowers, bonnie Jean,
  Let thy works fill mankind with praise,
And forget not thy home by Huron's sounding shore
  And the poetess who writes its lays.

And he who has won thy true heart, my bonnie Jean,
  Will find thee a treasure most rare,
And the right hand of welcome thou wilt always give
  To Virginia's daughters fair.

## Oh ! Beatrice, Dear.

LINES AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO BEATRICE M'COLL, ARTIST.

Oh ! Beatrice, dear, my heart goes out
  Unto thee more and more,
Artist and singer, both combin'd ;
  God's love o'er thee doth pour.

Then cherish thy brush, dear Beatrice,
  For the Heavenly arts
A great love for the Almighty
  To ev'ry soul imparts.

## Delia.

TO MR. AND MRS. CURTIS, NORWALK, OHIO.

Beautiful little Delia,
  With eyes of jet,
Accept from me this bouquet
  Of mignonette ;
The good-bye that thou didst waft
  I'll not forget.

Little blossom from Heaven,
  Sent down to cheer
All the friends that thou dost meet :
  Thou hast no fear,
All the world is bright to thee,
  The skies are clear.

May they e'er be so, Delia,
  For thee and thine,
May thy parents long, darling,
  Their arms entwine
Around thee, little Delia,
  Is pray'r of mine.

## Grace.

TO MISS GRACE POLLEY.

Art has God for its Master,
  He guides both brush and hand ;
Happy he who list'neth to
  His Heavenly command.

"Hide not thy talent under
  A bushel," Jesus says,
So bask ever in, dear Grace,
  The sunshine of God's rays.

## Now Thou Art Gone, Lizzie.

TO MISS LIZZIE JOHNSTON.

Now thou art gone, Lizzie,
  A Muse's place to fill,
To soothe life's pain, Lizzie,
  And lessen ev'ry ill.

To cool the brow, Lizzie,
  When fever rages high,
To wipe away, Lizzie,
  The tear from ev'ry eye.

May God bless thee, Lizzie,
  And give a lasting charm
To thee that will, Lizzie,
  Keep thee alway from harm.

## 'Twas Like Thee to Pick Me the Pansies.

TO HELEN NOBLE, COLUMBUS, OHIO.

'Twas like thee to pick me the pansies,
  The flowers that I love so well,
Their fragrance inspir[illegible]me to action,
  Their faces new thoug[illegible]s to me tell.

Their raiment is of finest ve[illegible]et,
  Their hues are gorgeous to see,
I feel their witchery 'round me,
  As they now lie upon my knee.

So accept my thanks, dearest Helen,
  'Tis all I have now to give thee,
But I trust that Fortune will shower
  Some of her rich blessings on me.

## Alberta.

TO MISS ALBERTA YATES.

Thy golden hair like aureole
  Encircles thy fair brow,
Showing life's glad rays of sunshine
  Are ever with thee now.

Happy art thou, only daughter,
  Wisdom shines in thine eye,
Thy voice is sweet, like angels' strains,
  In Heav'n beyond the sky.

Then ever, my 'dear Alberta,
  Be as loving and sweet,
That thou mayst, when life is over,
  Lay all at Jesus' feet.

## June Roses.

(IN MEMORIAM.)

TO THE MOTHER OF THE AUTHORESS, MARY BIELLY MASON SKIMINGS.

June has come again, with its fragrance
From my mother's roses fair,
And the loving hopes of my mother
Seem yet to be center'd there.

My mother! Oh how I miss her voice,
Always so sweet and so low!
But we had to lay her down to rest
Many long, long years ago.

But she is with her belov'd ones, where
There is neither grief nor gloom,
And safely in the Heav'nly mansion
My mother with them finds room.

And now happy, with my brother kind,
For us her pray'rs will be giv'n,
That we her footsteps daily follow
And united be in Heav'n.

## I Prize Thy Friendship.

TO MRS. J. J. BERNARD ON PRESENTING THE WRITER WITH PANSIES FROM HER GARDEN, PAINTED ON SATIN.

I prize thy friendship, so loving and kind,
And thy work of art will keep me in mind;
When pansies bloom they'll speak gladly of thee,
And keep fresh in my heart thy love for me.

## If Cupid E'er Knocks at Thy Heart.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MISS MAGGIE HALEY.

If Cupid e'er knocks at thy heart
Send him not sadden'd away,
For love of thy life is a part
Wherever thy footsteps stray.

Thou art so fair and so lovely,
Thy blue eyes soft like a dove,
We know not how anyone could
Fail to be with thee in love.

But forget not life is a dream,
And that its children are toss'd
Like breakers that rise in its stream,
To be either sav'd or lost.

## Bessie.

LINES FONDLY INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS. FRED. THOMSON, ST. GEORGE'S CRESCENT.

Thy name exhales a fragrance
As of some sweet flower,
And thou to all thy duties
Art faithful ev'ry hour.

Thou art like a budding rose,
Thy cheeks are full and round,
And thy bright, dark, laughing eyes
New light seem to have found.

For love permeates thy bosom,
Love for thy parents dear,
And for thy clever brothers,
Whom thou hast with thee here.

Then be merry, dear Bessie,
Praise God with heart and voice
When you reach Fame's pinnacle
True friends will all rejoice.

## Greeting.

TO LORD AND LADY ABERDEEN ON THEIR EXCELLENCIES' COMING TO GODERICH.

We will give a right good welcome
To Queen Victoria's friends,
A welcome fraught with loyalty,
A welcome that never ends.

## "Quotations."

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE EPWORTH LEAGUE OF NORTH-ST. METHODIST CHURCH, GODERICH, FOR PRESENTING THE AUTHORESS WITH A COPY OF "QUOTATIONS."

'Twould ill becom[illegible] me to forget
The greatest b[illegible] the poets yet
Ever received in [illegible]nk like jet,
"Quotations."

It was a noble act for thee
To ask a line or two from me,
And ever for my thanks will be
"Quotations."

Many moods are there engender'd,
Many thoughts of good are render'd,
Many "Good Lucks" have been tender'd
"Quotations."

## Allie.

TO MRS. HACKETT.

An artist fair,
  Allie, thou art,
Loving nature
  With all thy heart.

By Huron's shore
  Mayst thou alway
Live and flourish
  While life he' [illegible] way.

May love and [illegible]
  Alway be th..
And to thy spouse
  Thine ear incline.

## A Bird's Nest.

LINES WRITTE[illegible] FOR THE "AGE," STRATHROY, ON FINDING A BIRD'S NEST IN DECEMBER, 1881.

A bird's nest—only a bird's nest,
A little tiny woven home,
Found in December on the ground,
As if covering the genial spring.
But it was empty—gone whither
The lovely birds? I know not. Just
The little nest—but what power
Cont[illegible]ll'd the architect? Who taught
That [illegible]son of patient heart love,
Of j[illegible]nd hope? That can only
Sprin[illegible]rom the Author of our lives,
Cont[illegible]ner of the universe,
Omnipotent God—The Supreme.

## Gerald.

TO MR. AND MRS. MARTIN HAYS.

Some day, Gerald, thy dark eyes
  Will behold a foreign shore,
But always love Canada
  And all those who love thee more
Than life e'en,—so forget not
  Those loy'd ones till life is o'er.

And wherever thou dost go
  Sow the divine Gospel seed,
Tell them of Christ the Saviour
  Who will help them all in need,
And set a good example
  To the world in word and deed.

## Laurel

LINES INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS. W

Well named art thou, "Laurel" dearest,
For "glory" leads thee on,
And even upon thy birthday
From thy face glory shone.

Then ever be proud, fair Laurel,
Of home and parents dear,
And ever upon thy birthday
Fill little hearts with cheer.

In flower language the "laurel"
Signifies "glory," so
Laurel dearest, never forget
Thy home on earth below.

And God will bless thee, Laurel dear,
And keep bright thy good name,
That it may shine with all glory
In the annals of Fame.

## Lovely Little Maiden of Fam'd Norwich Town.

LOVINGLY INSCRIBED TO MISS GLADYS WILSON, NORWICH, CONN.

Thy face is charming,
And dark brown is thy hair,
Lovely little maiden of fam'd Norwich town;
Thou art a treasure,
None with thee can compare,
Merry little maiden with e'en of dark brown.

Wilt thou ever come
With thy parents again,
Lovely little maiden of fam'd Norwich town?
Wilt thou ever pick
Such lovely berries red,
Merry little maiden with e'en of dark brown?

But do not forget
Thy grandmamma so dear,
Lovely little maiden of fam'd Norwich town,
Who could not kiss thee
In her flow'r wreath'd casket,
Merry little maiden with e'en of dark brown.

The fern you gave me
And fragrant pink sweet pea,
Lovely little maiden of fam'd Norwich town,
I will now treasure
In memory of thee,
Merry little maiden with e'en of dark brown.

## Thy Heart, Fond Mother.

TO MRS. KIRKBRIDE, ON LEARNING OF THE DEATH OF HER ELDEST DAUGHTER, MARY, BELOV'D WIFE OF MR. JAMES C. THOMPSON, OF LEEDS, N. DAKOTA.

Thy heart, fond mother,
Is sad to-day,
But God is ever
Thy shield alway ;
Thy faith thou dost put
In His fond love,
Thou'lt meet thy dear one
In Heav'n above.

## "Blessed Are They Who Die in the Lord."

(IN MEMORIAM ANDREW BEECHER STOKES.)

INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS. JACOB STOKES.

In boyhood's youth he lay in peaceful rest,
On St. George's Day, with red rose on his breast ;
He seem'd e'en to know that his classmates dear
Came reverently one by one. A tear
Stood in the eyes of many, for they knew
That their little comrade was good and true.
His loving heart cost him his life that day,
For he smiling said, "I was far away
And I came back safe, father." Turning round
Soon his father heard a crash—on the ground
Lay his lovely boy, with his wheel, his pride,
Broken and crush'd, like himself—by his side ;
And a rider look'd aghast at the boy,
Whose life was ebbing fast. The earthly joy
Of the father was going to the land
To join in Heaven Immanuel's band.

## Thy Sister has Pass'd Thro' the Beautiful Gate.

TO MRS. J. M'SWEEN, ON THE DEATH OF HER SISTER, MRS. SUSAN VIDEAN HILTON, AT DETROIT.

Thy sister has pass'd through the beautiful gate
That opens to all, either early or late ;
If they love the Saviour and humbly obey
He will lead them o'er safely the Heav'nly way.

Why should you weep ? Thy sister has gone before,
For you she will wait when life's duties are o'er,
For her sons she will wait, for her husband, too,
Who lov'd her in life, so patient and so true.

## Vera.

INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS. FRANK ELLIOTT.

Thou'rt bright, darling Vera,
With thy sunny ways,
Thou'rt ever ready to
Give the Master praise.

Ever true and thoughtful
Art thou at thy home,
Thy dear mother's helpmeet
When thou dost not roam

With thy little sisters,
Who all love to play
'Mong the dandelions
That grow by the way.

With pretty little dolls
Dress'd so gay and grand
By their loving sister,
Kindest in the land.

True as the sunflower
E'er is to the sun,
Is radiant Vera
To everyone.

## Samuel.

TO MR. AND MRS. MAX SHER.

In a white curtain'd bed there lay
One beautiful, bright September day,
A sweet babe on its dear mother's arm,
All rob'd in pure white—no fear of harm

In its dark eyes—no quivering sigh
Escaped its lips, when kind friends were by
To see the Jews' circumcision rite
Perform'd on the infant robed in white.

The Rabbi read the Jewish prayer
And perform'd the rite among all there,
And the Jewish babe's mother was glad,
When before the rite she felt so sad.

The room was fill'd with flowers so bright,
Gifts for the sweet babe's first birthright,
Since he obtain'd the power from God,
A power as great as Jesse's rod,

The power to be an heir of Heav'n ;—
Can any pow'r to mortal be giv'n
Greater—and God's promise full and free,
"I will make a great nation of thee."

## Sweet Brier with Berries Red.

TO FLOSSIE GRANT, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., ON PRESENTING HER WITH A SPRAY OF SWEET BRIER WITH BERRIES RED.

Sweet Flossie, artist maiden,
Hair of virgin gold,
Like California's nuggets
Lying 'neath the mould.

Can I forget thee? Never!
Thy blue eyes illume
Thy fair face, and by their light
No soul feels life's gloom.

Artist maiden, could you tell
What the berries said,
When I broke the sweet brier
With its berries red?

"Tell her now that our flowers
Have brought fortune sweet
To all the fair young maidens
Who bend at our feet.

And pull our ripe red berries,
To grace some boudoir,
But beware lest our sharp thorns
Bewitch them no more."

## Bernard Reneldo.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MRS. T. WALTERS.

Like a little prince charming is
Thy dear son,
His rosy cheeks and e'en of blue
My heart won.

How lovely are his long curls of
Auburn hair,
And his pretty, dancing footsteps,
Light as air.

Like his gallant soldier grandsire,
Who kiss'd thee
When first thou didst learn to prattle
On his knee.

A happy, loving prince charming,
May he be
Spar'd to be a comfort and a
Joy to thee.

## Pearl Woolgar.

Little Pearl,
Winsome girl,
Thou art a maiden fair;
Liquid eyes,
Lips I prize,
Voice like a robin rare.

Pretty child,
Sweet and mild,
Thou art a precious gem;
Pearl of love,
From above,
Thou'lt wear a diadem.

## I Gave Thy Babe a Rose.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS. D. J. CURRIE, ON THE BIRTH OF THEIR FIRST-BORN SON, ARTHUR JAMES.

I gave thy babe a rose,
Thy lovely babe so fair,
With eyes of Heaven's blue
And lovely golden hair.

Thy first-born—may his life
Be fill'd with ev'ry joy,
And may kind Heaven's love
Protect thy darling boy.

May thy babe in beauty
Bloom like this fair rose,
May his works be fragrant
Like it, at life's close.

## "Good Luck."

TO MRS. CAPTAIN JOHN CRAIGIE.

I opened up yestre'en my envelope,
And what dost thou think I found?
Two double horseshoes of golden crystal,
Which doth with "good luck" abound

For this new bound volume of "Golden Leaves";
I fondly hope and I pray
That God may over thy own happy home
Be thy safeguard and thy stay.

For thou art truly noble—well I know
Thy kindness took root at thy birth,
It shines from thy dark eyes alway, and thy
Smiles rival the flow'rs of earth.

## Lillian.

TO MRS. CAPTAIN GEORGE TRETHEWAY.

As I write thy pretty name
  A spider ran across the page,
Which looks as if Dame Fortune
  Keeps true her oft' cited adage.

I hope so, dear Lillian,
  For you and I need Fortune's smiles;
While I by old Lake Huron
  Am parted from you many miles.

Your lily-white face I see
  In every lily that grows,
But when you return I'll find
  The lily gave place to a rose.

## What Can I Say of Thy Thorny Robe?

What can I say of thy thorny robe?
  What true beauty dost thou wear?
What perfume dost thou offer, I pray?
  What bloom do thy prickles bear?

"Just put me in the earth, my dear friend;
  Your poet's soul will I charm
If you only wait for a brief time
  And keep me safe from all harm.

"I will fill your eyes with my beauty,
  Will fill your soul with delight,
For my blossoms speak of earth's gladness,
  Their petals are purest white.

"Fit to enwreath a fair princess' brow,
  Yea, fit for God's altar grand,
Fit for a bride on her wedding day,
  The loveliest in the land."

## Mary.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS. T. GRIFFIN.

Modest as a lily,
  Madonna-like [illegible] face,
Thou art truly pa[illegible] fair,
  So eager and so bright,
  Thy parents' fond delight,
A maiden of wisdom rare.

Soon thou'lt be a woman
  Of rarest loveliness,
Taking thy place in this life;
  And mayst thou ever be
  Fill'd with humility,
A loving daughter and wife.

## Claire.

LINES WRITTEN ON BEING PRESENTED WITH BRANCHES OF WILD CHERRY BLOSSOMS BY MISS CLAIRE REYNOLDS, ONLY DAUGHTER OF SHERIFF REYNOLDS.

Dear white, starry blossoms,
So pure and so white,
Whose branches you gave me,
The wild woods' delight.

They look'd like the bright eyes
Of angels in Heav'n,
So calm and so holy,
To this fair earth giv'n

To fill our minds with love
For all whom we greet,
Whether in high places
Or lowly we meet.

The wild cherry blossoms
Have no garden fair,
But they look as lovely
As any flow'r rare.

So be like those blossoms,
Delighted with all,
Whether in peasant's cot
Or in princely hall.

## The Prairie Hen.

AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO MISS HATTIE ANDREWS.

Oh ! that grand Northwest is a gem
Of the royal British crown,
And how the old veterans' grants
Will fill the land with renown !

The annals of our fair country,
Where ev'ry mountain and glen
Sing the echoing praises of
The immortal prairie hen.

Its wings are sent from north to south
And from the far east and west,
Their colors blend so beautiful,
Our eyes love on them to rest.

Golden brown and fine clouds of black
And spots that defy my pen ;
So like white lily buds they look
On wing of the prairie hen.

And for that souvenir of a prairie hen's wing,
Tied with ribbon crimson, the world will ever sing.

## Mrs. Boyer's Poll Parrot.

Can thy clear voice be human,
O! pretty, pretty Poll,
Calling "Mother" and "Ethel"
And whistling in the hall,
Calling in a sweeter voice
Than persons oft I greet?
Tell me, Polly, who taught you
To talk with voice so sweet.

On the shady verandah
You pass your time away,
Laughing like a gay child
When mother sits to play
"X Rays" on the piano,
Or "Hiawatha" sweet;
So now adieu, dear Polly,
Your talents are complete.

## "Ave Maria."

LINES LOVINGLY INSCRIBED TO MRS. J. D. O'CONNELL.

How lovely the silvery notes of thy pure voice do ring,
When at St. Peter's church the "Ave Maria" you oft sing;
Thy voice is attun'd with gladness, born of a happy love
For thy home upon this fair earth and for the home above.

Long mayst thou sing those glorious hymns in St. Peter's choir;
Long mayst thou dwell on the beauties which lead the soul higher;
Long mayst thou give me the true friendship that thou hast given,
And may our friendship on this earth be more closely riven.

## Like the Sun on Old Lake Huron.

TO MR. AND MRS. PALTRIDGE.

Like the sun on old Lake Huron
Is the glint of thy golden hair,
Thy pure face like alabaster,
With crimson roses nestling there.

Thou'rt truly a lovely picture,
With thy infant babe on thy knee;
If Michael Angelo were here
He would with rare glory crown thee.

May Love's golden chain ever be
Links of joy for thy babe and thee.

# Aggie

TO MRS. CASSELLS, OF STRATFORD, ON BEING PRESENTED BY HER WITH A SHAMROCK BROOCH.

Long may I wear the shamrock
  You gave me one morning fair,
A shamrock fill'd with shamrocks :
  None with it can e'er compare.

I prize it, for the em'rald
  Sparkles in it with great light,
And wherever I may roam
  'Twill be precious in my sight.

# Don't Marry.

LINES WRITTEN FOR THE "SIGNAL" BY F. C. C., ENGLAND.

Once I was young and smiling,
  Now I am old and cross,
The men are so beguiling :
  Ah me ! it's been my loss.

My husband rues, and so do I,
  That ever we consented
This foolish, irksome knot to tie ;
  Oh ! why was it not prevented ?

I scold my husband, slap the bairns,
  I always am fault-finding ;
My husband asks—yet never learns
  Why the marriage was made binding.

LINES WRITTEN TO F. C. C., ENGLAND, ON READING HER LINES "DON'T MARRY."

What queer advice to give the girls,
  'Tis past my comprehension,
But doubtless your poetic mind
  Has caus'd such dire dissention.

The beaux steer clear of rhyming maids,
  For rhyming wives are wilful,
And lordly man asserts his sway
  In divers ways most skilful.

So please advise your friends, my dear,
  If to wedlock they incline,
To be content with worldly prose,
  And the bonds will be divine.

## Be Happy in thy Boyhood.

TO WILLIE BROWN, PORT HURON.

Be happy in thy boyhood,
For man's life is full of care,
But let not thy happiness
Embrace the false tempter's snare.

For life is beset with thorns,
Altho' fragrant roses bloom,
But God the Omnipotent
Sends stars to illume the gloom.

So let no cloud rest on thee,
Let joy beam from thy dark eyes,
And Heav'n will crown thy manhood
With honor, which true men prize.

## Alix Eloise.

LINES RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS. ALEX. SAUNDERS.

My sweetheart is a posy,
With cheeks so red and rosy,
And her voice is like a robin nestl'd among the maple trees ;
Her teeth are white and pearly,
Her hair so soft and curly ;
Oh ! how I miss my darling, my fair sweetheart, Alix Eloise.

Her eyes are dark and dreamy,
Her thoughts are ever of me,
Oh ! my fair sweetheart has a thousand lovely little charms to please ;
She is a lovely treasure,
Her beauty without measure,
A priceless jewel to me is my sweetheart, Alix Eloise.

## Lillian.

TO LILLIAN KING, "KING EDWARD" HOTEL.

How beautiful thy rosebud mouth,
Dainty Lillian !
And thy lovely violet eyes,
Loving Lillian !

Like a little human rosebud dear
Art thou, Lillian, with voice so clear,
And thy flitting smiles when thou dost hear
Thy name, Lillian.

## May Hyde.

MISS MAY HYDE, HAMILTON.

What can I say to you, dearest May?
What can I write? Oh tell me, I pray!
Tell me of your Lake Ontario,
Over whose fam'd waters I'd like to go.

In a schooner I would like to sail
And catch a breeze from the fresh'ning gale;
Your proud city I have never seen,
Tho' on Ontario's shore I've been.

But here you are in answer most true
To the fond wish, May, I made that you
Would tell me what I would like to write
To fill your young heart and make it bright.

Ah! well, you have bro't me a flower,
For which I have wish'd the last half hour,
A beautiful, bright carnation pink,
Which will, dear May, always make me think
Of your short visit to Huron's shore,
Altho' you love Ontario more.

## Tribute from an Irish Heart.

LINES WRITTEN ON BEING PRESENTED WITH A LARGE BOUQUET OF CRIMSON ASTERS BY MRS. JOHN NEILON, NOW OF CLEVELAND, OHIO, U. S.

Can I ever forget thy rosy cheeks
And laughing light in thy dark brown eyes?
Ah no! thy Irish heart while life shall last
Will keep thee bright, beloved and wise.

Thy children are to thee faithful and true,
Thy husband's love is ever the same,
Thy home is happy—what more can one wish?
Thy fond home, where all work in God's name.

Those flow'rs you landed me over the fence
Make me think of your own native isle
That you left for the home of the maple,
To replant in Canadian soil.

But the shamrock sweet you treasure within
For fear of far-fam'd old Huron's breeze,
And I'm proud of your courage, mavourneen,
To make your home 'mong our maple trees.

## Lizzie Ellen.

LINES RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS. THOMAS KNEESHAW.

Like a waxen image lay thy dear babe
In casket white,
Cover'd with roses and lilies, look'd a
Glorious sight ;
Or, carv'd in marble, thy lov'd babe look'd like
Some statue grand,
While thy fond heart was breaking, trying thy
Grief to command.

But weep no more tears, Jennie ; God will be
Thy stay and trust ;
Thy babe has gone to a mansion where naught
Can ever rust
The armor of its unspotted life on
Earth here below ;
But mourn not, weep not, for thy babe, altho'
Thou lov'dst her so.

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## Angelina.

LOVINGLY INSCRIBED TO MISS ANGELINA DANCEY, DETROIT, MICH.

An acrostic to you, Angie, I think I'll indite,
Not knowing at this present moment what else to write ;
Genius ne'er thinks of me, tho' in vain I implore,
E'en for a little while, until this effusion's o'er ;
Love for my friends should sufficient inspiration lend
In evening's quiet hour, when care from me I send.
Now must I confess to you, tho' your name is pretty,
A short one is best for verse, unless one is witty.
Dear Angie, may music be the flame thy heart to fill,
And may thy young life guarded be from every ill ;
Ne'er let wealth nor fame thy friends forget in years to come,
Cherish the faithful love which surrounds thee now at home.
Ever when I think of thee 'tis with affection true ;
Your face and voice I'll not forget. Chere Angie, adieu.

Since I wrote this ode many years have pass'd, Angie dear,
But fame and a princely fortune greet thee year by year ;
Thou now dost wear the red cross, the emblem of the brave,
Who go out for their country's sake many lives to save.
And now as when I knew thee first thou art still the same
To me, and to thy home, though thou hast not chang'd thy name.

## Norma.

LINES INDITED TO MR. AND MRS. OLIVER WHITELA

Thou art thy father's treasure,
Norma, so fair and bright;
Thy sweet voice rings with gladness
At morning, noon and night.

Thy voice, sweetest of music,
In song is often heard,
Vying with lark and linnet,
Trolling like a bird.

[illegible] keep thy voice pure, Norma,
W[illegible]le thro' life you will roam,
To [illegible]ll the angels' chorus
W[illegible]n call'd to their fair home.

[illegible]ar me, Norma, thy name was echo'd long ago,
H[illegible]ar me, Norma, on these few lines thy mind bestow.

## Dear Friend of My Youth.

[illegible] PECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MRS. WILLIAM LEE.

Dear friend of my youth, many sad moments
[illegible] has brought unto thee,
But [illegible] blessed light envelopes thy lov'd ones
[illegible] spotless purity,
[illegible] it again meet them with crowns of pearls
[illegible] God's eternity.

## Oh! Kathleen Mavourneen.

[illegible]RED TO MISS KATHLEEN HAMLIN, ONLY DAUGHTER [illegible] DR. AND MRS. HAMLIN, DETROIT, MICH

[illegible] Kathleen mavourneen, you're fresh as the daisies,
The red and white daisies that grow upon the lawn;
You're so sweet and beguiling,
As you're all the time smiling,
An' your step on the greensward is light as a fawn.

Dost remember, Kathleen, the rose that I gave thee?
Fresh from St. George's rectory gardens it came:
But with all its sweet perfume
And its beautiful pink bloom,
Only the shamrock can do honor to thy name.

Oh! Kathleen mavourneen, you're bright as the morning,
Sparkling like the dew that upon the flowers lie:
Your light-hearted and merry
As a Colleen from Kerry,
An' joyous smiles light up thy true Irish grey eye.

## Nina.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS. DRIVER.

Nina dearest, thy dark blue eyes
Will some future day magnetize
Some belov'd one, as they did me
When this morning I did meet thee.

With such fair, such bewitching curls,
Making you, Nin queen of girls;
But, Nina dear, ry day
Pray the Lord to keep you alway

In grace—as pure as you are now,
With innocence upon thy brow,
Stamp'd there by an unerring hand,
By Him Who rules o'er sea and land.

## Madelin.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MRS. C. E. WHITEMAN, DETROIT.

Madelin is pretty,
Madelin is fair,
We give her a welcome
To our breezes rare.

How thy mother loves thee,
Charming Madelin,
And with patience each day
Tries thy smiles to win.

Thy blue eyes are lovely,
With peach bloom on cheek,
No other joy but thee
Doth thy mother seek.

## Anna Hayn.

LINES LOVINGLY INSCRIBED TO MRS. MESNIER.

Thou dost live for the great glory
Of the Lord, Anna dear,
Ever thinking of the needy,
Filling sad hearts with cheer.

Long mayst thou live for His glory,
And through the coming years
Gather new jewels for His crown,
Gems traught with pearly tears.

He doth strengthen thee, dear Anna,
Thine eyes shine bright as stars,
Thy voice is ever merry, no
Sorrow thy spirit mars.

## Mary.

LINES RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS. JOHN CLUNESS, LONDON.

Were I but to ask the dewdrops
What name they fain would choose
I am sure they would say "Mary,"
"Mary" echoes my muse.

Then, Mary dear, like the dewdrops,
Ever as modest be;
Thy beautiful brown curls, Mary,
Are a treasure to thee.

And brown, velvety eyes, Mary,
Of love and gladness tell,
So always be loving and kind
To those who love thee well

Like Mary, mother of Jesus,
Who fled from Herod's wrath,
Thou wilt ever flee, dear Mary,
From the tempter sin's path.

## Welcome to Senator Hogan.

TO WILLIAM HOGAN, ESQ., WASHINGTON, D. C.

We welcome thee back heartily
To our home by Huron's sea,
The loveliest spot on our earth
Ever it seemeth to me.

Your capitol city is proud
Of its historic lore,
But we can claim no classic date,
Only Old Huron's fam'd shore.

We know not whether nations
Sent ships with rich merchandise
Centuries ago, from foreign
Shores, our eyes to magnetize,

But this we know—you're welcome back
To our old romantic town
With your fair Canadian bride,
Whose smile-wreath'd face knows no frown.

May Heaven bless and prosper thee,
And fill thy heart with love
For the beauty of this fair earth,
Sent down from Heav'n above.

May life be ever calm for thee,
May strength to thee be giv'n,
And mayst thou lay up rich treasure
In the portals of Heav'n.

## Celia's Charms.

CELIA RUTH ROBINSON.

Celia's charms are many,
  Her flaxen curls charm'd me,
And her pretty blue eyes
  Fill all with ecstasy
Who listen to her when
  They meet her in some place,
When some pretty poem
  She recites with great grace.

## Welcome to the Barge "Abercorn."

LINES DEDICATED TO CAPTAIN WILLOUGHBY AND ENGINEER BAXTER, OF THE BARGE "ABERCORN," CLEVELAND.

Welcome to the barge "Abercorn,"
  From Cleveland's busy town,
The home of President Garfield,
  Of most famous renown,
Who by some kleptomaniac
  Was cruelly shot down.

Welcome to the barge "Abercorn,"
  Own'd by sons of our land;
May the ocean water fairies
  Over them raise their wand,
May the Almighty King of Heav'n
  Sanctify their command.

Then welcome the barge "Abercorn,"
  Strew flowers while they lay
At anchor in our harbor grand,
  Bright as in Naples Bay,
And may her pretty cabins white
  Bring treasure every day.

Then three cheers for the "Abercorn,"
  Three for her owners, too;
May their cargoes increase threefold,
  Their courage to renew;
And may the lilies that we brought
  Bring "good luck" soon to you.

## Birdie.

TO MISS BIRDIE HAYS.

To Art thou art wedded,
  On Art thou dost hold a claim,
And may Art command thee
  To ascend the hill of Fame.

## Bertha.

LOVINGLY INSCRIBED TO MISS BERTHA FARROW, ELDEST DAUGHTER OF A. FARROW, H. M. CUSTOMS.

Thou art constant, Bertha dearest,
E'en as constant as the sun
That returns every morning
After night's long course is run.

Thou art so bright and courteous,
Thy sweet voice pleasing to hear :
Always sowing the good, sound seed
As year follows after year.

Then long may thy happy home here
Hold all you so dearly love,
Who guided in youth thy footsteps
To the land of light above.

## Jean.

LINES LOVINGLY INSCRIBED TO MISS JEAN HODGE, TORONTO.

I have miss'd thee, Jean, miss'd thee, and my heart
Has felt the pain ;
But I trust in joy and gladness I'll meet
Thee here again ;
Thy parents' friendship was given me, so
Sincere and true,
That I pray God in Heav'n has treasures rich
Waiting for you.

## Odebolt.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MRS. JOSIAH SKINNER, ODEBOLT, IOWA.

Odebolt, Odebolt, where in the world
Did you find your odd, old name ?
Does it tell of some fierce chieftain
Whose prowess led to fame ?

Or does it tell of some miller
Who ground your ripe golden grain ?
Or does it speak of a river
That flows onward to the main ?

Or mayhap some poet wander'd
Through your greenwood's leafy shade
When the moon was brightly shining
Over mountain, field and glade.

Au revoir, my kettle's singing :
"Lay aside your busy pen,
Lay aside your idle dreaming,
Write of Odebolt again."

## Hollyhocks.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MR. WILLIE TWEEDIE.

Thou art welcome to my garden,
  Red and white hollyhocks so rare,
With all the flowers arou[illegible]
  It is hard for thee to [illegible]
But thou art fill'd with
  Their floral criticism

Long may you live in my mem'ry,
  Red and white hollyhocks most rare,
And may the giver good fortune
  Reap in this busy world of care;
And keep on the armor of Christ,
  To withstand His enemy's snare.

## Tribute of Love.

TO MRS. J. H. EDWARD, BRITANNIA ROAD.

How well I remember
  Thy mother so calm,
Who left thee in dying
  A Heavenly balm.

The love of pray'r daily,
  To Him her safe guide,
For well did thy mother
  Stem life's stormy tide.

And may thy sons bring thee
  Love and happiness;
The talents God gave them
  He will surely bless.

## Promptitude.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MASTER HOSKEN, THE "SIGNAL" CARRIER BOY.

On the pavement a white flower lay,
  A beautiful spike of stocks so white,
And for "good luck" I pick'd it up, for
  To my eyes 'twas a most lovely sight.

"Promptitude" is the apt language told
  By that modest, sweet-scented flower;
And now I feel to this great world it
  Will give a lesson every hour

Of love to all who read these pages,
  Whether old or young be their ages,
Ne'er to let opportunities pass,
  But better the world in ev'ry class.

## Edna Straiton.

Dear Edna, no one can portray
  The Scottish tongue more perfect than thou ;
The audience prepares to listen
  When on the platform you make your bow.

And well they may for thou'rt prepar'd
  To carry them most truly by storm ;
We hope the sons of the heather
  Will extend to thee their friendship warm.

And when thou wearest the tartan
  All hearts are won, dear Edna, by thee.
For thou art graceful as any
  Who e'er wore it at Bonnie Dundee.

So keep thy heart light, Edna dear,
  A Highland lover will come some day
I trust, to make thee rich and glad
  Forever, Edna dear, and for aye.

## August Musings.

LINES DEDICATED TO MISS EVA TURNBULL.

Oh ! birdie, sitting on the maple tree,
What message of love dost thou bring me ?
  The sun is shining after the rain,
  And thou art twitt'ring of love again ;
Oh ! birdie, love and true friendship to me
Are both the same in their quality,
  But whoever loves me, well I know,
  Tell them, birdie, to Heaven they'll go.

## No Danger Did He Fear.

(IN MEMORIAM.)

LINES RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO THE LOVING FAMILY OF DR. FRANK C. TURNBULL, WHO RAN THE MAITLAND IN HIS CANOE ON 14TH MARCH, 1903, LOSING HIS BRIGHT YOUNG LIFE THEREBY.

No danger did he fear, thy brave boy, thy darling pride ;
  With a sweet smile on his face listed he to the prayers
Of those who well knew the Maitland's whirling, madden'd tide :
  But, alas ! the conqueror Death rode with him unawares
And chill'd his patient heart, saving him from earthly cares.

God chastises those He loves, our loss is his own gain ;
  In sweetest memory will he live in all out fond hearts :
God will wipe the tears away and soothe the bitter pain,
  For the Father is ever with us when the soul departs
And wafts it to the Homeland, illum'd by Love's Divine darts.

## Carnegie Hall.

LINES INSCRIBED TO ANDREW CARNEGIE.

My thanks must I tender
For my own share
Of interest in Carnegie Hall,
To the brave defender,
Whose love and care,
For the pleasure of our people all,
Has built a fine building,
A library,
Which may have no gilding
That we can see,
But will do honor to our town
Through all the rolling ages down.

## In Memoriam.

LINES INSCRIBED TO THE PARENTS AND SISTERS OF THE LATE MISS M'IVER.

In a couch casket they laid thee to .
Of royal purple ; and garlands of l. ..
Cover'd thy casket and cover'd thy breast
Whilst thou lay in death calmly sleeping tor hours.

Thy race was run, thy busy life broken,
By death's unwelcome mandate thou wert set free ;
Thou wert ready, thy calm life the token,
For every duty was sacred to thee.

As I pass'd oft have I watch'd thy sad eyes,
The glory of Heaven beam'd from thy calm face,
But when thou wert taken all felt surprise,
And tears on the faces of friends could I trace.

But thou'rt gather'd into the Heavenly fold,
Where the path thou dost tread is pav'd with fine gold.

## An August Sunflower.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS. W. LASHAM.

An August sunflower,
With heart of emerald green,
W..s the wish of my heart
When I call'd on you yestre'en.

And as I hope and pray
Good health will be giv'n thy spouse,
And that both may be spar'd
Long to keep thy sacred vows.

## Aggie.

TO MRS. R. M. CASSELS, STRATFORD.

Long may I wear the shamrock
  You gave me one morning fair,
A shamrock fill'd with shamrocks,
  None with it can compare.

I prize it, for the em'rald
  Sparkles in it with Faith's light,
And wherever I may roam
  'Twill be precious in my sight.

And now I wish you fortune
  With your lovely children three
Love's token of the shamrock
  You so kindly gave to me.

## Bridal Wishes.

TO DR. W. CASH, OWEN SOUND.

I wish thee good fortune and fame,
  With thy fair young bride,
Like her name, "Myrtle," she will cling
  Ever to thy side.

Her violet eyes did attract thee
  Like Huron's azure blue,
That oft twinkle with merriment,
  Dull care to subdue.

We welcome you to your old home,
  Happy bride and groom,
May love for God in your fond hearts
  Forever find room.

## Harry Babb.

LINES INSCRIBED TO HARRY BABB, YOUNGEST SON OF CAPTAIN WILLIAM BABB.

How oft hast thou dream'd of
    Being a sailor bold!
How oft hast thou fear'd thou
    Wouldst not live to be old!
But, Harry, thou hast found
    Thou'rt in the Father's fold.

He has watch'd over thee
    Thro' 'all thy bitter pain;
Now thy cheeks are rosy,
    Health makes thee smile again,
For now Heaven's sunshine
    Has o'ercome sorrow's reign.

## To Someone Far Away.

WRITTEN ON AUG. 3RD, 1903, ON RECEIVING A HANDSOME PRIVATE POSTCARD FROM ST. JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK.

From New Brunswick came
This morn to me
A handsome postcard,
Lovely to see,

With cathedral grand
Printed thereon,
Which is a fair sight
To gaze upon.

The unicorn and
Lion so bold
Also appear in
Design of gold.

So now the giver
Has perfect taste,
But I can have no
Moments to waste

To spend in guessing
The giver's name,
But ask God's love for
Him all the same.

## Agnes.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS. EZEKIEL SMITH, ST. LOUIS.

Thy tresses are like virgin gold,
Worn by the goddesses of old;
Thy cheeks are like the lily white,
Who doth the rose's blush invite.

Then, dear little Agnes, may you
Ever be as gentle and true
As is the harmless, gentle dove,
Emblem of the Christian love:

Emblem of the Holy Ghost, too,
That Christ sent down to His chosen few
Who felt His Almighty power
Growing greater every hour.

And in the form of tongues of fire
The Holy Ghost fill'd His desire
At Pentecost, and sat on each,
That to all nations they would preach

Man's great redemption from the fall
Of Adam—by Christ, Who for all
Died upon the cross, that we might
Live pure, Agnes, in His sight.

## Maggie Cameron.

(NOW MRS. LAY, DAWSON CITY.)

Can I forget thy playful wiles,
Maggie Cameron?
Thy mouth enwreath'd with sweetest smiles,
Maggie Cameron?
Thy hand outstretch'd in friendship true,
Sweet flow'rs of kindness dost thou strew,
Thy life is pure as ev'ning dew,
Maggie Cameron.

Years have pass'd since this I wrote:
Sorrow thy fond heart hath smote;
Thy lov'd father pass'd the bourne,
No more on earth to return.
But now in fair Klondyke's mine,
With husband and heir now thine,
Thy sorrow has turn'd to joy,
For thou lov'st thy little boy;
And I trust this tribute may
Bring "good luck" to Maggie Lay.

## Courtesy.

MR. WM. WILSON, BANK OF COMMERCE.

Courtesy is a virtue;
May it ever be
The motto of thy whole life
To be frank and free.

## Alma.

LINES LOVINGLY INSCRIBED TO BARRISTER AND MRS. LOFTUS EDWIN DANCEY.

If thou wert a boy, Alma,
A sailor thou wouldst be,
For I know full well, Alma,
That thou dost love the sea.

Thy heart is light, dear Alma,
Thou knowest naught of fear,
Thy life is full of gladness,
Thy love for home is dear.

So may thy talents, Alma,
Bring forth rare golden fruit,
And in thy daily studies
Let the love of God take root.

## Vesta.

Thou dost mourn thy mother, Vesta,
Mourn her most lovingly ;
Thou wert her last born, dear Vesta,
Her heart prided in thee ;
And when the flowers in springtime
Bloom so bright and so frail
Thou must think that like thy mother,
When health began to fail,
She pass'd away like the snowdrops,
To the land beyond the sun,
And with her last breath in prayer
The victory was won.
And now in the summer, Vesta,
When lilies are in bloom,
And lovely crimson roses fill
Thy garden with perfume,
Thou'lt think of the bloom of Heaven,
Of the long, endless day
Of her home of bliss and glory
Beyond the sun's bright ray.

## Golden Glow, Farewell.

TRIBUTE TO MRS. WILLIAM HOGAN, WASHINGTON, D. C.

I prize thy friendship like this Golden Glow
You gave me this August morning before we may part :
Truth is the essence of friendship, I know,
Altho' silence reigns in the Golden Glow's petall'd heart.

## Take Care, Beware !

TO ANNIE CASSADY, SISTER OF THE LATE DR. J. F. CASSADY.

Cupid's snares surround thee,
Take care !
Love flashes from thine eyes,
Beware !
For the chain thou art weaving
O'er someone you'll be leaving,
An' for you he'll be grieving
Sae sair.

An' when you come again
Take care
How you leave a lover,
Beware !
An' be not too deceiving,
For two can play at leaving,
An' someone's heart be grieving.
Sae sair.

## Tribute.

LINES TO MRS. GEORGE ACHESON.

I listed with great pleasure
To the sketch you read so well
Of your lovely trip to the Golden Gate,
And I sigh'd for the leisure
Which would allow me to tell
In verse the glories of the Golden State.

But I can never travel,
And must be content at home;
So no foreign clime have I ever seen;
Some time I may unravel
The wherefore I cannot roam,
For far from Huron's tide I have never been.

## Mary Evelyn.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS. WILLIAM EBERTS, CHICAGO.

Sweet as cherub, Mary Evelyn,
Eyes so large and so full of soul,
Only four summers hast thou yet seen,
My darling, bright Mary Evelyn,
But thy pure voice thou dost control.

Thou didst sing, dear Mary Evelyn,
Of Jesus, when thee I did meet,
And sat like a little reigning queen,
Touching the keys, Mary Evelyn,
Of the piano, soft and sweet.

## The Sunshine of Thy Mother's Face.

LINES TO LIEUT. JAMES WELLS.

The sunshine of thy mother's face,
I see it yet
Thy dear mother, with hair so white
And eyes of jet;
How fondly she did love thee, I
Cannot forget.

She lov'd the Maitland's winding stream,
And could not leave
Her home upon the green hillside,
For it would grieve
Her heart to do so. But when death
Came to bereave

Her of her loving spouse so true
She left her hillside home for you,
Until Death's angel call'd her to
Her husband's side.

## Victoria.

VICTORIA BLACKSTONE.

Victoria, well nam'd I trow,
As thy easy manner doth show,
When with thy violin and bow,
And rosy cheeks with healthful glow,
Before the audience thou dost go,
Victoria.

Victoria thy name will be,
May God give fortune good to thee;
May thy fame spread from sea to sea,
And like a bird keep thy heart free,
But forever remember me,
Victoria.

## Vera.

LINES TO VERA DOWNING COX, LEAMINGTON.

Little darling all dress'd in pure white,
With arms outstretch'd in gleeful delight,
Surely thou wert a rare charming sight,
When first I met thee, dearest Vera.

Those dark eyes of thine, their light can I
Forget, as Time's chariot passes by?
No, never! if I e'en feign'd to try,
Could I forget thee, dearest Vera.

## How Thy Mother Lov'd Thee.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MISSES MAUDE AND FRANCES JOHNSTON.

How thy mother lov'd thee,
And yet the angel Death
Came and took her to Him
She prais'd at latest breath.

Ah well! I know thou dost
Miss her ev'ry day,
For thou wert ever near,
Never from her far away.

Remember her teachings,
Cover her grave with flowers,
But let not too much grief
Disturb thy leisure hours.

For all have once to die,
To give up all we love,
But cherish her mem'ry,
Until you meet above.

## Adelaide.

LINES AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO ADELAIDE, THE LITTLE DAUGHTER OF MR. AND MRS. R. W. LOGAN, OF MONTREAL. THE LAST TWO VERSES WERE PENNED BY MR. FREDERICK MEYER, MONTREAL, AFTER THE DEATH OF HIS LITTLE GRANDDAUGHTER, WHO DIED WHILE ON A VISIT TO MONTREAL WITH HER MOTHER, JAN. 29TH, 1894, AGED 2 YEARS AND 8 MONTHS.

Who dances like the bounding fawn
At mother's side, from early dawn,
Charming all hearts that look upon?
Adelaide.

Whose little voice is tun'd to song,
As if she dwelt where linnets throng,
Making home happy all day long?
Adelaide.

Long may your heart be free from care,
Long may your eyes with brilliance rare
Look on your mother's face so fair,
Adelaide.

Alas! our joy is turn'd to pain,
To think we ne'er shall hear again
Thy voice, while we on earth remain,
Adelaide.

Yet shall our grief at last be [illegible]
When we shall meet on that bless'd shore
Where parting shall be never more,
Adelaide.

## Pearl.

LINES TO MISS PEARL VIVIAN.

Why do I never hear thy voice
Rippling in song?
Why dost thou no music give us
The w[illegible] ight long?
'Or God gave [illegible] e those precious notes;
To Him a[illegible] rong
Y ou d[illegible] to [illegible] your talent rare
Lie [illegible] unheard,
For God's pow'r is manifested
E'en by a bird
That warbles so sweetly, unprais'd
By e'en one word.
Now truly, Pearl, thou'rt very fair,
With sunny glints in thy soft hair;
True modesty shines from thine eyes,
To someone, Pearl, thou'lt be a prize.

## Charlie.

LINES TO CHARLES WATSON, GOLD MEDALIST, NEW YORK.

Thou art the type of fair manhood,
  Full of strength, of vigor and pride,
In thy search for more knowledge,
  Which is now so far and so wide.

When thou dost gaze upon the sea
  Where New York's ocean steamers ply,
Thou must crave for foreign shores
  And knowledge thou wouldst gain thereby.

But preserve thy manhood, Charlie,
  Gird the armour of knowledge on,
Pray God to keep thee safe from harm,
  And bless thy lov'd home when thou'rt gone.

## I Love Thee, O Erin.

DEDICATED TO RIGHT HONORABLE W. E. GLADSTONE.

I love thee, O Erin, with thy shamrock so green,
Belov'd by thy people, by thy priests and thy Queen.
Oh! I love thy green hills with thy lochs and thy dales,
An' the sunburst that proudly floats over thy vales.

The fond hearts of thy people, Oh! I love them too,
To St. Patrick's pure faith they are good and true
As true as the music to thy harp and thy lute,
As firm as the tree with its flowers an' its fruit.

I love thee, O Erin, the proud land of Boru,
Belov'd home of my parents so good an' so true,
The home of the minstrel with his harp an' his lute,
That only oppression can ever render mute.

## Nellie.

LINES TO MRS. HARRY EDWARDS.

May thy dark eyes know no sorrow,
  May they shine with pure delight,
Mayst thou know no sad tomorrow,
  Mayst thou praise God day and night.

'Twas thus I wrote in thy album,
  Before thy fond lover came,
And now thou hast a loving spouse
  And a babe to bear his name.

A lovely babe, with Heav'n's blue eyes,
  That reflect his mother's soul;
May he be to thee a blessing
  While Life's long years onward roll.

## The Library Rose.

LINES TO A. DUFF, ESQ., LIBRARIAN CARNEGIE HALL.

May the rose that I send thee
For long years recall
To thee sweetest memories
In Carnegie Hall.

## Marie.

LINES TO MISS MARIE M'GREGOR, NOW MRS. T. KIDD, MUSKEGON, MICH.

Those flame-color'd flowers in October
Fann'd the flame in my poet heart;
May they be a type of thy life, Marie,
When from thy lov'd home thou'lt depart.

For one is coming who loves thee, Marie,
Whose strong heart is true as tried steel,
Who'll wreathe thy brow with Love's blossoms, Marie,
When at the altar thou dost kneel.

LINES TO [illegible] MARTIN.

Bright is the [illegible]
A rare jewel [illegible] hou:
Music rules thy heart
And rules thy classic brow.

Always a treasure
Be to thy mother dear;
God will fill thy measure
With pure love, not fear.

## Tribute.

TO J. W. BRODERICK, SOLOIST, LONDON.

Of Jesus thou dost love
Alway to sing;
May thy pure voice to thee
Rich blessings bring;
And may all thy works be
An offering
To the Saviour, from Whom
All blessings spring.

# Lily Newell.

LINES WRITTEN ON LITTLE LILY NEWELL'S PRESENTING LEADER BELCHER OF THE VICTORIA STREET CHURCH CHOIR WITH A LOVELY BOUQUET.

Like a little rose didst thou look, Lily,
  Or like a pink carnation most rare,
In gown of rose satin, trimmed with lace white;
  Thou wert truly the sweetest flow'r there.

The bouquet thou didst hold was beautiful,
  And clustering curls that crown'd thy brow;
We know all at Victoria church that night
  Were well pleas'd with thy right queenly bow.

The leader, to whom thou didst give the gift
  From the Victoria street church choir,
Was proud of the sweet little lily
  Who so well fulfill'd their hearts' desire.

Then be as pure as thy namesake, Lily,
  And be always as sweet as the rose,
And grow in new beauty every day,
  That thy soul in God's faith may repose.

# Celia.

CELIA M'GRORY.

"I'll take this apple and fill it with cloves,"
  Said a lovely young girl to me;
Showing how much she cherish'd the favor,
  Although such a trifle it be.

Oh, Celia! could I give thee an em'rald
  'Twould then be worth keeping, my dear,
But an apple fill'd with cloves, tho' fragrant,
  Is "une pauvre souvenir," I fear.

But never mind, Celia, 'tis a spicy
  Compliment for me to receive,
But hope this apple, "Souvenir Primate,"
  Will not let you suffer like Eve.

'Twas in the sunset I met this fair maid,
  When blue and gold tinted the sky,
And with modest mien and most tuneful voice
  She bade me a loving "Good-bye."

## Mamie.

IN MEMORIAM MRS. RICHARD FRITZLEY, SALTFORD.

Mamie darling, how they miss'd thee,
  Thou wert so cheerful and gay,
Always singing like songbird sweet
  At the close of ev'ry day.

Thy dark eyes with their depths of love,
  Hidden by modesty's veil,
Thy dark wavy hair was thy pride,
  E'en when thy cheeks grew so pale.

A fond lover woo'd and won thee,
  For his faithful, cherish'd wife,
But when thy infant op'd its eyes
  His joy was bought with thy life.

And now thy infant and thou together reap
The promise, "He giveth His beloved sleep."

## I Am Thinking of Thee, Erin.

LINES TO HON. EDWARD BLAKE.

I am thinking of thee, Erin, an' hoping that thy sorrow
May like thy "sunburst" turn to joy some very near tomorrow;
I am thinking that thy harp strings would thrill with rapturous joy
Could my voice reach and my hand touch thy chords like the minstrel boy.

O dear Erin, could I help thee, at thy loving feet I'd kneel,
I'd charm thy foes, as well as friends, with love's pure voice, whose silv'ry peal
Would arouse their dormant hearts to deeds of honor bright an' true,
And bury deep their deadly wrong and tune their fond hearts anew.

## Winifred.

TO MR. AND MRS. H. I. BRIDGETTE, GRAND RAPIDS.

Sweet-fac'd Winifred,
Who could not love thee, with thy dainty ways!
  A born little aristocrat,
  And not the slightest doubt of that,
A little queen who will earn worldly praise.

Blue-ey'd Winifred,
Vieing with Heaven's cerulean blue,
  As modest as a daisy white,
  Thou wilt surely be the delight
Of all who gaze upon thy little face so true.

## Hide Not Thy Talent.

ERNIE HORTON.

I prided in thy poetic taste,
So let not thy Heav'n-born talent waste,
For now in thy youth it is the time
To pass from the gay to the sublime :
So take up thy pen, invoke the muse
To help thee thy rich talent to use :
Thou knowest well what the Scriptures say
' one who hid his talent away.

## Vera and Ruth.

TO THE MISSES WIGGINS.

None know thy worth, Vera, who meet thee
Day by day,
How much tender compassion in thy
Fond heart lay
For one you knew, who suffered so much
Earthly pain,
But thou wert ever near to soothe the
Aching brain.

And oft when I look into thy soft
Violet eyes
I pray that thou mayst to rank and to
Fortune rise ;
And Ruth, thy sweet-faced sister, with her
Love for art,
I trust God will give to her no sad
Aching heart,
And keep you both in happiness naught
Can sever
And when thy work is o'er dwell with
Christ forever.

## "Asa Boy."

LINES INSCRIBED TO MR. C. A. SHANK, OF DETROIT, ON SEEING HIM ACT "ASA BOY" IN "THE AMERICAN COUSIN," MAY EVE, 1895.

Golden blossoms for thee I bring,
To wish thee joy,
For summer cometh in beauty,
Without alloy,
A God-given beauty, free to all,
Whether in hut or in castle hall,
But let not folly thy heart enthral,
Thee, "Asa Boy."

## Wheels of Lace.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MISS KATE M'INTOSH, "LAKEVIEW."

May those wheels of lace
Carry my love
With them, where'er thou dost roam :
May they have the grace,
Like wings of dove,
To waft blessings to thy home.

## Shamrock IV.

LINES TO MISS JENNIE LAWSON.

Thy yacht, Shamrock IV., must lead the race,
She sails old Lake Huron with such grace ;
A right merrie party you will be,
Your dear parents and their daughters three.
Thou art clever, Jennie, and I feel
Thou art a friend for woe or for weal :
Sincerity is a virtue rare,
Foster'd by thee with a gentle care ;
Prosperity is thy heritage,
Which will give thee power to assuage
The grief of many an aching heart
Who from this fair world has soon to part.
So keep thy mind fill'd with God's great love,
Who sends thee rich blessings from above ;
And may thy yacht, Shamrock IV., soon bring
Aboard to thee, dear, thy future king,
And may the Shamrock remember me
When riches are found in Huron's sea.
For riches lie deep hidden in caves
As well as wealth that floats o'er its waves.

## Alwyn.

TO DAVID ALWYN BARRY LINDSAY, LONDON.

Sleep, sweet babe, sleep,
Heaven doth keep
Constant watch over thee and thine ;
Mayst thou live,
And ever give
Meet praise to the Saviour Divine.

Pretty thy name,
For thee I claim
Kindred to the old Celtic kings ;
But better far,
Thou art a star
Whose light tells of Heavenly things.

## Friendship.

MISS DELIA WARRINER, DETROIT.

Thy friendship is like melten gold,
Purified by the fire,
And showing by thy daily life
A heavenly desire
To teach the world the Christian way
Of going up higher;
And now may the garland I gathered all for thee
Be accepted as a poetic due from me.

## Maggie Cameron.

Our friendship is not new,
Maggie Cameron,
Sanctified with the dew,
Maggie Cameron,
God sends to ev'ry heart,
Cleansing dross from each part,
Maggie Cameron.

The dross of mother earth,
Maggie Cameron,
Which comes with us at birth,
Maggie Cameron,
Till fung. like it grows,
And ruins our repose,
Maggie Cameron.

But the dew from Heaven,
Maggie Cameron,
Is God's great grace given,
Maggie Cameron,
To all, to you and me,
So that Heav'n we will see,
Maggie Cameron.

## Harold Taylor.

Thou art a sportsman bold,
As fond of water as of land;
Thy yacht would be complete,
With thy rifle so nea
If only a deer thou couldst strand.

Thy aim is true, Harold,
May it forever be the same;
Aim to be first, be sure,
If it be ills to cure;
Whatever it be, take good aim.

## Thelma.

TO THELMA CARLYLE, DETROIT.

Thelma, blue-ey'd darling,
  I must welcome thee back again
This cool August morning
  That portends a shower of rain.

Thou'rt ready for the beach,
  With dear Bella and the tin pails;
Georgie follows with hooks
  And all his fishing rod details.

Thou must try Sol to charm,
  For his light is obscur'd to-day
After the grand sunset
  I watch'd upon my homeward way

Yesterev'en, as I saunter'd
  Along the silent country road;
I saw the sun, like ball
  Of fire, sink to his lov'd abode

Bey[illegible] ir Canada,
[illegible] thy mother loves so well;
And n[illegible] this morning,
  Of yo[illegible] good luck I hope you'll tell.

## Lines to Flossie McDonald.

ST. PATRICK'S NIGHT, 1893.

Dost remember the night we sang,
  You and I?
To do glory to old Erin
  We did try;
And now many St. Patrick's days
  Have pass'd by.

But Erin has won a jewel,
  Not a loan;
Her sons have freedom to buy homes
  Of their own;
The sorrows of Erin have for
  Ever flown.

## Flora.

BIRTHDAY WISHES.

Flora, sweet maid with dove-like eyes
And voice so sweet, I highly prize;
Mayst thou this day resolve anew
To be like Mary, fair and true.

## Derby Smith.

1892.

LINES DEDICATED TO CAPTAIN W. SMITH, SUPERINTENDENT OF THE GOVERNMENT DREDGE, OTTAWA.

Who waits for her papa all day,
And every night for him doth pray,
That God will send him home to stay?
Lov'd Derby.

Who waits with eager, bright blue eye,
And sings her ev'ning lullaby
When gloom surrounds the starlit sky?
Sweet Derby.

Lake Huron wafts its healthful breeze,
The Maitland's shores with graceful ease
Send the true love of centuries
To Derby.

## Faithful and True.

LINES TO MRS. RICHARD POSTLETHWAITE.

Faithful and true
Ever are you,
Trying the Saviour to serve;
Trusting and bright,
As stars at night,
From His law you'll never swerve.

Like a fond dove,
True to your love,
Thy home is a sacred place;
May life for you
Bring pleasures true,
And the blessing of God's grace.

## Helen.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS. JAMES BRIGHT BELL, OELIEN, IOWA.

Thou art lovely, little Helen,
Merry all day long,
Rivalling the songbirds, Helen,
With thy sweet-ton'd song.

So mayst thou always, dear Helen,
Be fill'd with the love
Of our Divine Saviour, Helen,
Who reigneth above.

## John.

LINES RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MR. JOHN GALT, JR.

In fancy now I picture thee
An orator tall,
With nice m-lo-dra-matic air,
In some classic hall

Dilating on the "Guinea Stamp"
That should crown us all;
And I pray that you some day this
Poem may recall.

## Maitland's Greeting.

LINES LOVINGLY INSCRIBED TO MRS. DR. STANBURY, BAYFIELD.

Many a time have I wonder'd
How Father Time far'd with thee;
Whether thy locks turn'd to white,
Or brown, as they used to be.

The same sweet smile pervades thy face,
The same light in thy blue eye
Tells the glad tale—thou art reaping
Love's harvest—as time rolls by.

Many a time didst thou listen
To the peal of Knox church bell,
While three decades of years or more
The same story doth it tell.

And though thy reverend father
And mother have join'd the fold
Still thou art the same as ever,
Thy fond heart would not grow old.

I send thee proud Maitland's greeting
To Bayfield's meand'ring stream,
And hope that this loving tribute
Will be sweet as "Love's Young Dream."

## Geoffrey Holt.

Thou art a scholar rare, Geoffrey;
The seed of knowledge in thy heart
Will ripen as the years roll on,
For thou to others will impart
That which will make them as true
To Heav'n above as to you;
Whilst thy soul's music will pour
Out to Him thou dost adore.

## Ralph.

LINES INSCRIBED TO DR. AND MRS. HERALD, MEDICINE HAT.

Wilt thou come again to see us
From thy Ranchero's side,
Bringing thy lovely mother, Ralph,
Whom I knew when a bride

Thy beautiful, dark-ey'd mother,
Who to thee is so true,
Reading and writing in German
And teaching it to you ?

And some day you all may travel
Over both land and sea
To study with famous Lorenz
In studious Germany.

## Florence Fraser.

Florence, how light thy heart,
How merry thy ways !
Thou art well skill'd in art,
Thou hast won much praise.

Thy eyes are like velvet,
So soft is their blue,
And buried in their depths
Is thy soul so true.

## Christmas Day, 1902.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO J. W. VANATTER.

Bring holly and mistletoe, fill ev'ry home with mirth,
For it is the day of gladness, the day of Christ's birth,
The day upon which He brought peace and goodwill to earth.

And may this bright Christmas Day be a day of pure peace,
A day when war's terrors among all nations may cease,
And bring joy to all who from sin's bonds their souls release.

Let us, like dear old Santa, bring cheer to every heart,
For he, as Christ's messenger, fulfilleth well his part
And brings gifts alike to homes of poverty and art.

Let us live in happiness, happy in our sphere,
Happy and grateful to the friends who bring good cheer,
And pray that Heav'n may send to all a Happy New Year.

## The Engineer's Choice.

LINES RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO E. TILT, C. E., M'GILL COLLEGE, MONTREAL.

Thou hast chosen to roam
'Mong gold and silver mines,
And leave thy happy home
To revel 'mong the pines
And trees of the hillside
That grow in regions high,
To make fame and fortune
As the long years roll by.
I pray that the future
May fill thy soul with love
For the priceless jewels
Found in Heaven above.

## Clarice.

TO MISS CLARICE LAITHWAITE.

Sweet is thy name, Clarice dear,
None sweeter can there be;
Thine ear is tun'd to music,
Thy name must well please thee.

Thou art a graceful rider
Upon thy fiery steed,
Erect and truly winning,
Fair and lovely indeed.

Thou'rt smiling always, Clarice,
Naught ever dost thou fear;
May Huron's rosy sunset
Tinge thy cheek ev'ry year.

## To a Day Lily.

LINES RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MR. WALTER NAFTEL.

Sweetly thy white petals unfold,
Making fragrant the world around,
And yet thy lovely pale green leaves
With modesty lie near the ground.

All day thy flowers their petals,
So pure and so lovely are they,
Open out to their admirers
The chaste beauty they hide away.

When ev'ning's twilight gathers o'er
Thy buds close, more fragrance to gain
By their sweet rest beneath the stars,
Which makes thee thy beauty retain.

## Baby Mary.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS. MELVIN HOWELL ON THE NIGHT OF THEIR EPWORTH LEAGUE GARDEN PARTY, 1903.

Merry voices fill the air
  Under the silver poplar tree ;
While the flambeaux brightly burn
  Thy mother is thinking of thee.

Hark ! she lists, she hears thy cry,
  While "Crown Him" in chorus is sung,
But she hears naught but thy voice
  That out on the August air rung.

Ah ! Mary, with crown of curls,
  Black as the raven's shining wing,
In after years with God's will
  "Crown Him," too, mayst thou s. etly sing.

## To a Half-blown Water Lily.

LINES INSCRIBED TO BARRISTER BOWBEER, WYANDOTTE, FORMERLY OF THE GODERICH POSTOFFICE STAFF, WHO PRESENTED THE WRITER WITH A HALF-BLOWN WATER LILY FROM THE MAITLAND.

Pride of my heart, doth whisper to me
A secret of wealth from Huron's sea ?
Opening from out thy leaves of white
A heart of gold so pur d so bright ;
I stand enthrall'd at th, beauty rare
And feel that genius is hidden there,
Who bids me paint, with the muse's pen,
The glory thy beauty gives all men,
And wafts to me, in its sweet perfume,
Incense so sweet, like a rose in bloom :
And may the hand of the friend that gave
To me a tribute from Maitland's wave
Be fill'd with strength and power to live,
And to the world thy example give,
To keep his heart free from this earth's dross
And gain a crown, through Christ's loving cross.

## Thou'rt Very Fair.

LINES TO MRS. RICHARDS.

Thou'rt very fair, and very kind,
Although thy purse with gold's not lin'd :
Thou'rt very true, and that is worth
More than gold to honor thy birth.

## Adela.

TO MR. AND MRS. JAMES ROBINSON, DRAYTON.

O dear Adela, will we see thee no more ?
Thou art going so far from Huron's fam'd shore :
Thou didst love to play on thy emerald lawn
That the petals of thy roses fell upon.

But thou mayst return a young woman most fair,
With voice like a songbird's upon the pure air,
But wherever thou art, dear Adela, be
A blessing to thy parents, who have but thee.

## Genevieve.

LINES WRITTEN TO THE MISSES ETHEL, FLORA AND GENEVIEVE M'GREGOR, DETROIT.

Thy name has oft
Been tun'd to song,
Genevieve,
So sweet and soft
The whole night long,
Genevieve.

Thy graceful form I think I see,
Thy easy manner, frank and free,
And eyes that speak of constancy,
Genevieve.

Thou'rt rob'd in white,
Like virgin bride,
Genevieve,
A lovely sight,
Thy father's pride,
Genevieve.

A picture of innocence pure,
A smile that ev'ry ill can cure :
The love of all thou wilt ensure,
Genevieve.

## Contentment.

LINES TO MRS. GEORGE BISSETT.

Always merry, never sad,
Thy heart seemeth always glad ;
Kindness oft hast thou shown me,
May kind Heaven reward thee,
And rich blessings on thee pour,
Though thy hair is silver'd o'er ;
But all they who love the Lord
Will from Him get their reward.

## What Charms Thou Hast.

LINES RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MRS. JAMES DALYRIMPLE STEWART.

What charms thou hast,
Dearest friend, for me,
With thy clever,
Happy children three.

Thou'rt fit to dwell
In some regal hall,
Thou'rt so queenly,
Gracious and tall.

Art in thy home
Is treasur'd with care;
May God's love shine
On all who dwell there.

## Loch Lomond.

LINES TO MR. JOHN CARRIE.

Oft hast thou sung Loch Lomond's praise,
And fair Annie Laurie's too,
And now thou'rt in the grand Northwest,
To sing their praises anew.

Keep thy voice tun'd to sacred song,
To lead men's souls unto God;
"The Holy City" is for those
Who have pass'd "Under the Rod."

## Katie.

LINES WRITTEN ON BEING PRESENTED BY MISS KATIE M'GROVIE WITH EVERLASTING FLOWERS.

Thy fair hair is like virgin gold, Katie,
Like a crown o'er thy pale white brow;
Thy brow, which speaks of truth and love, Katie,
May it e'er be as pure as now.

Thy true love for noble deeds, dear Katie,
Will inspire thee with fervent zeal
To keep thy young mind unstain'd, dear Katie,
In this short life of woe and weal.

And be firm as these flowers, dear Katie,
Whose brightest colors never fade,
And ever lend a helping hand, Katie,
To all those who most need thy aid.

## May Peace and Plenty.

TO MR. AND MRS. ROBERT YOUNG.

May peace and plenty,
Like thy roses so fair,
Always surround thee,
And may thy flowers rare
Grow so beautiful
None with them can compare

## Roses and Clematis.

Thy red rose full of perfume,
This perfect October day,
Made me feel thy kindness
Much greater than I can say:
And the pure white clematis
Seem'd to feel the quiet pow'r
Of the opals brought to thee
By thy husband love's sweet dow'r

From far Honduras' mountains,
Where the sons of sunny Spain
Woo'd the Honduras maidens
Quite content with modest gain,
For they know life is fleeting,
And fatigue would cloud their sky,
So they leave Honduras' mines
To the men who travel by

Land and water o'er mountain,
Over torrid, scorching plain,
For opal, gold and silver,
Which for ages will remain
To draw men from foreign climes
To see God's most wondrous hand
Making winter's tropic rains
Fertilize Honduras' land.

Where the corn grows like magic,
Gladdening the native's heart,
Whose wealth lies 'mong its tassels,
And to him more joys impart
Than all the golden treasure
Buried in earth's deepest cave,
And the laden orange trees
Their lives from misery save.

## Fred.

MR. FREDERICK SHANNON.

May St. Patrick
Pour down blessings on thy head;
May thy talents
O'er the world their lustre shed.

## To a Pink Aster.

LINES TO ISABELLE BISSETT.

Thou wert given me by a
  Maiden frank and free,
With ringlets clustering round
  Her face, fair to see,
And from her breast she took thee
  And gave thee to me.

O beautiful flower, with
  Petals rosy pink!
Canst tell me if her fortune
  With mine e'er will link,
If I tell thee her gift will
  Be printed in ink?

## Easter.

LINES RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MRS. WILLIAM PROUDFOOT.

The heavens with joyful tidings now doth ring,
Earth's bonds are broken, the Lord Jesus is King;
For sinners He liv'd and for sinners He died,
To save them the deep crimson flow'd from His side.

The thorn-crowned head sank low upon His breast,
The nailed hands and feet to a rude cross were press'd,
But now He is triumphant—His love holds sway,
Enveloping mankind with its Heav'nly ray.

Rejoice, mankind! Ev'ry nation lend an ear;
Chant, chant His praise, all ye people far and near;
Sing Alleluias this holy Easter morn,
Jesus has made thee pure, as the child new born.

## Ernest.

LINES TO ERNEST PORTER.

Long mayst thou make
  Thy pavilion ring
With thy pure notes,
  "God Save the King."

So young thou art,
  So pure and high
Thy notes, which seem
  To reach the sky.

So, Ernest dear,
  Thy notes oft raise
To God above
  In hymns of praise.

# Ora.

LINES TO MISS ORA BATES.

How sweetly sounds thy name,
Like vesper bell
When it calls the faithful
Their beads to tell,
And thou, Ora, art sweet,
I know full well.

Like the wisteria,
With purple bloom,
All 'round thy pretty home,
Where sweet perfume
From the other flowers
Fills thy whole room.

Then, fair, blue-ey'd Ora,
Mayst thou e'er be
Fond of thy lov'd home, where
The maple tree
In the twilight whispers
"Ora pro me."

# Fairy Fingers.

LINES TO ETTA SAULTS.

What fairy fingers hast thou,
Modelling in clay,
Or drawing with thy pencil
Some beautiful fay,

With bows and ends of ribbon
On her classic head;
Yet thou art very young to
Be by Fashion led.

Fashion is a shining light
Akin to high art,
So, Etta, keep thy pencil
In touch with thy heart.

For God gave thee this talent,
Thank Him while you live,
And some day rare pictures
To the world you'll give.

## Ivy.

IVY ELLIOTT.

Ivy dearest, thou dost cling
  To thy parents' love,
As the ivy to the oak
  Climbs to heights above.

Thy long, fair curls are lovely,
  Befitting thy name,
And may you like the ivy
  Win garlands of fame.

## June Honeysuckles and Fleur-De-Lis.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MRS. W. D. TYE, ON BEING PRESENTED BY HER WITH A PRETTY BOUQUET OF WILD HONEYSUCKLES AND FLEUR-DE-LIS.

"How doth the little busy bee
  Improve the shining hours;"
Then must I seem as busy too,
  For I'm always 'mid the flow'rs.

Each day some loving friend I meet
  Who straightway fills my hands
With the lovely flow'rs which adorn
  Their homes like fairy wands.

'Twas the honeysuckle woo'd me
  This lovely summer day,
And Juno here, I must admit,
  Doth surely lead the way

To the home of my friend, who gave
  The bees' priz'd flow'rs to me,
And with it the emblem of France
  The royal fleur-de-lis.

## The Iron Boot.

LINES TO MR. OLIVER. GALT.

That match-box you made me,
  A lovely wrought-iron boot,
Caus'd the seed of esteem
  For thy genius to take root.

Thou'rt a cunning master
  Of Vulcan's noble old art,
And that Fortune woos thee
  I will pray with all my heart.

## St. George's Rose.

TO MRS. GEORGE STANCOMBE.

How lovely thy garden,
With its roses rare,
And lovely geraniums,
All nurtur'd with care.

To thy country thou'rt true,
For all the world knows
That England's fam'd flower
Is St. George's rose.

## Kenneth.

TO THE PARENTS AND BROTHERS OF MR. KENNETH M'CAULEY, WHO MET WITH AN ACCIDENT ON HIS STEAMER AND DIED THEREFROM AT SAULT STE. MARIE.

Thou art gone, dearest Kenneth, to the
Land of light,
Where there is no more suffering, and
No more night;
The blue waves of lov'd old Huron, how
They charm'd thee,
Thou brave sailor laddie, none braver
Could there be;
Thou didst not once fear death when in the
Greatest pain,
But thou didst pray to see thy lov'd ones
Once again;
But thou wilt meet them in the mansions
Of our King
Where thou wilt wear the martyr's crown while
Angels sing
Loud Hosannas to the Babe who came
Full of love
To join all who bear the cross in His
Home above.

## To a Twentieth Century Dahlia.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MRS. E. BISSETT THOM, ON BEING PRESENTED BY HER WITH A TWENTIETH CENTURY DAHLIA.

O whence hast thou come, thou
Magnificent flow'r?
So gorgeous a red, like velvet dahlia
So grand,
And thy petals surround
A centre of gold.
Thou dost crown the twentieth century in
Our land.

## Gaden.

LINES INSCRIBED TO REV. DR. AND MRS. DANIEL.

Wilt thou, like thy father dear,
Ever eloquent be?
How oft, Gaden, he must pray
Night and morning for thee;
How long, too, he must wait
Thy eloquence to see.

But Talmage, too, had to wait
And pray for long, long years
To see his son a divine,
Amid his joys and fears;
But Heav'n, I trust, will guide thee
Safe through this vale of tears.

## Bessie Brimacombe.

LINES ON BEING PRESENTED WITH A BEAUTIFUL BOUQUET AT "CHESTNUT FARM."

O Bessie, thy bouquet is fit for a queen,
Of flaming azaleas, orange and red,
And lovely, large white asters, it must be seen
Would look as if I were a bride to be wed.
But neither a queen nor a bride am I yet,
But, Bessie, thy courtesy I'll not forget,
And the next time you give me beautiful flow'rs
I know you will paint them in your leisure hours.

## List Tae The Sang.

LINES RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO INVERNESS CAMP, SONS OF SCOTLAND.

List tae the sang o' the robin
As he flits from tree tae tree,
For he kens that the winter's ow'r
An' he sings richt merrily.

An' noo he woos his bonnie mate,
Sae winsome, sae blithe an' true,
An' thegither they'll wark an' sing
Under Heaven's dome o' blue.

Nae storm dae they fear, for they ken
That their time o' joy has come;
Sae should oor faith mak labor licht
Till we reach oor Faither's hame.

## Fair Norah O'Dea.

LINES TO MRS. J. C. M'INTOSH.

Dost thou e'er remember the rose on thy cheek
When you left old Erin to cross the blue sea?
Didst thou come to our land to win a lover?
O tell me, now tell me, fair Norah O'Dea.

But sorrow oft pal'd thy cheek like a lily
When Death's icy touch took thy lov'd ones from thee,
But now thou'rt happy with husband and children,
But I'll never forget thee, fair Norah O'Dea.

## Tribute.

LINES RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MRS. J. H. COLBORNE.

Thy young daughters are fair,
None fairer than they;
The care thou hast giv'n them
They daily repay,
For they, like their mother,
Are faithful and good,
Which is the highest type
Of fair womanhood.

## Annie Darling.

LINES LOVINGLY INSCRIBED TO MRS. WILLIAM MEGAW, VERNON, B. C.

Annie darling, thou didst never
Think that Death so soon could sever
Thee on this fair earth forever
From thy dear mother.

I think I see thy tresses still
And hear thy voice in gladness trill
From Kamloops' busy, rippling rill,
"Come back, dear mother."

But now she sleeps sweetly in peace with God,
And, Annie, all must "pass under the rod."

## Clara Gatzke.

Dear Clara, be bright
As the bright fuschia I sent to you;
Do ev'rything right,
Good St. Valentine to you is true.

## Sweet Florence Smith.

LINES TO MR. AND MRS. ARTHUR SMITH.

Thou art bright and fair to see,
Sweet Florence Smith,
So loving and kind to me,
Sweet Florence Smith;
To meet thee is a pleasure,
Thou art truly a treasure;
May Heaven fill thy measure
With o'erflowing love for thee,
Sweet Florence Smith.

## Adeline.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MRS. WILLIAM WILSON, CHICAGO.

Lovely Adeline, how strange
I guess'd thy sweet name so well;
Thy curls and bright eyes of jet
Inspir'd me thy right name to tell.

Thou dost love the sweet twin babes
God sent to thy home, dear child;
When they cry, dear Adeline,
Be thou always meek and mild.

For dear mamma must love them,
And take good care of them, too,
For some day in God's mansion
They'll sing forever with you.

## Gussie Taylor.

Oft do I think of thee, Gussie,
So modest and sweet,
As the lilies of the valley
That lay at my feet;
And you silently took them from
Their quiet retreat
And lovingly gave them to me,
That I might ever think of thee.

## Thy Heart is Sore.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MRS. JOHN OKE.

Thy heart is sore and sad thy face,
For the father thou didst love
Has gone to join the angel throng
In the Savior's home above.

## Tribute.

TO HURON LODGE, NO. 62, I. O. O. F.

May the golden links of friendship
That bound me to you
Ever shine like the morning star,
And may I forever deserve
Your friendship so true,
E'en if I dwell from thee afar.

## My Easter Gift.

TO MISS BALL (NOW MRS. JAMES CLARK) OF ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH CHOIR, ON BEING PRESENTED BY HER WITH A BEAUTIFUL PURPLE HYACINTH.

For my Easter gift this beautiful flower
Of royal purple, a hyacinth, filling my room
With sweet fragrance, like some mosaic tower,
In all the Heav'nly majesty of its Easter bloom.

## Ricci.

TO THE MISSES COUSINS.

Quite a little coquette,
Ricci, art thou,
Fair thy hair and lovely
Thy fair arch'd brow;
Woe betide the lover
Who doth ignore
The goddess Fashion, whom
Thou dost adore.

## Frieda.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MRS. R. J. WALTERS, REGENT STREET.

Queenly thy name,
Well mayst thou claim
Kindred to the old Saxon Kings;
But well I know
A rosy glow
Thy love to thy mother's face brings.
Yet a stranger maiden to me thou art,
But so lovely, for in thy trusting heart
Love's magic charm lies—of one thou'rt the pride,
Who has claim'd thee for his fair promis'd bride—
As his loving wife—and may thy dark eyes
Be f rever to him a heav'nly prize.

## Ernest Lee.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS. CHARLES LEE. "MOUNTPLEASANT."

Dear little Ernest,
With lovely dark eyes,
Lake Huron thy heart
Doth magnetize.

Watching ev'ry sail
As it enters in
To our fair harbor,
Thy heart it doth win.

## Tribute of Love.

LINES WRITTEN IN 1890 ON BEING PRESENTED WITH A HONEY-COMB BY MRS. JOHN M'INTOSH.

(1890.)

May the honey that flows from these waxen cells
Be sweet like the mem'ry thou hast for me;
And may thy life flow like chimes of magic bells,
And mayst thou many years of happiness see.

(1903.)

And many years hast thou seen, dearest lady,
God has honor'd thee with a long life,
For to Him daily thou hast given all praise,
As faithful daughter, mother and wife.

## Doris.

LINES TO MR. AND MRS. ROBERT MEGAW.

Thou art happy now, Doris,
With thy brother dear,
Whose bonnie eyes of deep blue
Shine with light so clear.

Thou art lovely, Doris dear,
Happy all the day,
Thy blue eyes always twinkle
When you think of play.

So, Doris, my dear, pray God to spare
And keep you safe in His loving care,
And little Robert and you must sing
Hymns of praise to the Heavenly King.

## Nannie.

TO MISS NANNIE KNOX, GODERICH POSTOFFICE STAFF.

Nannie, gifted Nannie,
  Nannie with hair so fair,
And eyes of liquid blue,
  Merriment lurking there.

Nannie, gifted Nannie,
  I'll not forget thy face,
And pray that thou wilt reap
  The harvest of God's grace.

## In Memoriam.

SAMUEL STANLEY WARNOCK.

LINES RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS. WILLIAM WARNOCK.

Thy fair, lovely boy, with his beautiful face,
Has fought the good fight, he has won the good race :
His brown eyes now rest upon the golden gates,
And for thy coming he now calmly awaits.

Then mourn not for thy heir, he was true in heart,
And always in this life chose the better part :
He was pure as the flow'rs that grow in the field
And to life's temptations he never would yield.

Then cover his casket with beautiful flow'rs,
For safely he now rests in Heavenly bow'rs,
Where no cloud can obscure the rays of God's light
And where there is no more darkness, no more night.

## Mayst Thou, Like Thy Namesake.

LINES WRITTEN TO THOMAS HOGARTH.

Mayst thou, like thy fam'd namesake,
  Great honors win ;
His name through all centuries
  Will for his kin
Reflect the true grandeur that
  His soul within

Inspir'd his artist mind to
  Paint pictures rare,
And to-day all homage pay
  To his great care
Of the grand artistic fame
  His name doth bear.

## How to Reason.

TO MR. THOMAS HAWLEY, AUTHOR OF "HOW TO REASON."

How to reason,
Ev'ry season,
Is shown within thy clever book.
And I must say
'Tis Logic's way
To make things go right by a look.

## Bruce Hogan.

Dear little Bruce, how all admire
Thy ringlets as they flow
Around thy face, when merry winds
Among them lightly blow.

## Fashion.

TO MISS BAKER.

Fashion is thy goddess,
Thou art true to her,
But thy life is noble,
For her thou'lt not err.

## Auburn.

To thee, dear Auburn, I owe
A friendship most sincere,
True as the Maitland's ripples
Are to old Huron here.

## Annie Helwig.

(MRS. R. JONES.)

I only met thee, Annie,
When June's roses were in bloom,
But now, in sweet September,
For e'en me thou hast found room

In thy heart so true, Annie,
So full of Heavenly joy;
None thy friendship can forget,
Untarnish'd by earth's alloy.

## Lizzie MacKay

LINES INSCRIBED TO CAPTAIN DAN. AND MRS. MACKAY.

Winter's magic charms thee, Lizzie,
And sends its glow through thy healthful veins,
Making thee look most beautiful,
While the ice covers rivers and plains.

Then, Lizzie, ne'er lose thy courage,
Be brave, like Scotland's daughters of yore,
Always cling to the anchor Hope,
Like Jessie, heroine of Cawnpore.

"Jessie's Dream" is sung the world o'er,
'Twill be sung forever and aye, but
No heart possesses more courage
Than heart of thine, fair Lizzie MacKay.

## Little Evelyn.

LINES DEDICATED TO EVELYN GREIG, SEAFORTH

I sent thee a shamrock,
My dearest little Evelyn,
For I know thou'rt loyal
An' true as any Irish queen
That e'er wore a shamrock
On fair old Erin's throne, I ween.

Some day Erin may have
A royal princess of her own,
And none fairer than thou
Will ever wear old Erin's crown;
But thou'lt be as regal
As any who e'er grac'd a throne.

## How I Priz'd Thy Dahlias!

MISS MABEL SHARMAN.

How I priz'd thy dahlias grand,
So pretty this August day!
But I prize thy kindness more
Which is ever thine alway.

Thou art a jewel indeed
In thy belov'd mother's crown,
For her wish is e'er thy law,
Thy fair brow weareth no frown.

Then, Mabel, e'er be gracious,
Thou wilt gain thy just reward,
Both in thy own happy home
And the mansion of our Lord.

## Evelyn.

TO EVELYN M'LEAN, GRANDDAUGHTER OF CHIEF ALLAN F. M'LEAN.

Oft in memory sweet, I ween,
I'll think of charming Evelyn;
So fair her curls and blue her eyes,
She is a jewel all must prize;
And e'er mayst thou, charming Evelyn,
On the "Rock of Ages" always lean.

## Mabel's Dream.

(LINES WRITTEN ON HEARING THE DREAM OF MABEL PRICE BEFORE THE ANGEL DEATH CALLED HER FROM EARTH.)

TO NELLIE AND VANETTA PRICE, SAULT STE. MARIE MICH.

"I had a dream, a glorious dream
Of Christ the Saviour dear;
He clasp'd His hands around my
Why should I ever fear?'

Thus spake a youthful Christian maid,
Whose strength is almost gone;
But she in dreams has seen the Lord,
Her face He look'd upon.

She saw Him so tall and stately,
Rob'd in the purest white,
And now she feels earth has no charms
To fill her with delight.

'Twas but a dream, but powerful
To strengthen her young soul
To leave all those she lov'd so dear,
And all earth's joys control.

In Heav'n thou'lt join the glorious throng;
No rude winds enter there;
With Him thou wilt be face to face,
As in the dream you were.

## Charles Herbert Switzer, M. D.

LINES TO DR. CHARLES HERBERT SWITZER, GAINES, MICH.

A lifelong friendship oft remains
After an acquaintance short;
May thy friendship remain for me
Close seal'd in thy heart's retort.

## Janet Gardiner.

LINES AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO MRS. GEORGE GREEN.

Dost remember thy school days, Janet?
Dost remember me,
A quiet, studious child, Janet,
Much attach'd to thee?

And for thy loving kindness, Janet,
I pray God will bless
Thy loving spouse and beautiful home
With great happiness.

Thy beautiful home, dearest Janet
Where the maple trees
Whisper all day with thee, dear Janet,
Lake old Huron's breeze.

There's naught on earth so good and so true
As Huron's breeze to us and to you.

## Floral Welcome.

LINES WRITTEN ON RECEIVING A CARNATION PINK, SENT FROM BENWOOD, W. VIRGINIA, TO THE AUTHORESS, BY HER COUSIN, MISS TASSIE MACLEAN.

Welcome, truly welcome, art thou, from Ohio's winding shore;
Pure, ardent love is the language thou dost hold for me in store:
Imprison'd in a letter thou didst bring that message to me,
U'holding the sender's tribute when I pay homage to thee.

Thou didst not pine and die, but op'd out thy fragrant petals red,
To deck my room with beauty and around me thy perfume shed;
Thy tale of love I'll ne'er forget wheresoever I may roam,
E'en though it be in foreign lands, o'er the blue sea's waves of foam.

## Annie Chisholm.

I remember thee, dearest Annie;
Fair wert thou to see
On the Maitland's banks, thy hillside home,
So happy and free.

And now the bitter change has come that
You all fear'd so long,
But though thy mother lives not, she is
With the angel throng.

Then happy must thou be in thy lov'd
Husband's home and heart,
And pray that long may be the day that
Thou from him must part.

## Herbert Booth.

LINES TO MR. AND MRS. D. H. ROSS.

Thy little laddie is
A soldier of the cross,
And may he always choose
Life's joys without its dross.

Fair and lovely is he,
With his banner unfurl'd,
I pray that he may be
A blessing to the world.

## Dora.

LINES TO MISS DORA CAMPION.

Thy name speaks of constancy,
Of faith and love;
May no sorrow blight thy life,
May God above
Shield thee with His all powerful arm,
That no ill in life may do thee harm.

## No Cross, No Crown.

TO MR. AND MRS. GRAHAME, ON THE DEATH OF THEIR INFANT, 1903.

Under the rod pass,
Trust in God, fear not;
Thy dear little babe
A lesson has taught

That to bring thee near
To the Saviour's love
Thy infant has gone
To be crown'd above.

## Hattie.

TO MISS HATTIE DONOGH, VIOLINIST.

Dost remember, Hattie, thy mother's pure love,
Thy dear mother who left thee for realms above,
Where thy father and sister waited to greet
Her lov'd coming to remain at Jesus' feet?

The chords of thy soul with music sweet abound,
The pure notes of thy violin do resound
Through thy happy home, where love and perfect peace
Will reign here with thee until thy life doth cease.

## Annie.

LINES TO MRS. ANNIE BEDFORD GREEN, DETROIT.

1890.

Thy love is like the ivy
That round the oak doth cling,
May Heaven smile upon it
That grace from it may spring.

1903.

And grace has come, dear Annie,
For Art has woo'd thy soul,
And, may the brush and palette
Help thee to win the goal

That this world has for all those
Who use their talent rare;
And now I pray that Heaven
Will you for long years spare

To thy lovely young children,
Whom thou hast to teach
The grand glories of Heaven,
That all want to reach.

## Many Years Have I Known Thee, Mothers.

LINES TO MRS. GEORGE SHEPHARD, NILE, AND MRS. CAPTAIN JOHN KANE, GORRIE.

Many years have I known thee, mothers,
When thou wast young and gay,
But the rose is still upon thy cheek,
Thou art smiling alway.

Thy gifted sons and daughters flourish
In lands across the sea,
In the fertile land of the Northwest
And in Sault Ste. Marie.

For many years mayst thou yet enjoy
The pleasure thou hast won,
And that when "Life's Sweet Dream" is over
Thou'lt hear those words, "Well Done!"

## Lena.

TO MISS NEVILLE.

Fair is thy hair, Lena,
Blue is thine eye,
Many a lover, Lena,
For thee will sigh.

## Under My Lamp.

LINES WRITTEN ON BEING PRESENTED BY MISS WELDON, CHATHAM, WITH A BOUQUET OF LA BLANCHE FERRY SWEET PEA.

Under my lamp thy bouquet shall flourish
As long as its fragrant perfume will last,
For dear to my eye is La Blanche Ferry sweet pea,
The most fragrant of all sweet pea blossoms to me,
For o'er my heart brightest joys they cast.
  Many kind friends I meet among strangers,
My lamp is a tribute of their esteem,
And many rare bouquets from belov'd friends, perfume,
Tiny fern leaves, lily buds and roses in bloom.
  Its pendants of emerald, like a dream
Of that beautiful land that lives in song in my heart,
Of the land from which I pray all sorrow may depart.

## Gladys Marling.

LINES LOVINGLY INSCRIBED TO MISS MARLING, MONTREAL.

Thou art so gentle and kind,
With a cultivated mind,
That it would be hard to find
  One more so than thee.

Thou dost wear a pleasant smile,
In thy heart there is no guile,
And I'll love thee all the while,
  Because thou lovest me.

## To My Sunflower.

Tall and stately, thou rulest supreme,
Bowing thy head as if in a dream,
And wooing the sunbeams thou dost seem,
  My sunflower.

What can vie with thy petals of gold,
Fringing thy breast with beauty untold!
This year on Fame's banner thou'rt enroll'd,
  My sunflower.

E'en a goddess, such homage is thine,
Since Moore wrote of thee in days lang syne,
Emblem of life, most truly divine,
  My sunflower.

Queen of my garden, waft me a kiss,
Whisper to me brightest thoughts of bliss;
When winter's gloom settles I'll not miss
  My sunflower.

## Jack Swarts.

HURON HOUSE.

Thou art a favorite, dear Jack,
As we all may plainly see
E'en by thy pretty, smiling face
That with you, Jack, all agree.

But, Jack, do not let our praise
E'er intoxicate thy heart,
But study hard, that thou mayst
In life's grand work take good part.

Always be merry and bright, Jack,
And always be good and true;
"Do unto others as you would
That they all should do to you."

## Katie's Wedding Day.

1902.

I wore flowers at thy wedding, dear Katie,
Lovely chrysanthemums white,
To begin the new-born New Year, dear Katie,
My heart fill'd with pure delight.

Thy home was bedeck'd with bunting, dear Katie,
With flags of our nation dear,
And with the merrie Scotch pipers, dear Katie,
All hearts were fil'd with great cheer.

And now, dear Katie, may wealth thy lot be,
And may I never be forgotten by thee.

## Gertrude Porter.

LABOR DAY, 1903.

Those lovely purple and gold
Pansies so rare
Thou didst bring on Labor Day,
Tribute most fair,
To reward my constant work
With loving care.

And, darling little Gertrude,
Thou'rt full of love
For those who guide thy footsteps
To Heav'n above;
And in thy pure innocence
Thou'rt like a dove.

## Vera Whitely.

Thou art kind and good, Vera,
Courteous to all,
Always ready for duty
At life's bugle call.

May you still grow in beauty
And in knowledge too;
Like perfume of the rose, may
All remember you.

## "After the Ball Is Over."

LINES INSCRIBED TO DONALD M'GILLIVRAY, OF KINGSTON, WHEN 5 YEARS OF AGE.

"After the Ball is Over,"
Sang a fair-hair'd boy,
While his mother listen'd
With maternal joy
To the pure, clear notes of her only son,
Thanking God for the treasure she had won.

"Two Little Babes Were Born
In the Selfsame Town,"
Sang the youthful singer
Who will win renown;
And his mother's heart swell'd with loving pride
When listeners flocked round every side.

And now he wants to sing
In the city choir,
To praise God his aim
And earnest desire,
Tho' only five summers had fann'd his brow:
No wonder his moth rejoices now.

## Ethel Sharman.

Thou'rt fair to see, Ethel,
Of thy home the pride,
And some day of one who
Will make thee his bride.

But always be, Ethel,
As daughter or wife,
The joy of thy household
While God gives thee life.

## Florence Beavers Johnston.

TO MR. AND MRS. JAMES JOHNSTON.

Dear little Florence,
  How thine eyes of jet shine
With love when you sing
  Of the Saviour Divine.

Sing His praise daily,
  Let His love rule thine heart ;
Love thy dear parents,
  Of their lives thou'rt a part.

Thy great-grandmother
  Will tell thee oft of me,
How I sing that hymn,
  "Nearer, my God, to Thee."

The hymn that brought her
  Through this life's weary way
To the crown of love
  She now wears ev'ry day.

## Daisy Mosely.

Golden thy hair,
  Golden thy heart,
From me thou hast
  Not dwelt apart.

Thou'rt ever kind,
  As frank and free
As if a dow'r
  Belong'd to me.

## A Tribute.

TO MISS MARY L. GREEN, LOYAL, DIPLOMIST OF GUELPH AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

True advocate, Mary, art thou
Of helping those who wield the plough
By taking thy share of the duties of life,
Preparing thyself for someone's wife.
But, whether thou'rt wife or daughter,
Thou'rt a jewel of the first water ;
A dairymaid with college lore,
Studying with professors o'er
The best plan of testing rich cream,
Problems, too, of which none would dream.
Thou dost demonstrate clearly, too,
Of what value dairies to you
Are, and to all who wish good health
More than riches of untold wealth.

## My Easter Gift.

1900.

LINES TO REV. S. J. ALLIN, LONDON.

Thy gift I priz'd most highly,
A hyacinth rare,
It fill'd my heart with perfume,
No room for despair;
Then I hope thy own lov'd home
Will be bless'd with grace
To help thee to win Heaven
In this life's hard race.

## Vergissmeinnicht.

TO PROFESSOR HUNTER, DETROIT CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

If my words or good wishes will bring you good fortune
Then you'll have of them truly a pretty good store,
For like dew on the flow'rs they'll inspire you to action
To burnish your armor as it ne'er shone before.
Vergissmeinnicht.

When you cross grand old ocean to homes of the fairies,
To the homes of the maidens with soft golden hair,
Let not your dark eyes lose sight of Huron's good genius
Who drives from all hearts every cloud of despair.
Vergissmeinnicht.

Work hard for the Master, Who says, "Hide not your talent,"
In His praises pour forth the grand thoughts of your soul,
Let "Dieu et mon Droit" be engrav'd on your banner
While the waves of prosperity 'round thee do roll.
Vergissmeinnicht.

## Ruth.

LINES INSCRIBED TO RUTH, THE LITTLE DAUGHTER OF REV. AND MRS. JAMES A. HAMILTON.

Wilt thou go, darling, to India,
The little children to love,
And train their little minds, darling,
To worship our God above?

Thy hair is white, like their rice fields,
Thine eyes like beautiful stars;
Thy name sounds so sweet, Ruth darling,
No sorrow its beauty mars.

## Kathleen.

LINES TO KATHLEEN JOHNSTON, LITTLE DAUGHTER OF JUDGE AND MRS. JOHNSTON, SAULT STE. MARIE.

"Jerusalem, Jerusalem"—list !
I hear dear Kathleen sing ;
And hark ! "Hosanna in the Highest,
Hosanna to your King."

There in the grand September sunset
Her voice in sweet cadence rang,
And touch'd my heart with the high notes in
"The Holy City" she sang.

In her grandpa's piazza she stood
And sang that beautiful song,
"Hosanna in the Highest"—O list
To Kathleen, ye angel throng.

## Morris Garbraid.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MRS. GEORGE STEWART.

Often I look at thy beautiful face,
Made bright by thy beautiful eyes
And lovely crimson of the roses that
On thy twin cheeks lie—Nature's prize.

Many a rose in fam'd Garbraid doth grow,
Many a flower, large and small,
But to me thy mind is more beautiful
Than the loveliest flow'r of all.

## Hazel Hartwell.

Thou'rt joyous and bright,
Thy grandpa's delight,
Dear little Hazel so true ;
Thou'rt comely and fair,
With thoughtfulness rare
Beaming from thine eyes of blue.

Like flax thy hair, dear Hazel,
Thy face is wondrous fair,
Thy little eyes like diamonds,
Thy voice so sweet and rare.

Thy father oft quotes, Hazel,
"Nearer, my God, to Thee,"
And will teach thee to sing it
While you sit on his knee.

## Warren Rutledge Parnham,

DETROIT.

O Warren, be never deceitful,
  Be always loving and true,
And ever be cheerful and bright,
  There's always something to do:

Something to do for thy mother,
  Something to do for a friend ;
But always remember our Father
  And His kingdom without end.

## William Henry Skimings.

Mayst thou have a rich reward,
Mayst thou be proud of the bard
  That wields the pen in thy home,
Who could of gold ringlets tell,
That crown'd thy brow once so well,
  Before from home thou didst roam.

But now, although thy curls have gone,
Thou'rt still the same to ev'ry one ;
Thy heart is proof against all ill,
Thou'rt the same loving brother still.

## I. O. O. F. Friendship.

May the golden links of thy friendship open
  And within their clasp draw me,
For friendship like thine is a jewel rare
  That never can broken be.

## We Welcome Thee Right Merrily.

TO MRS. CHARLES HARPER.

We welcome thee right merrily
  To old Lake Huron's shore,
And sad should the Queen City be
For one so fair and bright as thee
  To dwell with her no more.

But we trust that Dame Fortune still
  Woos thee, with smile so sweet,
And pours her riches down on thee,
So that thou wilt not sorry be
  To leave her fam'd retreat.

## Caroline.

1903.

TO MR. AND MRS. PERCIVAL EVANS BELL, ON RECEIVING A BEAUTIFUL BOUQUET OF NASTURTIUMS FROM THE LATTER.

Those lovely nasturtiums of flame color,
This bright, beautiful September day,
Inspire in my inmost soul the sweet hope
That their flame may become a bright ray

Which may illume this new volume of poems
And reflect from them thy love for me,
For many a loving tribute I have
In the long, long years receiv'd from thee.

## To Mrs. William Stewart.

(BANK OF MONTREAL.)

Every year a tribute you gave
From your garden grand and fair
To me, so please accept my poor thanks
For your flowers truly rare.

Thy kindness I will never forget,
And trust that I always will
Receive my floral tribute, as token
That I merit thy love still.

## Alice K.

(IN MEMORIAM.)

LINES INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS. CHARLES RUFFEL, 1903.

"A bud Thou hast pluck'd from the garden,"
Said a minister that day,
When dear little Alice, so lovely,
In her little casket lay,

Cover'd with flowers so beautiful,
Tributes from many dear friends;
But Alice is safe in the garden
Where happiness never ends.

## Frank Beattie.

From turner to engineer
Is a step in the right direction,
But keep on the Grand Trunk path
Without any more reflection.

## Little Johnnie Farr.

LINES TO MR. AND MRS. MICHAEL FARR.

"Give me that sunflower,"
  Said little Johnnie Farr,
And I then, not wishing
  His youthful heart to mar

Nor yet to lose my gift,
  For the centre was green
Of that grandest sunflow'r
  The world has ever seen,

I promis'd to give him
  Another some fine day,
And so little Johnnie
  Was happy in his play.

His bright black eyes seem'd full
  Of perfect faith in me,
And I pray Johnnie will
  A hero some day be.

## Elaine Proudfoot.

Thou art beautiful, Elaine,
  You have so charm'd my heart.
I feel that I never can
  From thy presence depart.

## Ye Olde Curiosity Shop.

DEDICATED TO GAVIN GREEN, HAMILTON STREET.

Ye are of old tomes a preserver,
  Of etchings and paintings rich and rare,
And only for thee much would be lost
  Of precious art left to thy care.

If I were but famous like Dickens
  I truly should for one moment stop
To take my pen, and a poem crisp write
  To ye Olde Curiosity Shop.

And Dickens and all ye old authors
  Will always find a safe place to drop,
And all old artists and composers,
  In ye Olde Curiosity Shop.

## To Mrs. B. J. Saults.

Thy friendship like magic is nectar to me,
Distill'd from the fountain of love;
And may thy life a garden of beauty be
In the beautiful land above.

## Three Times Three Cheers For Ye, Bowlers A'.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO W. LANE, ESQ.

Three times three cheers for ye, bowlers a',
Who make physical culture your law,
An' may your minds keep as fresh an' green
As the West street lawn at morn an' e'en,

In summer time,
When roses climb
Around thy garden bow'rs;
But that green lawn
Needs nerve an' brawn
To fill thy leisure hours.

## Keep the Pure Love of God.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MISS EDITH HALLIDAY, LONDON, ONT.

Keep the pure love of God
Forever in thy heart;
Thou'rt fair, but not too fair
From His ways to depart.

Thou'rt young and full of grace,
Modest as lily fair;
But ever keep His law,
To which naught can compare.

## "Only A Rosebud."

IN MEMORIAM, ENGINEER FREDERICK J. LOVE.

"Only a rosebud," oft' so lightly he sang
When his work was done as the even bell rang;
From gaiety to sadness, often his mind
Wove chains of memories, for the lov'd he pin'd.
"I'm wearin' awa', Jean, through snaw wreaths, I feel
I'm wearin' awa' to the 'Land o' the Leal."
No tear bedimm'd his blue eyes—that night he sang
His last night on earth—for next morn the news rang
That Death's angel call'd him from his busy life,
Taking him from earth's daily turmoil and strife.

## Work Hard For The Master.

TO THE DAUGHTERS OF THE EMPIRE, GODERICH MARINE HOSPITAL BOARD.

Work hard for the Master ;
He worketh for thee ;
And ne'er be discouraged ;
He ruleth the sea,

And He ruleth the land,
And for thee will raise
His omnipotent hand ;
So work in His praise.

## Johnnie's Bronchos.

LINES INSCRIBED TO JOHNNIE PORTER, PORTERFIELD FARM.

Thou carest for naught but thy bronchos, Johnnie,
The one so pretty and white,
The other piebald—both true to thee, Johnnie,
A truly attractive sight.

They help thee to lead a true life, dear Johnnie,
Thou'rt up with the rising sun,
And when evening comes your duty to them
Ends the work the day begun.

Both winter and summer always you greet us
With your bright and cheerful smile,
And may manhood find thy faithful heart strengthen'd
Against this life's sordid guile.

## Grand Is Thy Art.

DARIUS DOTY SALLOWS, PHOTOGRAPHER, WOODSTOCK.

Grand is thy art;
The Master of all
Will fill thy heart
When thou dost call.

Upon Him night
And morn in pray'r ;
Thou'lt feel His might
In wondrous care

That He for thee
Will ever take ;
Then ever be,
For His dear sake,

Full of true love,
Darius dear,
For Him above
Who rules all here.

## So Fair and So Comely Art Thou

LINES DEDICATED TO MRS. RICHARD RANSFORD, CLINTON, ONT. ON PRESENTING HER WITH A VIOLET CALENDAR FOR 1904

So fair and so comely art thou,
Thy white locks crown a noble brow,
Thy eyes bespeak a soul so pure
That ev'ry ill thou fain wouldst cure.

Like lily in the valley sweet
With sweetest smile thou didst me greet
No riches could make thee forget
The humblest friend thou e'er hast met.

And pray accept this souvenir
Of violets thou dost love so dear,
And may God give thee length of days
To offer Him eternal praise.

## Tribute.

LINES DEDICATED TO DR. MABEE, ON PRESENTING HIM ON NEW YEAR'S DAY WITH A BOUQUET.

I give these bright green leaves to thee
To flourish in thy memory,
That thou mayst gain a fit reward
For all thou doest, for the Lord
Will truly bless al. those who take
Care of His gifts for His name's sake.

## A Sunflower Tribute.

TO BERT. SMITH.

I accept thy faithful tribute, Bert.
Of golden sunflowers two,
Which decorated thy horse's head,
A glorious sight to view.

As I reclined in a cushion'd chair
In Lieut. Wells' fair home,
Thro' the window the sunflow'rs' beauty
Caus'd my mind o'er all to roam.

I saw thee, Bert, so youthful and bright
And thy father's will thy law;
I saw thee proud of thy noble steed,
And its golden wreath I saw.

I saw that thy aim in life was bright
As thy horse's coronet,
While you drove through Saltford's busy street
At the charm'd hour of sunset.

## To Life's Work Be True.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MR. H. J. MELVILLE ON PRESENTING HIM WITH A SPRIG O' HEATHER.

To life's work be true,
As the bloom to the heather:
With thy courtesy
Bind many hearts together.

Let "Dieu et Mon Droit"
Be thy firm purpose alway,
And allow no doubt
E'er to stand in thy pathway.

## Violet Day,

1904.

LINES INSCRIBED TO THE FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE CHAPTER OF THE DAUGHTERS OF THE EMPIRE AT THEIR "VIOLET TEA."

May the perfume of thy
Violets sweet
Ever surround thy works,
And like sweet incense lie
At Jesus' feet.

## So Peaceful and So Calm He Lay.

LINES DEDICATED TO THE FAMILY OF THE LATE PETER M'EWAN.

So peaceful and so calm he lay
On that cold February day;
Upon his breast a fair white rose
Lay in a most blissful repose,
And o'er his face the golden ray
Of the winter's sun seem'd to say:
"The Master waits for him afar,
Within the golden gates ajar."

## The Cosmos Spray.

Cosmos violet, cosmos white,
Cosmos, everyone's delight;
Cosmos, so innocent and sweet,
Growing in some sacred retreat.

The poor child's glory too art thou.
Yet, bending o'er thee, rich men bow
And wonder how the cosmos spray
Blooms lovely in a poor child's way.

## Eyes of Violet Blue.

DEDICATED TO MISS ARIEL VAN VALKENBURG, NORWICH, ONT.

Fair as a lily,
  With eyes of violet blue,
Rose bloom on thy cheeks,
  Fed by Heaven's pure dew.

Thou'rt not too lovely
  To blossom here below,
And with thy presence
  Cheer all hearts fill'd with woe.

Happy he who wins
  The love of thy pure heart;
That great heav'nly love
  From thee will ne'er depart.

## Canada's Tribute.

TO HER EXCELLENCY, THE COUNTESS OF MINTO.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY, 1904.

Fair Canada should crown thee, Countess fair,
With a wreath of bright, golden maple leaves
As yellow as the maple leaf in the
Lovely autumn time; for well hast thou gain'd
Her love and her admiration for zeal
In her work of soothing the great distress
To which our frail humanity is heir.
Thy name will be honor'd while life doth last
And flowers of love at thy feet be cast.

## Dost Thou Remember Me?

LINES INSCRIBED TO MRS. ROBERT YOUNG, WHO SPENT THE WINTER OF 1903-1904 IN CALIFORNIA.

Dost thou remember me
  When roaming 'mong the flow'rs
That grow so proudly in
  California's bow'rs?

Dost think the roses bloom
  As lovely as thine own,
Or the pansies purple
  Have your own quite outshone?

Thy pansies will greet thee
  And nod their heads and say,
"The snowflakes frighten'd us,
  We're glad thou'rt come to stay."

## September,

1903.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MRS. D. BUCHANAN.

Roses yellow and roses red,
Blooming around about the bed
Of mignonette, with perfume sweet,
Growing so proudly at thy feet.

Pansies purple, pansies golden,
Pansies fragrant, like times olden ;
Dahlias of brightest crimson, too,
Gay September smiles upon you.

## Tribute.

O. A. C., 1903.

LINES WRITTEN ON BEING PRESENTED WITH AN ONTARIO AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE PIN.

The old Province grand
  Of Ontario will flourish
As long as our land
  Can the Nation's mind nourish.

## Tribute.

G. T. R. A.

LINES WRITTEN ON PRESENTING CAPTAIN LAITHWAITE WITH A BADGE FOR THE GODERICH TOWNSHIP RIFLE ASSOCIATION HALL, FEBRUARY 25TH, 1904.

To Old Huron ye have all been true
As the plough ye draw the furrows through.
Steady your nerve and as true your aim,
Which soon will inspire ye on to fame ;
And may this badge that I humbly give
Prepare ye for higher aims to live.

FIRST EDITION

OF

# GOLDEN LEAVES

(ABRIDGED)

BY

ELOISE A. SKIMINGS

PUBLISHED 1890

# INTRODUCTION.

LIKE whisperings from soul to soul may these GOLDEN LEAVES inspire my readers, as I have been inspired, to acts of benevolence, to a study of our beautiful English language, to keep it pure and unsullied, and to acts of kindness, no matter in what sphere of life we are placed.

Trusting my many readers may agree with H. R. H. Princess Louise in styling my poems "graceful poetry," I present GOLDEN LEAVES to a music loving and poetical public.

ELOISE A. SKIMINGS,
Composer of "National March," etc.

# POEMS.

## Baby.

DEDICATED TO MR. AND MRS. T. M'GILLICUDDY.

Rosy, dimpled cheeks and chin
  Has our baby.
How it loves our smiles to win,
  Pretty baby !
Laughs loud when our pet bird sings,
  Does our baby,
And clasps its hands, chubby things,
  Sweetest baby.
Tries to walk across the way,
  Clever baby,
Kisses its hands, when we say,
  "Good-bye, baby."

## Happy Thoughts.

Happy thoughts—how little they cost,
  Yet are they pearls of value rare
To those who on life's sea are tossed,
  Whose earthly lot is hard to bear.

Happy they who know their power,
  Know the goodness that from them springs,
Hope 'gain conquests every hour,
  And from High its blessing brings.

Happy thoughts, like the April sun,
  Melting away the winter snows ;
And when life's happy goal is won,
  Grand among thorns appears the rose.

## Impromptu.

ON READING "LINES" BY FATHER RYAN, THE POET OF THE SOUTH

Drop a tear for the Bard, a pæan of praise,
An off'ring from the heart, to the poet priest whose lays
Hold our souls spellbound with his Heaven-inspired pen :
Wreathe the laurel round his brow, illustrious of men.

Drop a tear for the Bard, who eschews all praise and fame :
Who humbly asks for tears, to immortalize his name.
May his name by generations be upheld with love
After his spirit takes its flight to Heavenly realms above.

## Willie Stewart.

The storms may rage on thy hillside home,
  Albeit their wild mirth thou dost not fear :
But thy parents' hearts will joyless be
  As the Maitland's banks thou lovedst so dear.

Long will they mourn thee, child of their love,
  Earth's gladness ever wreathed thy sun-lit face :
In glory now this New Year, thy soul
  Has triumphed over earth's valiant race.

In the mem'ry of thy friends thou'lt live,
  Thy comrades who the tree of knowledge guard.
All loved thee for thy bright, happy smiles,
  A smile that lifted the soul Heavenward.

I write these loving words that they may
  Ever fill thy loving brother with zeal
To follow in thy steps ; that the Lord
  A soldier of Christ his life will seal.

## In Memoriam.

MISS ADELAIDE LORRAINE WATSON.

Gone is thy loved one to that land of beauty
  Where the immortals bloom divinely fair ;
Where innocence blossoms with love and duty,
  Brought by earth's pearls so rich and rare.

Thy darling has pass'd thro' the beautiful gates
  To the fair, golden City of Rest ;
With her angelic robes she patiently waits
  For those whom she lov'd on earth the best.

## Lines

WRITTEN BY REQUEST, AND RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS. L. ELLIOTT.

Thy boy is safe—no pain, nor grief,
No woe that cannot find relief
Can reach his soul. No parting tear
To shed, no worldly strife to fear,
But peace—a holy peace—a calm
Unknown to mortals, the Heavenly balm
That death alone can bring to those
Who are found pure, whose life o'erflows
With God's holy grace. Like a vine
Round thy heart did its tendrils twine
Until the truth shone out. The flow'r
Was only lent to earth's fair bower
To bloom in Heaven, to pray for thee
That joy be thine in eternity.

## Children of Mary.

DEDICATED TO MONSIGNOR BRUYERE.

Children of Mary, happy band,
Blossoms of virtue rare;
Were ye in the spirit land?
Thy faces wear no care -

But modesty, most precious gem,
Illumines ev'ry face;
Ah me! what mortal could endure
This monument of grace.

Children of Mary—be sincere,
Let no vain thoughts arise,
But daily, with our Mother dear,
Praise Him who rules the skies.

Praise Him Who formed thee of the dust,
Praise Him Who rules thy soul;
And in our blessed Mother trust,
She will your hearts control.

And with the blessed Bernard sing
(That saint who homage paid),
"None have ever found Thee wanting
Who have called upon Thy aid."

## To Sloane Martin.

WHO HAS LAIN FOR YEARS ON HIS COUCH.

Little martyr, how patient art thou,
Always a smile on thy face and brow;
The Saviour has spared thee to know His love,
That when health is thine His might you'll prove.

## Lines

AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO CAPT. AND MRS. A. E. M'GREGOR, ON THE DEATH OF THEIR INFANT SON, CLIFTON PLAYFAIR.

Thy babe, in its blooming beauty,
Unfolding new love each hour,
Was too pure and too sweet to leave
In earth's decaying bower.

He has gone where no sorrow yet
Has entered the golden gate;
And with joy, among the angels,
The lov'd ones he will await.

Love's anchor now will hold the chain
Among the angelic band;
The bonny blue eyes will greet thee
In that far-off, beauteous land.

## Lines

INSCRIBED TO THE SISTERS OF THE LATE MISS JANE M'MAHON.

The Reaper Death ne'er tires,
A true, faithful servant
Of a loving Master;
And she, thy lov'd sister,
Has op'd the golden gates,
Has entered the portal,
Has trod her Master's steps,
Ne'er faltering by the way,
The "via crucis"—trod
By all whom God creates,
E'en from the beginning
To the resurrection.
Then faint not, ye sisters,
Let her soul rest in peace,
Her soul that feared not death,
That loved the Lord her God—
And now from earth's pain is free,
She wears an angelic crown,
Type of immortality
To hearts bow'd down.

## To Mr. and Mrs. Straiton,

ON THE DEATH OF THEIR BELOVED ALLIE. "HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP."

So sweetly the breezes play
Above thy darling Allie's breast:
The song birds nestle 'mong the leaves,
Disturbing not her new-found rest.

Sweet, gentle Allie, too fair for earth,
O, why should thy fond parents weep?
Thou hast enter'd thro' the pearly gates,
Where He giveth His belov'd sleep.

## Elegy.

TO AN OLD FRIEND.

Many years have pass'd since they laid thee down to rest,
True child of Erin, thou didst love that land the best:
Thou wert loving and kind in my childhood's early days,
I prize thy mem'ry yet—thou art worthy of all praise.

Thy daughters, too, have joined thee in the spirit land,
How oft they pray'd around thy knee, a happy band;
But had they liv'd they ne'er could mourn thee more than I.
Yet I hope with thee they're happy, praising the Most High.

## Impromptu.

Come, gentle muse, thy light diffuse,
However dim, I'll not refuse
Assistance from thine inspired pen,
Real type of genius among men.
Leave on this page a souvenir,
E'en if it valueless appear,
S'il vous plait, —que voulez vous me dire?

Methinks the sailor's love of home
Contentment mars, when billows foam:
In storm or calm tho' 'tis the same,
Not e'en an ardent love for fame
Triumphs o'er it. Borne on the breeze
O'er Huron's breast, or southern seas,
Sounding above the ocean's roar,
Home, home, sweet home, till life is o'er.

## Marguerite.

IN MEMORIAM, D. B. HODGE.

Kind friend, O bear awhile the warfare of this life.
Now a widowed mother—once a happy wife:
Thy loving husband needs not now thy tender care,
In a world of glory he waits thy coming there.

His works were works of love in our Canadian land;
His words were words of truth, on India's coral strand;
But now his labor's o'er, his sands of life have pass'd,
And sorrow o'er his happy home its clouds have cast.

But rejoice, widow'd mother, be happy, I pray,
Love will surround thee and illumine the way;
When the snowflakes fall upon his new-made grave
Remember his bravery, and be thou brave.

## "I Am Happy."

LAST WORDS OF THE LATE NEIL DOUGLAS MOORE, OF STRATHROY, WHO DIED AT LONDON, ONTARIO.

"I am happy." Yes, my darling,
Tho' our hearts are bowed with grief:
God has placed thee 'mong His angels
To grant thy wearied soul relief.

"I am happy." Yes—the halo
Always shone around thy brow;
And thine eyes of Heavenly azure
Beamed with love on us below.

"I am happy." Mother, father,
Sister, brother, weep not so;
For the God of glory calls me,
"I am happy"—I must go.

## Thy Will Be Done.

A mother weeping stands
  O'er the casket of her son;
Meekly, with folded hands,
  She whispers, "Thy will be done

She kissed the calm, cold brow
  And smoothed the soft, fair hair
"'Tis hard to lose thee now,"
  "Thy will be done," her prayer.

What words from human tongue
  In this, the hour of weeping!
And her fond heart so wrung,
  Its pulses wildly leaping.

O God, our Sovereign Lord,
  Comfort her who trusts in thee;
Strengthen her with Thy word:
  "Ye that are laden come to me."

And may she ever know
  That peace to mortals given;
"Thy will be done below,
  As it is done in Heaven."

## The Lord, He Guideth Me.

TO A FRIEND.

O my heart is light
And my songs are bright,
  My voice is full of glee;
No dark cloud of care
My heart can ensnare—
  The Lord, He guideth me.

The vesper bell peals,
My heart joyous feels
  At its sweet minstrelsy.
While I list, these notes
On the light air float,
  The Lord, He guideth me.

Then with lasting love
I will look above
  In all humility;
In notes of sweet song
Sing the whole day long,
  The Lord, He guideth me.

O my heart is light
And my songs are bright,
  My voice is full of glee;
No dark cloud of care
My heart can ensnare,
  The Lord, He guideth me.

## Edna.

TO MR. AND MRS. J. C. HARRISON, ON THE DEATH OF THEIR INFANT DAUGHTER, EDNA MAY.

The pretty, tiny, dimpled hands
Are closed on earth for aye;
The ruby lips and pearly teeth
Are covered with the clay.

But Edna's tiny human soul,
That looked from eyes of blue,
Has entered now the Heav'nly goal
And beams with love on you.

## September.

TO CHARLES MITCHELL, ESQ., "FREE PRESS," OTTAWA

The summer breezes play among the autumn leaves,
All nature seems more gay, and Flora garlands weaves.

The peach with glowing cheek crimsoning in the sun,
And golden pippin meek; Eve's work has just begun.

The fruit she gathers in, a basket by her stands;
Adam helps—her smile to win, that smile a price demands.

The dahlia's dazzling head rivals the sunflow'r grand;
September takes the lead, gorgeous-hued her wand.

The aster's modest bloom and clust'ring mignonette
With delicate perfume, by far the sweetest yet.

Creamy blooming tea rose and amaryllis rare;
The flaming gladiola grows, a flow'r without compare.

September, we crown thee, loveliest month of all!
The ripen'd fruit we see heralds the Master's call.

## Hymn.

To Thee, O God, to Thee
Be praise forever given;
Look down with love on me,
And raise my soul to Heaven.

Be Thou my Guide and Stay,
My Hope when sorrows come;
To all who watch and pray
Thou'lt give a Heavenly home.

Then cease, O aching heart,
And throb no more with pain;
Ne'er from thy God depart,
A crown in Heaven thou'lt gain.

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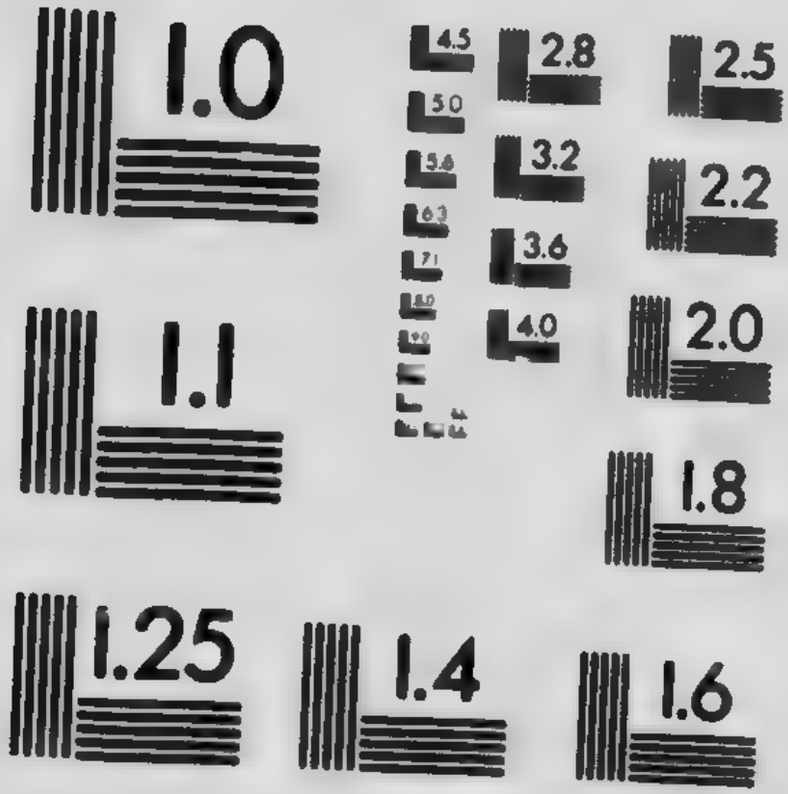
(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)

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## In Memoriam.

LINES AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO MRS. J. C. M'INTOSH, ON THE DEATH OF HER CHILDREN.

Child of Mary, be strong, the angel of death
Came but at the voice of thy God;
Thy bright little darlings escaped sin's breath;
God loves thee, pass under the rod.

Thou'rt nearer Heaven now than yester eve,
The gates have been open'd for thee,
To draw thee to Him, the chain to weave
That leads to immortality.

## Resurgam.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO MRS. PATRICK M'DONALD.

Child of Mary, O do not weep,
Christ giveth His beloved sleep;
From this glorious Easter morn,
Although thy heart with grief was torn,
Thy husband's voice on high was borne
To the angelic shore.

First ye mourned when the Angel Death
O'er your lov'd blossom drew his breath;
A blossom, yet the bud was dear,
And now the heart which gave you cheer,
Which bade you wipe away the tear,
Has only gone before.

"Thy will be done," the Christian's prayer,
Safe within His sheltering care,
Strengthen'd by His Heavenly grace,
The great Redeemer of your race,
Our hope, our comfort and solace
Now and forever more.

## Elegy.

BEATUS VIR QUI TIMET DOMINUM.—MATTHEW J. LEONARD.

Oh! why did God send His Angel Death
To thy home of comfort and peace?
Thou wast good and true, an earthly saint,
And now thou'rt gone where sorrows cease.

To the suffering thou didst give joy,
To the weary thou didst give rest;
And in thy heart faith ruled supreme,
Life's ever beatific guest.

And she to whom thy fond love was given
Mourns thee at noon and eventide;
For thee will she pray, while life doth last,
Thy ever-faithful widow'd bride.

## Loved Isie.

DEDICATED TO THE FRIENDS OF THE LATE MRS. CHARLES GIRVIN, JR.

What can I say thy hearts to comfort and cheer?
Thy comfort is taken, the daughter so dear,
A loved wife and mother now lies in her bier,
Loved Isie.

Fairest among women, so gentle and sweet,
Thy voice like nightingale's in sylvan retreat,
Always ready through toil thy husband to greet,
Loved Isie.

Thou art gone to the mansion the crown to wear,
The reward of virtue, God's glory to share,
Thou'lt not be forgotten, earth's flow'ret so fair,
Loved Isie.

Thy husband will mourn thee forever and aye,
Thy child he will cherish until called away,
Her young heart to him is a Heavenly ray,
Loved Isie.

Farewell, dearest friend, thou art gone from all pain,
Thou wouldst not return earth's grand titles to gain,
"All is but vanity," why should you remain,
Loved Isie?

## Lines

IN MEMORIAM, DEDICATED TO MRS. E. J. COPELAND, ON THE DEATH OF HER SON, AT LOS ANGELES, CAL.

How I miss thee, my first-born, my well-beloved son!
And I'll try on bended knees to say, "Thy will be done,"
Every morn and night, until my race on earth is run—
God knoweth best.

The birds are carolling gaily o'er thy new-made grave;
Sweet flow'rs are shedding their fragrance o'er thy heart so brave;
'Mong the trees the breezes play, as if thy love they crave,
While thou'rt at rest.

Thou art happy in thy home by the golden river,
Pouring forth thy praises to the Heavenly Giver
Of celestial and terrestrial joy, who sends Death's quiver
To mortal breast.

There we will meet again, to dwell in rapturous joy,
With cherubim and seraphim will sing, my dearest boy,
Where no stain of sin or tarnish of earth's alloy
Can mar thy crest.

## Resurrexit Sicut Dixit.

EASTER, 1885.

The April sun is shining,
  The world is bathed in light,
For Christ to-day is risen
  In majesty and might
    "Resurrexit sicut dixit."

Christians, rejoice—let your lives
  Like spring flow'rs fragrant be;
Do unto others as ye would
  That they should do to thee—
    "Resurrexit sicut dixit."

Let peace and love sway your hearts,
  That God's blessing may fall
On this fair Canadian land,
  The home of bliss for all—
    "Resurrexit sicut dixit."

## "Faithful Unto Death."

THOS. WYATT, KILLED AT G. T. R. STATION.

Died at his post in the early morn,
Valiant and strong—a soldier born;
Shirk'd not life's hardships, of sterling worth,
Faithful and true at his fireside hearth.

God knoweth all things—God is all love,
Let us always look to Him above;
He will reward thee, He bore the cross,
Which shews us all earthly things are dross.

Faithful unto death, the engineer's call,
Sure as the cannon, sends death to all,
But will in glory, when Christ comes again,
Call him to His ranks on the Heavenly plain.

## Philomene.

I thank you for your baby's gift—
  Her portrait and her flowers—
On this feast of Corpus Christi,
  When Dame Nature fills her bowers

With sweet buds of rarest beauty,
  June roses and lilies white,
Crimson tipp'd daisies—Burns' lov'd flow'rs,
  My passion and fond delight.

May your babe advance in beauty,
  May her life no sorrow know;
And may her maidenhood be crown'd
  With the joys of earth below.

## Awake Unto Righteousness.

IN MEMORIAM OF THE LATE MRS. ANDREW BECK, OF SALTFORD WHO DIED, ESTEEMED BY ALL, 11TH JULY, 1884.

Awake unto righteousness,
Not idly dreaming;
A loving wife and mother
With hope's rays streaming
From eyes, whose modest beauty
Told of the soul within,
Told of the faith and homage
That kept her free from sin.

Mourn not—her prayer was heard
That her daughter's face
A woman's soul would illumine
With a heaven-born grace;
So weep not, Christian friends,
With flowers deck her grave,
To bloom among the grasses
While o'er her tomb they wave.

## May Dunlop.

Thine eyes are like twin stars in the heavens above,
Twinkling so merrily, with their light of love;
Thy face like the angels', so pure and sweet,
Budding into beauty, unclouded by deceit.

Thy locks of waving hair are like the raven's wing,
To thy parents' hearts much happiness wilt thou bring.
A merry, merry maiden mayst thou always be;
May thy voice always carol in its innocent glee.

## Long Will Ye Mourn.

DEDICATED TO THE FAMILY OF THE LATE MRS. ARCHIE DICKSON.

Long will ye mourn your sweet mother's care,
Long will ye listen to her oft repeated prayer,
"Thy will be done on earth, O Lord, even unto me,
Thou art my Guide—my all—I will place my hope in Thee.

"Heaven will be my home, and from the eternal shore
My voice will echo back the love to you I bore;
Help each other day by day, with a loving hand,
And be ready all to meet me in the better land."

A few short years have roll'd along—death knocks at thy door,
Again art thou bereaved, thou'rt sadder than before;
Thy fond father whom I lov'd has left thee—God is thy Guide,
He will ne'er forsake the children of the bridegroom and bride.

## Album Verses.

TO CARRIE SMITH.

Like the lilies of the valley, Carrie,
That grace this album of thine,
May thy young life be pure and sweet, Carrie
And truth from thy dark eyes shine.

Like the fern that keeps its beauty, Carrie
Preserved from the sun's strong light,
May the great love of the Saviour, Carrie
Keep you lovely in His sight.

## National Hymn.

O Lord our God, Who rules above,
Accept our earthly works of love
And fill our souls with faith to prove
Thy majesty.

Let the Gospel's seed take root and bloom,
And flowers of faith expel the gloom,
For Christ has risen from the tomb
In majesty.

Let ev'ry tongue Thy praise proclaim,
Let ev'ry knee bow at Thy name,
For Jesus Thou art still the same
In majesty.

The Heavens with Thy name shall ring,
And countless angels endless sing,
We'll live with Thee, our Lord and King,
In majesty.

## Grandpa.

DOUGAL MOORE, ESQ.

With wavy locks of silv'ry white,
With soul as pure as morning light,
With voice as sweet as bird on wing;
May Heav'n to him new blessings bring.

May many days to him be giv'n,
That he may lead more souls to Heav'n,
And be a joy to those on earth,
To those who owe to him their birth.

And when death seals his mortal eyes,
With his lov'd ones in Paradise
He'll praise his God in endless song,
For now his faith is firm and strong.

## Sursum Corda.

LINES RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO MR. AND MRS. FRANK LAWRENCE, ON THE DEATH OF THEIR LITTLE DAUGHTER, GRACIE.

Lift up your hearts to the Most High,
To your olive branch beyond the sky
To the decree, all men must die,
Must ye fond parents bow.

For now ye know your chain of love
Has one pure link in Heaven above,
A link—your greatest treasure trove,
Your angel Gracie now.

For thee her angel voice will ring,
And to your hearts God's grace will bring,
That now with her God's praise you'll sing
Until you meet above.

Weep not—courage! her pain is o'er,
Safe in Christ's arms for evermore,
Safe anchor'd on the Heavenly shore
With the Father of Love.

## Asperges Me Domine.

GEORGE CARROLL, OF ST. PETER'S CHOIR, GODERICH, WHO DIED IN CALIFORNIA IN 1888.

Far, far from those who love thee,
In a strange land,
Didst thou leave this world of pain
At thy God's command.

But thou didst see the beauties
Of that golden shore;
To fit thee for the treasures
Won by those before.

And with them now you're singing
Hosannas soft and sweet;
For "Not ashamed of Jesus"
Oft our ears did greet.

In the holy Christmas time,
Or on Easter Day,
Didst thou fill St. Peter's choir
With jubilant lay.

"Adeste Fideles" soon
Will float thro' the air
Grand tune, humbly sung by thee.
Now a crown you wear.

## Blossom.

WRITTEN ON PRESENTING MISS BLOSSOM ROBERTS WITH A COPY OF MY "FORGET-ME-NOT" WALTZ.

Dear Blossom, thou'rt well named, I trow.
For thy face is bright and fair;
Thy dark eyes shine
With light divine,
Madonna-like is thy hair.

Music will wake to life thy soul,
And soon will we hear thy name:
A brilliant star
Thou'lt shine afar
On the treasur'd Book of Fame.

To thee this pretty waltz I give,
Which I named "Forget-Me-Not";
Its strains are sweet
For pretty feet,
It will charm some one I wot.

## Stanzas to Lord Cecil.

Huron welcomes thee, Cecil, Albion's saint,
Thy banner will float o'er the hearts of the faint:
Thy banner unfurl'd bears the crescent of truth,
Life's harvest in old age, from seed sown in youth.

Thrice welcome, Lord Cecil, in hut and in hall,
Thy mind is a diamond, superior to all;
The mines of Golconda yield nothing so bright
As the Gospel of Him Who turns darkness to light.

A poet's pen traces this tribute to one
Who lives only to praise the Eternal Son.
Whose jewels are crosses, whose sword is the Word,
Whose crown is the helmet of Jesus our Lord.

## Mrs. Fanny Armstrong.

(FLORIST.)

Like thy flowers that bloom
In spring time,
Erst the frost has said good-bye,
In thy prime
Wert thou stricken—thou didst lie
Nearing the silent tomb.

The June roses crowned thee
With their wealth,
And the lilies bade thee rise
In good health:
And now each floweret vies
In Te Deums with me.

## Ruby.

INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS. JOHN W. EDWARDS

When flowers were in their budding beauty
With fragrance so pure and sweet,
Thy flow'r, thy babe, was taken to bloom
In Heav'n at the Saviour's feet.

Her love for thee will ne'er decay,
Tho' her infant lips are mute;
In Heaven she sings with the angels
To the sounds of harp and lute.

A ruby in the heavenly crown,
'Twill shine among diamonds bright;
Its rays will ever o'ershadow thee
And lead thee with heav'nly light.

## To a Physician's Wife.

Loving, kind and gentle,
Happy mother and wife;
May sorrow's darkened cloud
Ne'er enshroud thy life.

May thy friendship ever
Be true and sincere;
And if thy helping hand
Some sad heart can cheer,

Let thy love like sunshine
Illumine their path,
And God will reward thee,
For love of those He hath

Who go about doing
Good to those in pain,
Kind acts to whom will be
Sunshine after rain.

Then may God spare thee long,
Thy noble husband, too;
May thy son have talents
That are given to few.

## To Lena.

Thou hast a face, Lena, a princess might envy,
On thy cheeks blossom the roses;
Thy coral red lips whisper of Love's happiness,
In thy presence joy reposes.

Ever may thy hand be given to succor the needy,
May thy voice chase all care away,
May the blessings of Heaven descend on thee daily,
With the sun's effulgent ray.

## In Memoriam.

LINES AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO THE SORROWING FAMILY OF THE LATE MR. JOHN LUBY, WHO DIED 22ND AUGUST, 1896.

Thy father has gone to the land of rest :
On his grave shines the August sun,
A molten sea of gold, a fitting crest
For the Christian prize he has won.
Requiescat in pace.

Weep not ; his spirit rejoices above,
Earth's battles for him have no care,
But ye, for whom he cherish'd untold love,
Daily breathe for his soul this pray'r,
Requiescat in pace.

## To Mr. and Mrs. J. Shepherd.

(ON THE DEATH OF THEIR LITTLE DAUGHTER.)

Sweet blossoming flow'ret,
Of tender mould,
More precious to thee
Than gems or gold :
Thy sweet earthly treasure,
Now in the fold
Of the Lamb.

Lay her 'mid the flow'rs,
Fragrant and bright,
Emblems of the glory
Before her sight,
In the beautiful land,
The saints c[illegible]ht,
With the Lamb.

## A Love Token.

TO MRS. LAMPREY, ON THE DEATH OF HER SON, ROBERT.

Just before midnight came the summons,
"Christ wants thee for His angelic band,
For hast thou faithfully done thy work,
Come now with Me to the better land."

Why should we weep when the rose is pulled ?
If left it would die upon the tree ;
We want its fragrance, and break the stem,
So God took him from earth and thee.

Weep not ; he's safe on the golden shore ;
Temptation cannot sully his heart.
Weep not ; Christ will thy wounded soul heal
And to thee His great blessings impart.

## In Memoriam.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO THE FRIENDS IN JESUS OF THE LATE REV. CHARLES M'MANUS, WHO DIED IN HIS PARISH AT WINDSOR, BELOVED BY HIS PEOPLE. "THOU ART A PRIEST FOREVER ACCORDING TO THE ORDER OF MELCHISEDEC."

Tired and weary, like the martyrs of old,
Day by day didst thou draw souls to the fold;
On thy heart's banner these names are enrolled.
Jesus, Mary, Joseph

Before God's altar, a High Priest wert thou,
Humbly kneeling, teaching mankind to bow
To the glorious light that beams on thee now,
Jesus, Mary, Joseph.

Like the minstrel boy, thy harp is at rest;
Its sacred chords ever filled thy pure breast
With these hallowed names, thy Heavenly crest.
Jesus, Mary, Joseph.

## Thy Mother.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE FAMILY OF THE LATE MR JAMES SAUNDERS, WHO DIED JUNE 17TH, 1884, BELOVED BY ALL WHO KNEW HER.

Thy sainted mother has found rest
Upon her Saviour's loving breast,
She has only gone before.
Her pain has ceas'd, her spirit's free,
Her joy is for eternity,
Upon the Heavenly shore.

Her faith was strong, her love sincere;
Her children to her heart more dear
Than gold from Afric's sands,
Her voice so sweet, in praise oft heard,
Her life so pure, God's holy word
Her well obey'd command.

"I will not forsake thee," she said
To lov'd ones 'round her dying bed,
"Nor leave thee," firm in truth,
Firm in salvation's holy name,
To love her God her highest aim,
The God she lov'd in youth.

Weep not, lov'd ones, God in Heaven
Knew her earthly love was given
To him; her time had come,
Her strength had gone, her spirit cried
To be with the Lamb, the Crucified.
Her earthly race was run.

## "Sed Libera Nos A Malo."

Deliver us, O Lord, each day
From ev'ry ill that comes our way :
Teach us submission to Thy will
And with piety our hearts fill.

Deliver us from sordid strife,
With which the human heart is rife.
Teach us to obey Thy command
To lend sorrow a helping hand.

Teach us to curb all vain desire,
And to holier things aspire :
Deliver us from greed of gain,
And from scoffing at others' pain.

Teach us all angry thoughts to chase,
That we may conquer in the race :
Our helmet be Thy divine word,
Deliver us from evil, Lord.

## Miss Myrtie Irene Johnston,

ON HER BIRTHDAY, OCTOBER, 1887.

"Friday's child is loving and giving,"
So saith this album wise :
Then, Myrtie, the Father of Heaven
Will guide thy loving eyes

To things of beauty, which fill the soul
With the grandeur above,
And tune thy innocent, childis' voice
To trill sweet notes of love.

## Meet Me In Heaven.

LINES RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO MRS. JAMIESON REID, ON THE DEATH OF HER DAUGHTER BELLE (MRS. WHITE), MAY 3RD, 1886.

"Meet me in Heaven," how cheering the last words
Of the child bride, thy daughter, so sweet and so pure
Her husband will weep, but the grief at thy bosom
Will each May time be more than thy soul can endure

Blossoming May, may her memory be fragrant
In the hearts of her friends, who saw the rose fade
Day by day from her cheeks, tho' her eyes kept their brightness,
Till her pure soul went to Him Who all things has made

Pure, innocent wife, her love was devotion,
Truth ever dwelt on her lips and shone in her eyes ;
So God will reward her, and may all who loved her
Be ready to meet her when our Lord says, "Arise."

## God Knoweth Best.

LINES RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO MRS. WM. SMITH, ON THE DEATH OF HER HUSBAND, THE LATE W. SMITH, ENGINEER.

In peace let him rest
In the mercy of his God,
Whilst thou feel'st the chastening rod
Whilst thou weepest o'er the sod
God knoweth best.

In peace let him rest;
His life on earth is run,
His earthly task is done,
Toil's golden crown is w[illegible]:
God knoweth best.

In peace let him rest;
The Brotherhood will mourn,
Thy heart with grief is torn:
He's safe beyond the bourne,
God knoweth best.

In peace let him rest;
In blissful realms above,
The home of Heavenly love,
He sees the treasure trove:
God knoweth best.

## To Gertie S.

Gems of starry blue seem thine eyes
Ever t'y love I'll highly prize;
Refra[illegible] from idleness alway,
Try h[illegible] to study every day;
Implo[illegible] God's blessing, Gertie dear
Ever y[illegible]ur parents' hearts to cheer.

## Ida.

Soon will the wreath and bridal veil
Encircle thy queenly brow:
Thy modest and angelic face
Tells of sincere love I know.

Thy voice that trills the Father's praise
Has charmed a fair stranger's heart:
And I, perchance, must lose thee, too:
Alas! Ida—must we part?

May loving hands clasp thine alway,
May sunny smiles, love's Heavenly ray
Be thine forever and for aye
Loved Ida.

## To Miss Frances Hincks.

Fair as a flower
  Is thy sweet young face,
Like a liquid stream
Do thy blue eyes gleam,
  Robing thee with grace.

May you bloom thro' life
  Like a lily pure ;
May your talents rare
Be nurtured with care
  God's love to ensure.

## To Jessie.

Like a rosebud opening in spring,
  Thy name is soft and sweet,
Filling the heart with rapturous throbs
  When thou art by.

Like the dew on the morning flowers
  Before the sun's rays fall,
Love and friendship hover around us
  When thou art nigh.

Faith is written on thy noble brow,
  Firm as the pyramids ;
Thy sweet voice trills in rapturous chords
  To the Most High.

## To Vera.

Sunshine surrounds thee,
  Pride of your home ;
Happy as the birds
  'Neath Heaven's dome.

May your life be spent
  In doing good,
If God spares you, Vera,
  To womanhood.

## To Helena Reid.

Thou art kind, Helena, kind and fair,
A coronet might grace thy hair ;
Thy love of home shines from thine eyes.
The love of truth thy lips do prize :
Aim at perfection, 'tis the best part :
Love your Creator with all your heart.

## To Willie Sheehan.

ON RECEIVING HIS PORTRAIT.

Your face is lovely, Willie,
  But not too good to serve
Before God's holy altar,
  From which wish you'll not swerve.

'Tis a good resolve, Willie,
  To heal the wounded soul,
For sin's rude billows, Willie,
  Like lofty mountains roll.

So, Willie, pray ev'ry morning,
  And at evening's tide,
That you will be spar'd to preach
  The Lord Jesus crucified.

## To Kate.

(MRS. W. RHYNAS.)

Faithful to a mother's love,
  Nobly hast thou filled her place;
Trouble never banished hope
  From thy youthful, smiling face.

Kate, mayst thou in future
  Have no grief nor pain to bear;
May thy chosen friend protect thee,
  And with thee his blessings share.

## Phoebe.

Purest love flows from thy soul,
Happiness dwells in thy heart:
Other friends can I enroll,
Each to me love's joys impart:
But I love thee best of all,
E'er thy friendship I recall.

## Bertha Bain.

Sing the praise of Christ the King,
  Sing His praises all day long:
Let the air with anthems ring,
  Tune thy voice to sacred song.

Thou art modest as a violet,
  Bertha Bain, dear Bertha Bain:
Ever may you happy be,
  In your heart may Jesus reign.

## To Miss Annie Doyle.

(CHURCH STREET.)

Annie so true,
Thine eyes of blue
And hair of tinted gold :
Thy gentle face,
And air of grace,
Fresh from Nature's mould.

Forget me not,
Where'er thy lot
On Life's broad sea be cast :
May no rude wind
Disturb thy mind,
Or chill thee with its blast.

And, Annie, dear,
Thy parents cheer
With loving words and kind,
And God will bless
With loveliness
Thy body, soul and mind.

## To Rosa.

A WISH.

May Cupid's arrows in thy breast
Ensure a calm, eternal rest :
A chaplet of roses may he lay
At thy feet, ev'ry summer day.

## Lines

INSCRIBED TO THE LITTLE CHILDREN WHO MADE THEIR FIRST COMMUNION AT ST. PETER'S ON SUNDAY, JUNE 27, 1880.

"COME YE LITTLE CHILDREN UNTO ME."

"Come ye little children unto Me,
For of such is the kingdom of Heaven ;"
Such were the words of our Divine Lord,
Such, dear ones, the command He has given.

Dear little soldiers of Christ you'll be,
With wreaths and breast-knots of virginal white.
When ye kneel at the altar God's glory
Will surround ye, in a halo of light.

Be brave, little ones, and be pure of heart,
For God loveth innocence such as thine :
Daily ask Him your past sins to forgive,
"Yea," He will say, "ye are children of Mine."

# The Rosary of Pearls.

LINES TO MY COUSIN, MRS. M. J. LEONARD, ON RECEIVING FROM HER A GIFT OF A ROSARY OF PEARLS.

This rosary of priceless pearls,
  So precious to me :
Like fragrance from the summer flow'rs
  That grow beside the sea,
Where sea-weed and the coral dwell
  Beneath the dark blue wave,
And where some treasure seeker may
  Have found a watery grave.

May Heaven bless this gift of pearls
  To purify my soul,
And spotless as a lily keep,
  While seasons onward roll :
And may new graces from it spring,
  That to my pen be given
A ray of light for ev'ry eye
  To lead souls on to Heav'n.

For language is a priceless gem,
  Its rays are like the sun ;
And he who keeps it like these pearls
  A crown above has won
A crown no tarnish can destroy,
  A crown no king can wear,
Unless his soul is free from stain,
  Like jewels, rich and rare.

And now when I my beads will say :
  "Our Father, Who art in Heav'n,"
I'll not forget thee, Lily dear,
  Who to me these beads hast giv'n
And when I say ten Hail Marys
  I'll ask our Mother dear
To beg her Son to send thee wealth,
  And a happy, bright New Year.

# Carrie and Kate.

Two merry maidens,
  The light of their home :
Innocent mirth flows
  Wherever they roam.

Always together
  At study or play,
Radiant as the stars,
  Happy girls are they.

May life's shadows ne'er
  Fall upon their hearts ;
May love's sun join them closer
  With his golden darts.

## Mamie.

There's a little maiden I love to meet,
With flaxen curls so trim and neat,
With eyes so blue, I always love to greet
Mamie.

She's bright as a star in the azure sky ;
Her voice is sweet as a lullaby ;
She always goes to school without a sigh :
Mamie.

She's budding into beauty most rare ;
Her cheek its crimson with the rose might share :
Her beauty will soon be without compare :
Mamie.

## To Miss Lizzie Logan.

Lizzie, thine heart is light,
Then keep it so ;
Drive sorrow from your heart
Where'er you go.

Be a friend good and true,
To those you love ;
O'er their path blossoms strew,
To bloom above

In the crown for God's own,
Who trust in Him,
And reap what He has sown,
Like seraphim.

Keep thou before the mast
On life's rude sea ;
Love's pilot rules the blast
For you and me.

## To Lizzie.

Like a seraph thy voice floats on the air,
In my memory thou hast of love a share :
Zephyrs might envy its whispering tone,
Zephyrs at play, when the hot day is done.
Think of thy voice when cool breezes play :
Elflike and sweet to me—it seems alway.

Beauty in thy paintings, too, I discover,
A woodland scene of maple trees and clover :
Yellow pansies, and purple ones, too, I see,
Looking as bright as nature wishes them to be :
Every day of thine is lent thee to improve,
Yet only to make thee feel that God is love.

## Emma Hall.

So like a fairy,
Thy face like the lily's white ;
With step so airy
And eyes like the stars at night.

Thy father's treasure,
Busy as the honey bee ;
Love without measure
In his fond heart is for thee.

Long may'st thou be left
To gild the home with earth's joy ;
Love—the golden weft,
Virtue—woof, without alloy.

## Jennie.

Ilka laddie feels thy pow'r,
For bonny is thy e'en ;
Thy winsome face
Will deck wi' grace
The hame o' which thou'rt queen.

## To Miss Ellen Donagh.

Ever mayst thou happy be,
Life holds precious gifts for thee :
E'en if now a shadow lay
Around thy heart—'twould pass away.
Ne'er forget the friend you leave
On Huron's shore, and believe
Regretfully I part from thee ;
Yours very sincerely.

## Cora.

I know a pretty glade
Where the honeysuckle grows :
I know a pre'ty maid,
As pretty as a rose ;
She swings beneath the tre
Arch'd o'er her wavy br air ;
Butterflies on the breeze
Seem to flutter round her there

Her home is by the lake,
Where she sees its dancing wave,
And where the breezes make
Her for its pleasures crave.
And now when winter throws
A gloom o'er lake and hill,
Her face with pleasure glows,
Not fearing winter's chill.

# Fragment.

IMPROMPTU LINES WRITTEN ON RECEIVING THE POEM, "ROSARY OF PEARLS," BY ELOISE A. SKIMINGS, RECEIVER OF MY GIFT.

The gift, so poor when it was given,
How rich it has become
With prayer to her, the sinless one,
And glory to the Son!
The pearls beneath the ocean wave
Send upward with the spray
Their praise of her—the star who shines
To light the trackless way.

And when a heart of purest gold
Uplifts itself for me,
O Mother Mary—deign to hear,
You know I trust in thee;
And backward send to her so good
A blessing from thy shrine,
With rays of light to guide her feet
Unto that home divine.

LILLIE LEONARD, Rochester, N. Y.

# Ode.

INSCRIBED TO MRS. R. SALLOWS.

The winter moon, with placid smile,
Looks down upon earth and sea;
And at our feet,
Like magic sweet,
Is the branch of every tree

Etched on the snow with artistic touch,
Outskilling the painter's pow'r;
While high above,
This light of love
Falls alike on tree and tow'r.

What love divine has God for man,
When He guards him night and day!
While this we trace,
For Adam's race
Sun and moon have shone alway.

O'er forest, o'er desert, o'er plain,
O'er mountain, valley and sea,
Thy Heavenly light,
So clear and bright,
Will shine to eternity.

## To My Godchildren,

(FANNIE, FLORRIE AND GEORGE.)

May you walk in Virtue's path,
  Where knowledge and modesty dwell :
May you love honor and truth,
  That in beauty you may excel.

In beauty of mind and heart,
  Hurling back earth's dross temptation,
And nobly sacrifice self
  On the altar of humiliation.

## Maybird.

Dear little Maybird, thou'rt like the flowers
  That bloom in the month of May ;
Like the birds that warble their happiness
  This beautiful month of May.

Your grandmamma loves the flowers, Maybird,
  That bloom in this month of May ;
But thou art the loveliest of them all
  This beautiful month of May.

Sing, little Maybird, dance round the May pole,
  Be happy this month of May ;
My own birth-month, like thine, Maybird,
  This beautiful month of May.

## To Cousin Anna.

(MRS. JOSEPH SKINNER.)

Dear Cousin,—I'll write you a letter
For want of something to do much better.
It's raining so hard I cannot go out
To get some news to write you about.
I wish I could talk to you now and then,
'Twould be so much nicer than using my pen :
But, dear cousin, that pleasure, you see,
Is, and has been, denied you and me.
But "long roads have a turning," they say,
If one has the patience to wait each day,
Like me, in a dream I had last night
Of the American shore, which came in sight,
A mirage so lovely it haunts me yet,
And its beauty I never will forget.
I've stood oft on our banks, in waking hours,
To watch the mirage, after heavy showers,
But I've never seen it save in my dream,
Which to you most ridiculous will seem.
But dreams make me happy, many a time,
When annoyance and cares oft combine
To keep me at home, so I travel by dream
And visit Ireland and Rome without any steam.

## Geraldine.

Thou art a friend, Geraldine,
  Thy face with goodness glows,
And from thy true, loyal heart
  Sincere affection flows.

Thou wert a happy maiden
  In thy fond parents' home ;
And now with thy kind consort
  In happiness thou'lt roam.
Where'er thy lot may be cast
  No sorrow wilt thou know ;
If earthly love can guard thee
  Thou wilt be blest, I trow.

And if my prayers can bring thee
  And thy two handsome boys
Other blessings from above,
  Then may thy heart rejoice.

## To Monsignor Bruyere,

ON HIS LAST VISIT TO ST. PETER'S, GODERICH, DEC., 1887.

Thy life floweth on like a shining river,
  Clear as its depths is thy soul ;
May thy works take root and bring forth good fruit,
  That Mary's daughters may reach the goal
Like these flow'rs when the winter frosts have come
  To rob them of their Heaven-born beauty,
Thy reverend face with sweet air of grace,
  Sheds over us the perfume of duty.

## To Sibyl.

Music and its sister song
Hovers 'round thee all day long :
Modesty, with regal grace,
Ever adorns thy sweet face.

## To Miss Mabel Hyde,

HAMILTON.

Thine eyes are of blue, of truth they tell,
Of truth, Heaven's own priceless gem.
Thy heart, whose chords of love excel
The harp's sweet strains ; love's diadem
  Thine eyes so blue,
  So fond, so true.
"Home, sweet home," is the chords they love,
Home on earth and in Heaven above.

## Baby Pearl.

Baby Pearl is lovely, Baby Pearl is good,
Face as white as snowflake in her pretty hood;
Threat'ning to go to Angel land, but I hope
In the land of Womanhood her eyes will ope.

Smiling sweet and pretty, when her I and you take;
I love her pretty ways for her mother's sake.
Like a daisy white when the spring time has come,
Ever may she bloom until God calls her home.

## In Memoriam.

WRITTEN BY REQUEST, AND RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MRS. DONALD FRASER, GIBBONS STREET, GODERICH, ON THE DEATH OF HER ELDEST CHILD, SYDNEY.

"Abide with me," my Sydney,
While my task seems hard to bear;
Hard to know that on this earth
I'll never see thee more, ne'er
See thy smile at my return,
Nor hear thy fresh young voice in
Accents fraught with filial love.
But we will meet again, meet
To part no more in the world
Of Heavenly rest, of promise
Of eternal joy. The Vine,
The living Branch, whose tendrils
Take root in the heart alone,
Knew that our love was earthly,
That our hearts clung to our child,
And now we, with humble trust
In God's goodness, in His word,
"Come to Me all ye that are
Laden, and I will refresh ye."
We will join in the anthem
"Abide with me."

## To Mrs. Malcolm Nicholson.

IN MEMORIAM.

Thy treasure was taken,
God has willed it so,
To draw thy heart to Heav'n
From earthly things below.

The angel babe no more
Earth's pains will ever feel;
So place thy trust in Christ,
To His affliction kneel.

## A Reverie.

As I wander'd by the roadside
One glorious autumn eve,
I dwelt upon the beauties of the scene;
Above, the clouds, like mountains,
Which later fell in fountains,
Sailed in majesty o'er Huron's sea of green.

At my feet a bed of mint grew wild,
With blossoms sweet, like heather,
And stooping, pick'd a tiny, fragrant spray.
I thought of all God's love and care,
To paint the fields with verdure rare,
And deck the humble mint in blossoming array.

O, guiding hand that paints the fields,
Gild the autumn of our lives
With Heavenly rays which from Thy hand proceeds.
That all our works will in Thy sight
Appear to Thee as blossoms bright,
Wafting sweetest perfume to where Thy glory leads.

## To the Misses Salkeld.

(MARY AND MARTHA.)

Sweet flow'rs of humility, your parents, I trow,
Prize highly your true goodness of heart, I know;
Like daisies bright your hazel eyes sparkle and gleam,
Then like those modest flow'rs happy maidens always seem.

Martha and Mary—thy names such blessings suggest
For those who safely lie on their Redeemer's breast;
Yes, dear Mary and Martha, your Jesus adore,
Like those good sisters of old, who have gone before.

## To Alice.

I'm thinking of thee, Alice, as you wander'd long ago,
With your lovely smiling face and your heart as pure as snow;
Love's tender light beam'd from thine eyes, thou wert thy father's pride;
A beauteous, modest maiden, whom Death claimed for his bride.

How oft you watched with pleasure true for sails on Huron's breast,
How oft you pick'd up sea-shells, which its playful waves caress'd;
How oft you picked the flow'rets, which on ev'ry hillside bloom,
And now thou'rt lying, Alice, in the cold and silent tomb.

But not alone, dear Alice, thou art with thy mother dear
In the home above the skies, where no parting can you fear;
Thou art happy now, dear Alice, nor crown nor golden store
Could tempt thee to thy home again by Huron's lovely shore.

## To Mrs. M. Black.

ON RECEIVING FROM HER ON ST. PATRICK'S DAY, 1887, A BEAUTIFUL SILVER NAPKIN RING WITH A SHAMROCK SPRAY ENGRAVED THEREON.

How beautiful the shamrock traced on this napkin ring,
If St. Patrick were here 'twould most surely make him sing :
is lovely silver gift makes my heart with rapture turn
To Erin's lovely loughs, to its mountains and its burn.

Thy eyes, like Irish diamonds, shine with a happy light ;
Thy voice is full of kindness for those who act aright ;
Thy hands are ever doing good in some act of love
To those who are not bless'd as thee, with gifts from Heaven above.

## Karl.

List to the whispering breezes,
"We love thee, Karl," they say ;
The birds that fly from bough to bough,
The dove that coos so soft and low,
The humming bird that fears no foe,
"We love thee, Karl," they say.

Thy voice is sweet as nightingale's
That sings its roundelay ;
Thy face a Reubens would admire,
Thine eyes his artist brush inspire,
The poet praise thee on his lyre,
"We love thee, Karl," they say.

## Lines

AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO THE MISSES GERTIE DOYLE AND CARRIE SHANNON, ON PRESENTING THE RT. REV. JOHN WALSH, BISHOP OF LONDON, AT ST. PETER'S, WITH A BEAUTIFUL BOUQUET AND WREATH OF SHAMROCK LEAVES, GODERICH, ONT., 12TH DEC., 1888, CONFIRMATION DAY.

Dear little maidens, thy gifts are like incense
To our belov'd Bishop's heart ;
For well doth he know that innocence and love
Their fragrance to him impart.

With thy lovely flow'rs and shamrock leaves so green,
Emblems of our holy faith ;
When St. Patrick in his hand a shamrock held,
"The Godhead in One," he saith.

Then wreath thy green shamrocks 'round our Bishop's brow,
All honor to his pure name ;
May he be exalted while upon this earth,
Drawing souls to Christ, his aim.

## To Mona.

Thy soft cheeks are like blush roses,
Mavourneen;
A smile in thine eye reposes,
Mavourneen.
Thou art pretty and witty,
For the poor thou hast pity,
Fill'd with generosity,
Mavourneen.

I hope fortune will favor thee,
Mavourneen,
And no sorrow assail thee,
Mavourneen,
For to thee God has given
A chain by angels riven,
Which will lead thee to Heaven,
Mavourneen.

## To Allie.

MRS. FRED. CRIDHAM.

A Happy New Year to you, Allie
Life has bright days for thee in store;
Like stars thine eyes shine and dance with glee,
In joy may they sparkle evermore.
E'en thy sweet voice has for me a charm,
Singing sweetly like nightingale;
May no pow'r assail thee, fraught with harm.
E'en for a moment thy cheek to pale.
Allie, if long days to thee are given,
Try to love all, and keep the chain riven
Here on earth, and forever in Heaven.

## Four Leaf'd Clover.

INSCRIBED TO MISS EMMA M'PHERSON ON POPLAR HILL.

How many times, dear Emma,
Have you wander'd o'er the meadow,
To pick the four leaf'd clover,
All for me, all for me.

How many times, dear Emma,
Have you prayed for good luck for me,
And pick'd the four leaf'd clover,
All for me, all for me.

Can I ever, dear Emma,
Forget your pretty meadow,
Where grows the four leaf'd clover
All for me, all for me.

## Amy.

LINES ON RECEIVING A BASKET OF APPLES IN DECEMBER.

Thy cheeks like the apples
  Are red as a June rose;
Thy eyes are like a fawn's
  And black as any sloe's.

Would I were an artist,
  For Diana I'd take
Thy graceful form and features
  Her fam'd pose it to make;

Or for bright young Hebe,
  Crown'd amid her flowers,
With June's crimson roses
  Pulled from Eden's bowers.

## To a Friend,

ON PRESENTING ME WITH A HONEYCOMB.

May the honey that flows from these waxen cells
  Be sweet like the mem'ry thou hast for me;
And may thy life flow like chimes of magic bells,
  And mayst thou many years of happiness see.

## To Lizzie.

Trust thou in the Lord, holy is His name;
When life's shadows cross thy path let thy aim
Be to look on High, then will they depart
And the sunshine of gladness fill thy heart.

Thou hast done thy duty in thy own home,
Glory awaits thee in the world to come;
Rejoice and be glad, thy care is all o'er,
God the Father is with thee evermore.

Thou wilt return, bright as the evening star,
Where now darkness reigns hope's rays seem afar:
But soon they'll encircle thee, all will be bright,
And joy, blessed joy, will be thine morn and night.

## Vida Bell.

Vessel of love, Vida Bell,
Vessel of truth, I know well.
Coy little maid, Vida Bell,
Could I thy future foretell
I'd make thee happy and gay
As birds on this summer day.

## To Fannie.

(MRS. W. D. ALEXANDER, NIAGARA FALLS,) ON WRITING IN HER ALBUM ON HER WEDDING EVE.

Dear Fannie, in turning these pages o'er,
I note the charm'd name Alexander,
Who now, beside being a prophet true,
Will soon be your gallant commander.

He writes, "Happy will be the little man ;"
Yea, thrice happy, I trust, he will be,
With the rays of love's sunshine, dear Fannie,
Which forever will encompass thee.

## Essie.

What a pretty, sweet name is thine, Essie,
As pretty as pretty can be ;
And a pretty, sweet face to match, Essie,
As blooming as roses to me.

## Miss Nettie Crabb.

Nettie, youthful Queen of Song,
Innocent, joyous and bright ;
Tune thy voice ever to Him,
For in song doth He delight.

Cherubim and seraphim
Fill Heaven with their sweet song,
And the birds with tuneful voice
Sing His praises all day long.

Thank Him, Nettie, morn and night,
For this sweet gift from above ;
May you win laurels, Nettie,
While praising the God of Love.

## To Miss Minnie Strachan,

ON WRITING IN HER AUTOGRAPH ALBUM.

If Willie chose the last page, yet
I will choose the first ;
And like fragrant mignonette,
Or a rose just burst,
May our memory be as sweet
In thy loving heart ;
May thy mind be a retreat
For music and art ;
May thy home with love abound,
May innocence reign,
That purest joy may be found,
All pleasure—no pain.

## To Miss Huldah Whitely.

ONLY DAUGHTER OF THE EDITOR OF THE NEWS-RECORD, CLINTON.

Bright are thine eyes, like lamps they shine,
Fountains of purity divine,
Whose liquid depths betray a mine
Of virtue rare.

Then, Huldah, dear, keep pure and true,
And Heaven will always smile on you,
For modesty is Heaven's dew
Without compare.

## To Fannie Bell.

How I love to look at thy velvet eyes,
Whose admirer lives under sunny skies;
Thy voice low and sweet like a cooing dove,
Tells the faith thou hast in him thou dost love.

## To a Calla Lily.

INSCRIBED TO REV. DR. AND MRS. URE, ON SEEING A CALLA LILY IN THEIR CONSERVATORY, 5TH MARCH, 1885.

How graceful, how stately, how fair
Art thou in thy rare purity;
No flower with thee can compare,
So grand thy virginal beauty.

Tho' storms around thee fiercely rage,
Or the snowflakes so softly fall,
Yet art thou pride of host and page,
An emblem of welcome to all.

Yet not alone, thy noble leaves
Like soldiers stand guard around thee,
And with their love Paul's motto weaves,
Christ's tribute—Faith, Hope, Charity.

## To Isie.

I'll remember thee ever, Isie dear,
Sweet daughter of industry, may no tear
Adown thy cheeks roll, but may roses bright
Bloom there for aye; and may love's holy light
Ever beam from thine eye some heart to cheer,
Living but for thy love, true and sincere.
Low and soft is thy voice, like music sweet,
As nightingale in her sylvan retreat.

## To Ina's Pet Canaries.

Dear Dicky and Dot, how proud ye are,
To bask in the sun this autumn day ;
Ye are young yet, but ye know the fond hand
That feeds ye tho' the bars in your prison land.

Ye often hear the "Woodland Whispers,"
Played by Miss Ina's nimble fingers,
But ye sing not ; tell me the reason why.
Must ye have a teacher, or are ye shy ?

But, perhaps, when the sun next year shines,
Ye will warble a loving roundelay,
Surpassing the notes of the human voice,
And make your fluttering little hearts rejoice.

## To Lillie.

(MRS. CAPT. A. E. M'GREGOR), ON RECEIVING A GIFT OF EXQUISITE CARDS.

Love cannot bind us more t. [illegible]
In golden or silken chain ;
Like friends, we'll journey together.
Love must in our bosoms remain.
I wish you a Happy New Year,
Ev'ry joy, no sorrow, no pain.

## Lines

PRESENTED TO REV. DONALD M'GILLIVRAY ON HIS LEAVING GODERICH, HIS HOME, FOR HO-NAN, CHINA.

Thou art going from Ontario's plains
To the land of the Rising Sun,
Over the mountains to Ho-Nan.

To the land of sweet perfume,
Wafted from the flowers that bloom
Over the mountains in Ho-Nan.

Thou art young and full of manhood's vigor :
Thy life has been modell'd to go
Over the mountains to Ho-Nan.

The rice fields whisper to the breeze,
"God's messenger comes o'er the [illegible]as,
Over the mountains to Ho-Nan."

God's messenger with banner unfurl'd
To proudly float 'mong leaves of palm,
Over the mountains in Ho-Nan.

May the harvest of the Word
Fill the granaries of our Lord,
Over the mountains in Ho-Nan.

## To Jennie.

Jennie, fair flower of earth,
Ever fill thy heart with mirth.
Nothing blooms where sadness reigns.
No fairy charms the lurk[illegible]ains.
In life's joyous, gladso[illegible]
Ever then let thy spiri[illegible]
May those tokens of o[illegible]
A happiness to thee pro[illegible]
Cherish in thy mem'ry dear
A love for those friends sincere;
Reap the seed they've scattered e'er,
As gems to crown thee evermore

## Bessie Beer.

When the stars shine bright in their beautiful home
And the moon casts a spell o'er thy face,
Bessie, think of the pray'rs that reach Heaven's blue dome,
For thee offer'd at the throne of grace

That life may bring thee roses, to last for aye,
Whose fragrance will inspire thee to rise
Above the thorns of pride that bedeck life's pathway,
And a crown will gild thy sacrifice,

Which will vie with earth's gems in its beauty and pride,
And be thine in the Kingdom above;
Its glories earth's trials could never more efface,
For the crown would be Heaven's own love.

## Stanza

TO R. S. CHILTON, ESQ., AMERICAN CONSUL, GODERICH.

A kindred spirit now greets thee
With poesy's magic pen;
Well may thy nation admire thee,
Most honorable of men.

A poet's ardor fills thy soul,
Parental love bedecks thy brow;
The brave old flag of stars and stripes
Floats o'er none more loved than thou.

## To Naomi.

Naomi, thou'rt a blossom rare,
A tender bud, divinely fair;
O, may happiness be thy share,
My Naomi beyond compare,
I pray thy life be free from care.

## To Little Fred.

INSCRIBED TO MRS. WILSON SALKELD.

Who could not love thee, little Fred,
Who could not love thy curly head,
Who could not love thy lisping voice?
Thy bright eyes make my heart rejoice.

Bright as diamonds, Fred, are thine eyes,
Blue as the summer's sunny skies;
If Heav'n spares you to manhood, Fred,
Proud will the maid be whom you'll wed.

## To Hayden.

Like thy namesake, Hayden, thou must be
A musician of high degree;
Thy clustering curls and faultless brow
On thee regal dignity bestow.
Never be vain—be noble and just
Remember, Hayden, thou art but dust.

## To Oliver Whitely.

A MOTHER'S LAST REQUEST.

"Where is my wandering boy tonight,"
A mother's last request,
That her boy should correctly play
That beautiful, melodious lay,
To song—a grand bequest.

One month later that fond mother lay
Upon her dying bed;
"No earthly pow'r can save her now,
Death's seal is on both lips and brow,"
Her kind physician said.

Her musician boy I hope will be
Inspired with lofty pride
For music sweet, Heaven's chain of love,
Twixt our souls and the choirs above,
His soul's unerring guide.

## To Sister Stanislaus,

OF ST. JOSEPH'S CONVENT.

Thy voice, O sweet sister, the angels have lent thee
To draw to the Heavenly mansions above
All things that are hardened with love for things earthly
And turn their hearts' off'ring to the God of love.

## To Annie.

(MRS. J. ELLIOTT.)

I love to hear thy rich young voice
When raised to give th' Almighty praise:
To Him it belongs—lent to thee
To sing His sacred Heavenly lays.

This gift of song, how dear to all,
More precious far than jewels rare:
May your pure voice a fortune prove,
And health be given you, is my prayer.

## To Ella.

MRS. W. HALE, ON HER WEDDING DAY.

These bouquets to thee and thy bridesmaid,
To thy bridegroom and groomsman, too,
Are laden with perfume, dear Ella,
Heaven's fragrance to breathe upon you.

## Katie McLean.

Child of song, sweetest Katie,
Thy voice seems ever near;
Can thy lov'd mother, Katie,
Still whisper in thine ear

Such loving words, dear Katie,
As from her lips did fall,
Before death claimed her, Katie,
And she obey'd the call.

Cherish her mem'ry, Katie,
Her wishes hold most dear;
And may thy voice, dear Katie,
All hearts have power to cheer.

And ever praise God, Katie,
In your innocent glee;
"Caller Herrin," dear Katie,
And blithe "Bonnie Dundee."

## To Mrs. Macara.

'Tis sweet to feel friendship's warm glow,
When sorrow's tears from sad eyes flow;
When hearts with wounds are pierced by care
God bless thee, friend, my earnest prayer.

## Only a Voice.

Only a voice, as pure and clear
  As a drop of pearly dew,
Heard when the shades of evening
  Darken the horizon's hue.

Only a voice, with winsome pow'r
  To enrapture young and old,
Singing songs, both joyous and grave,
  With marvellous taste untold.

Only a voice, with gladsome trill,
  Like the brook in yonder glade,
When it sings pure, sweet songs of love
  'Neath the maples' cooling shade.

Only a voice, like a moonbeam
  Softly stealing thro' the gloom
Of some half closed curtain'd casement,
  Where flowers of beauty bloom.

## Hallowe'en.

TO MISS KATE WATSON.

Hallowe'en, what a spell in thy name,
As Burns, the immortal, portrays;
Lovers, all the world o'er, this e'en
Look for omens contain'd in his lays.
O why let the future disturb us?
We have problems enough to solve
Every morning of life, for the morrow
Exists not, let the future dissolve
New phases which now are mysteries.

## Wedding Bells.

LINES DEDICATED TO MR. AND MRS. JOHN MACARA, WHO WERE MARRIED AT HULL, 25TH APRIL, 1883.

Chime, merrily chime, your silvery peal
Joins two hearts in one, with Love's mystic seal.
Chime, merrily chime, the spring time has come
With Hope's leaves and flowers to enwreath their home.

Chime, merrily chime, the bridegroom and bride
Are youthful and pure, their fond parents' pride.
Chime, merrily chime, their future foretell,
As happy and glad as the tones of your bell.

Chime, merrily chime, and breathe as ye chime
Orisons to Heaven, to be echoed thro' time:
Like sweet dulcet notes from Galilee's shore,
With Christ at your feast to remain evermore.

## To Miss Mullin.

You have ask'd for "some lines," fair maiden,
  And I must fill some of the spaces;
But the kind Muse has flown, I'm afraid,
  And has left in my brain no traces.

Your sweet face in my mind oft appears
  With true Madonna-like purity,
Which ne'er will change in the after years,
  For love's rays will be shed over thee.

Then, fair maid, when old age draws apace
  And your voyage through life at its close,
Let your works be as pure as your face,
  That your soul with its God may repose.

## November Flowers.

Hope amid despair, sweet flowers,
Blossoming in winter bowers,
  Rare chrysanthemums;
Purest white, and yellow, too,
Fresh as if the morning dew
Had come down from Heaven on you,
  Sweet chrysanthemums.

In gold and crimson, too, ye bloom,
Fit to bedeck a monarch's room,
  Grand chrysanthemums;
Clustering in profusion wild,
Type of innocence, in winter mild,
Which by thy presence is beguil'd,
  Lov'd chrysanthemums.

## March.

The broad lakes are breaking their ice bonds,
  Tho' the rivers their fetters retain,
For the sun in his transcendent beauty
  Overrules King Lear's grand domain.

The sailor sighs for an early spring,
  For he loves the blue crested wave;
While dearly he loves his own happy home,
  He fears not a watery grave.

So brave is the sailor, the gallant sea king,
  And true as the compass, his guide;
For he dreams not of peril nor danger
  To the vessel, his hope and his pride.

Month of St. Patrick, month of the shamrock,
  Inspire thy brave sons with true zeal
For "Fair Canada's" statesmen and welfare,
  And God's blessing to them reveal.

## Francis Joseph.

Thy name is high sounding, I admit,
  Emperors have worn it before thee ;
But thou mayst excel in Irish wit,
  If not in grandeur of royalty.

Be true to the country of thy birth,
  Be true to the good friends thou hast met ;
Be true to thy God while on this earth,
  Thou'lt win a crown by thy virtues yet.

## Lulu Boyne.

DEDICATED TO MRS. W. J. SMITH ON LULU BOYNE'S FIRST BIRTHDAY.

Like a little elf art thou,
  Lulu Boyne, Lulu Boyne :
A round cheek'd little fay,
  Lulu Boyne, Lulu Boyne ;
A round cheek d little fairy,
A laughing little fairy,
So graceful and so airy,
  Lulu Boyne, Lulu Boyne.

Why that twinkle in thine eyes,
  Lulu Boyne, Lulu Boyne ?
Roguish as a little fay,
  Lulu Boyne, Lulu Boyne ;
Roguish as a little fay,
Dancing like a little fay,
Making sunshine all the day,
  Lulu Boyne, Lulu Boyne.

Little teeth of pearly white,
  Lulu Boyne, Lulu Boyne,
Peeping 'tween lips of coral,
  Lulu Boyne, Lulu Boyne ;
Peeping 'tween lips of coral,
Shining 'tween lips of coral,
We'll crown thee with laurel,
  Lulu Boyne, Lulu Boyne.

## Clara.

Clara, joyous, bright and gay,
Like a sunny summer day ;
Hair so fair and eyes so dark,
Voice as sweet as any lark.

Clara, be sincere and true,
Truth is sweet as Heaven's dew ;
Love thou music, art and song,
And be winsome all day long.

## To Eleanor Bradney.

INFANT DAUGHTER OF MR. AND MRS. W. MEGAW, KAMLOOPS, B. C.

Sweet flow'ret, thou art fondly entwined
  Around thy parents' heart;
Thy fair little dimpled infant cheeks
  Their innocent love impart.

Like a bud in its tender beauty,
  Thou'lt blossom pure and true,
With a mother's patient, faithful love,
  Pure as Heaven's own dew.

Then may this first Easter of thy birth
  Heavenly blessings bring;
May thy litt'e life be spar'd by Him
  From Whom all graces spring.

## To Miss Carrie Smith.

Like those lilies of the valley, Carrie,
  That grace this album of thine,
May thy young life be pure and sweet, Carrie,
  And truth from thy dark eyes shine.

Like the fern that keeps its beauty, Carrie,
  Preserved from the sun's strong light,
May the great love of the Saviour, Carrie,
  Keep you lovely in His sight.

## Lines on the Wreck of the "Simcoe."

TO MISS DOLLIE PARSONS, DAUGHTER OF CAPT. PARSONS, ONE OF THE SURVIVORS, CAPT. HILL COMMANDER.

Madly rages the storm in wildest fury blind,
  And all without is wintry, cold and bare;
The poor mariner bravely battles with the gale
  To save his life and comrades—his first care.

The hissing waters surge around the doom'd craft,
  And bid defiance to the seaman's skill.
"Lower the boats." The mandate is at once obey'd,
  But he who gave it sank—brave Captain Hill.

And one by one they sink, on earth to rise no more
  Until the sea gives up its hidden dead;
But five are spared, God's wondrous pow'r to feel,
  Sav'd from death's cruel chain, the doom all dread.

Sav'd to the lov'd ones, whose trusting hearts were rent
  With an agonizing, torturing fear,
That husband and brother might never more return
  To those the seaman loves on earth so dear.

## To Maggie Proudfoot.

Maggie, pride of thy grandpa's heart,
  Thou dost caress his loving hand;
Hourly he watch'd thy little feet
And listen'd to thy voice so sweet,
  Whose infant lisps his heart's flame fann'd.

## A Wish.

TO ROSE (MRS. C. CLUNESS, GALT.)

May Cupid's arrow in thy breast
Ensure a calm, eternal rest,
A chaplet of roses may he lay
At thy feet every summer day.

## A Wish.

TO DR. J. H. MOORE.

I thank thee kindly for thy heart-whole wish
  That I may soon become a star,
And in the literary firmament shine,
  And the scroll be seen afar.

These poems all bloom in my daily life,
  No grand princely castle have I;
No stranger am I to Death, or Life's griefs,
  But the Great Physician is nigh.

In my humble cottage He guides my pen,
  Where with Mozart and Moore I try
To fill the world with music and with song,
  Life's most glorious melody.

And when you read these "Golden Leaves" of mine,
  You will think that sorrow is sweet,
When it floods the soul with so grand a pow'r
  In my lov'd humble home retreat.

## To George G. Jessup.

OF THE CHICAGO "INTER OCEAN," ON RECEIVING FROM HIM HIS PORTRAIT AND CARD OF WHITE AND GOLD.

Gold is the type of all that is true,
Emblem of faith may it be to you;
On your card I traced the lines of gold,
Rich edge—I trust will not grow old;
George, tarnish it not with a careless aim,
Ever let it urge you on to fame.

## To My Cousin Tassie,

WEST VIRGINIA, ON RECEIVING FROM HER A GOLDEN EAGLE

What a fortune in a Christmas card, Tassie, dear,
A golden eagle, with its outstretch'd wings to cheer
All the way from where Virginia proudly waves
Her flag on old Ohio's shore, pride of her braves;
May I this New Year pluck blossoms and leaves of gold,
And may you ever for me true affection hold.

## Ora Pro Me.

SERENADE INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS. T. GRIFFIN, OF ST PETER'S CHOIR, GODERICH.

Long mayst thy voices blend
In praising the Lord who gave them to thee:
Long mayst thy voices blend
In one grandly solemn chord life holds for thee,
Ora pro me.

Thy voices speak of love,
No shadow of fear e'er mars their dulcet tone;
And in the Book above
Thy names will be written, when thy work is done,
Ora pro me.

Hosanna, hosanna;
Every Sunday morn thy voices I hear;
Hosanna, hosanna,
And the "Agnus Dei," so sweet and clear,
Ora pro me.

I hear St. Peter's bell,
'Tis the "Angelus" at eventide.
I love its tones so well,
And I'll pray for blessings for bridegroom and bride,
Ora pro me.

## Emily.

In vain have I tried, dear Emily, to write
In your album, e'en a short line or two;
Then please be content with this effort tonight,
And, believe me, 'tis decidedly true.

Were I but an artist I'd love to portray
Thy spell-bound blue eyes and bright golden hair
And fair, proud, oval face, yet smiling alway,
But alas! no such gift fell to my share.

Then must pencil and brush give place to the pen,
In my hand at least; but I trust very soon
Your fair face on some artist's heart be engraven,
Which tribute to you would be the best boon.

## Golden Blossoms.

LINES WRITTEN ON RECEIVING FROM GEO. B. COX, ESQ., OF THE BRITISH EXCHANGE, A BUNCH OF GOLDEN BLOSSOMS FROM THE GRAVE OF LONGFELLOW'S EVANGELINE AT GRAND PRE, 1887.

Golden blossoms, didst thou woo
The sweet September breeze,
Where the gentle spirit lingers,
Where the lovely maiden fingers
Broke thy stems among the trees.

Golden blossoms, bloom for aye
Where sleeps Evangeline;
Like golden stars ye point above
Where angels weave bright chains of love,
Yet by human eyes unseen.

Golden blossoms, did the hand
Of Longfellow embalm
Thy scented petals on his page,
America's gifted poet sage,
Whose life is one grand psalm.

## Lines to Miss Aggie Dickson.

Thy gift I prize highly, so pretty and bright,
Of scarlet geraniums, and pink mix'd with white,
And ivy so green, 'tis a lovely bouquet,
I wish it could live and be fragrant alway.

But it must perish like the joys of this earth,
A type of the heart void of pleasure and mirth;
Our lives should be bright while we live, like these flowers,
And cheer our dear friends in their sad, weary hours.

## Lines,

DEDICATED TO THE DAUGHTERS OF THE LATE MRS. FRANK CASSADY, OF ISHPEMING, MICH., U. S.

Gently they laid her to rest
By the grave of him who lov'd her in life;
There they lie, free from sorrow,
The kind, loving husband, the faithful wife.

Mourn not, daughters of their love,
For they are safe on the bright golden shore;
God was their refuge, their strength,
In joy have they met, their parting is o'er.

Sweet May chimes, may ye each year
Bring a message of love from the starry skies;
And may sweet Mayflowers bloom
And birds sing o'er the grave where thy parents lie.

## To Sara.

TO MRS. JAMES A. M'LAUGHLIN, ON LEAVING GODERICH WITH HER HUSBAND, THE REV. J. M'LAUGHLIN, A MISSIONARY TO VANCOUVER.

Thou art going from us, Sara,
Another's home to grace,
We'll sadly miss thy sparkling eyes
And sweetly smiling face.

And he, thy chosen one, Sara,
Has won a fitting bride
To assist him in his labors,
Whether weal or woe betide.

Thy parents will bless thee, Sara,
Though sad 'twill be to part;
"Whither thou goest I will go,"
Is written on thy heart.

And God will bless thee, Sara dear,
And guard thy sweet young life
From all the cares that may assail
The missionary's wife.

## Gladys.

Happy little Gladys, love's magic crown is thine;
May life e'er keep it burnished, Gladys, cousin mine.

## The Shamrock.

TO ARCHBISHOP WALSH.

Is it thy name,
Or is it fame,
That sends tho' our hearts such a rapturous thrill?
The rose's bloom
Lifts not from gloom
The soul, e'en tho' its beauty the eye doth fill.

The lily white
And violet bright
Have a fragrance both exuberant and rare,
But Faith's green leaf,
The Gospel's sheaf,
No beauteous flower can e'er with it compare.

Thou three leaf'd stem,
Faith's starry gem,
May the lands that bear thee forever enshrine
St. Patrick's name,
St. Patrick's fame,
And three persons in One, the Godhead divine.

## Only a Flower.

Only a flower, on the pavement it lay,
Falling unseen from some beauteous bouquet :
Picked up by some one, and tended with care,
It blooms now as fresh as it bloomed in the air.

How little it dreamt of the fate now in store,
When lovingly pulled a few moments before ;
In yonder sick chamber it sheds perfume sweet,
And no one could know it was found in the street.

Thus with frail mortals, whose talent now is cast
Aside, and o'erlook'd by the many who have pass'd,
Till some noble mind sees a flash in the gem,
And in a hero's crown it forms a diadem.

## October.

The flowers are drooping one by one,
The wheat is garner'd, the work is done,
The vines are wither'd, their race is run,
October.

The waves are angry on Huron's breast,
The song birds have flown to homes of rest,
The trees in crimson and gold are drest,
October.

The summer light is waning fast,
The sultry winds become a blast,
The autumn frost a blight has cast,
October.

Let us then work for a home above,
A haven of everlasting love,
Where truth will find the treasure trove,
October.

## Water Lilies.

Flowers of the deep, how grand in thy beauty,
Ever floating with pride o'er Huron's pure breast
Like cups of pure gold, luring man from his duty
And filling his mind with a Heavenly rest !

Earth has no flower in her garden so royal,
So queenly and grand as this queen of the wave :
So proudly ye look, so strong and so loyal,
The foam crest your birthplace, the foam crest your grave.

Where are ye now, when your home is frost laden ?
The ice king is gamboling free o'er your bed ;
But the sun will restore thee, as hope does the maiden
Who gathers June roses for the perfume they shed.

## St. Valentine's Day.

Young Cupid awakes,
His arrows he takes,
And swiftly they fly from the bow,
And hard is the heart
That withstands the dart
Of the rosiest rogue I know.

He quietly steals
One's heart for his meals,
And cares not how he is treated;
If he aims in vain
He tries it again,
And never was yet defeated.

So here's to the health
Of the god of wealth,
Held within Love's golden meshes:
Which will never rust
While Cupid we trust
With the human heart so precious.

## To Infant

OF MRS. DEVESEY DETLOR.

Little bud of tender mould,
Angels' wings doth thee enfold;
Death on earth has closed thine eyes,
To ope again in Paradise.

## Evening.

When the autumn evening sky is blue and clear,
And the stars like bright gems are shining,
I think of absent friends, friends both true and dear.
Friends I have not met for many a long year,
Friends who often sent loving words of cheer
When my cloud had no silver lining.

I love at dewy eve to watch the falling star,
Tis like a brilliant volume to me
From the friends who have gone to the beautiful shore.
Where the life-toss'd mariner's struggle is o'er,
Where'll be no parting for evermore
On that side of eternity's sea.

The October moon is rising in the East
Like a golden orb—night's autumn sun—
To me Hope's Anchor, a royal love feast;
No cloud in my sky—no fears in the least,
The joy of my heart has returned—I'm released
From life's shadows that fell one by one.

## Tribute of Love.

ELLEN RALPH.

Truth governs thy actions, Ellen,
  Its pure rays encompass thee ;
Meet guardian of young hearts, Ellen,
  In knowledge and piety.

Science, too, makes thy bright eyes kindle
  With an all-powerful flame ;
May it burn still brighter, dear Ellen,
  On its scroll enroll thy name.

## To My Cousin May,

TORONTO, ON RECEIVING FROM HER A BEAUTIFUL BOUQUET ON THE NIGHT OF THE BENEFIT CONCERT IN HONOR OF PROFESSOR DE PEUDRY, 1885.

Such blossoms, dear May,
  Only true love can send,
A tribute to song
  Which will to my voice lend
A sweet thrill of gladness,
  To sing "Waiting" tonight ;
And I'll thank you sometime
  For this bouquet so bright.

## To Mrs. Joseph Logan.

JOSIE'S CHRISTMAS DOLL.

"Mamma, pease dess iss doll
  For Santa Kaus to teep
For me when Kismas comes,
  An' when Ise fass aseep."

"Yes, Josie, I'll dress it
  In this pretty lace dress
You wore in the summer,
  And longer, too, I guess.

"I'll make it with two puffs
  Upon its pretty sleeve,
And trim it with blue bows
  For Santa Claus to leave

"In your dollie's hammock,
  That hangs in yonder room :
If she looks like a bride
  We'll buy a nice bridegroom.

"Now, don't tease Kyfoodle,
  He'll tear the doll's lace dress,
And Santa Claus won't come
  Where dogs tear clothes, I guess."

## Sunset.

The sunset tints the western sky
With its mantle of gold;
The day's work o'er, the village bell
Peals the fond tale oft told

That [illegible] husband to his lov'd home
Returns from labor's mart:
Returns from toil, from worldly care,
Joy flowing from his heart.

For in his home, his home of bliss,
Some lov'd one weaves the chain
Whose links are pure, a woman's love,
Without which life is vain.

O happy, happy sunset hour,
Fountain of untold love,
Gladden the hearts, when night's angel Death
Calls them to the home above.

## Pentecost—1884.

"If anyone love Me
He will keep My word,"
Truths from the lips of Christ,
Our Sovereign Lord.
Do we love Him? Ah, me,
Are we in His grace?
Are we standard bearers
In this earthly race?

Love, the faithful loadstone
Which draws soul to soul,
Essence of power divine,
Under God's control.
Love of Christ, the pillar
To which our souls cling;
Love of Christ, the anthem
Which the angels sing.

Love, the sinner's pardon,
The atonement true;
In sin's night of darkness
Falls like morning dew,
And the worn and weary
Find a place of rest
'Mid the storms of envy
On the Saviour's breast.

Love, the soldier's watchword
On the battlefield
Of Queen, of home, and country,
God's power revealed.
"Peace I leave, peace I give,"
Thus the Paraclete
With tongues of living fire
Descending doth greet.

## Omniscience.

How glorious is Thy name, O God!
  None know Thee but to praise;
None can deny Thy wondrous power,
  Inscrutable Thy ways.

And man beneath thy chastening rod
  Aims at a change of heart;
He knows the world has won His love,
  The world, oft Satan's mart.

And oft the seed that Death doth sow
  Like a mighty tree doth soar
(Strong as the tow'ring forest oak,
  With a heart sound to the core)

To the Heavenly home above,
  With branch and root from earth,
Which death had blossomed into life,
  The Christ'an's second birth.

## To Kate.

Stately and fair,
A queen might envy thy tresses
  Of red-gold hair.

Thy modest face
Is saintly in its purity,
  Type of God's grace.

Long mayst thou live
In thy fair home, that thou mayst love
  And counsel give.

## Tribute

TO JUDGE F. W. JOHNSTON, ON PRESENTING ME WITH A LOVELY BOUQUET OF RED GERANIUMS AFTER SINGING "JOCK O' HAZELDEAN" AT A GARDEN PARTY AT THE RESIDENCE OF MRS. R. B. SMITH, IN AID OF ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH.

With pen of gold, a fair bride's gift,
  I'll woo the Muse, for gold she craves
And diamonds rare—but none have I,
Save Heaven's gift of poesy,
  Pure as the ocean crested waves.

And now to-night, when Music reigns,
  Thy lovely bouquet charms my eyes;
Its blooming red, a type I wean,
Was worn by "Jock o' Hazeldean,"
  Whose song won me thy floral prize.

## To Tenie,

ON HER WEDDING DAY.

Mayst thou be the guiding star
Of him who woo'd thee from afar;
And may he shine with virtues rare,
To keep thee free from worldly care.

## Oxbowbend.

One lovely July morning,
In company with a friend,
I wander'd o'er the meadows
Which grace the Oxbowbend.

At last we reached a grove
Where clust'ring grape vines twin'd
Around the oak and hickory,
And lofty pine combined;

We stoop'd to pick the lilies
Which o'er the grove were strewn,
And soon we had a bouquet
Of lilies and daisies in bloom.

The lovely morning glories
In wild profusion stray
Over the blackberry bushes
Which skirt the narrow way.

A blackbird carroll'd merrily
Upon a neighboring tree,
And pour'd forth his warbling praise
In soft ton'd melody.

The skies were blue and beautiful,
The air with fragrance fill'd;
'Twas luncheon time, well known hour
In the reaper's scythe instill'd.

My friend and I return'd to dine,
Yet could we loiter long;
For the grove possess'd such beauty
I've written it in song.

## October—1876.

Oh why dost thou come in such angry mood,
Chasing our songsters from meadow and wood?
The autumn leaves no golden beauty wear,
Or gorgeous crimson, which should now appear.
Be not eager to feign November's wrath,
Encircling with storm the mariner's path;
Restore them calm weather, save them from death.

## May.

How fragrant the balm laden air!
All nature seems glad and gay;
The birds warble their notes of praise
This glorious month of May.

The trees, flower-crowned, rejoice
Since winter has lost his sway;
Emblem of the resurrection,
This flowery month of May.

Then let us the Almighty praise,
Who will wash our sins away,
And clothe us with garbs of purity
Like the trees this month of May.

## Easter.

The clouds break—light thro' the darkness
Penetrates the gloom with its effulgence,
And from on high soft Alleluias float
Like angels' whisperings—full of hope
To the homeless mortal, whose web of life,
Both warp and weft, are spun of sin;
But now the God man, who died to save
And bring sinners to repentance,
Is risen today, as he said,
And lo, their faces are illumin'd
And their souls once more purified.
The old leaven is purg'd away
And the tarnish on their armor
Is removed—may it keep burnish'd
With constant use in God's armory,
This world, which Satan strives to rule;
And at the final resurrection
May we all swell the grand chorus,
"Resurrexit Sicut Dixit"—"Alleluia."

## April.

April, sweet April, has tears in her eyes,
With gladness her soul overflows;
For dear to her heart are the blue sunny skies,
And the robins 'mong the hedgerows.

But, April, thou'rt wilful, well may'st thou weep,
Old Winter woo'd thee in vain;
With smiles thou caress'd his storms to sleep,
And melted his frosts to rain.

Smile on, sweet April, among thy fair flowers,
Thy heart is pure and true;
The frost king has return'd to his bow'rs,
No other fair maid he'll woo.

## Harvest Time.

How sorrowful it is to watch
  The noisy reaping machine
Parting the grain from its mother bed,
While it gracefully bent its stately head
  As the breeze swept o'er the green.

The binders follow in their train
  To bind the golden grain ;
And when their hard day's work is o'er
They merrily dance, as in days of yore,
  To the sweet sounding violin.

How glorious the harvest moon
  Peeps thro' the mapel leaves
And beams upon the merry throng
As they sing the beautiful harvest song
  In the shade of the lofty trees.

## To Miss Platt,

OF LONDON, ON VIEWING SOME OF HER BEAUTIFULLY PAINTED FLOWERS, LILY AND HOLLY, IN AN ALBUM.

This page I choose which thy hand has graced,
  The type of joy and of innocence ;
Shewing thy heart on love's page is traced,
  Traced by the hand of Omnipotence.

Let beautiful thoughts ever fill thy mind,
  And thy soul no grief can ever know ;
And Heaven will be the haven thou'lt find
  When thy good works are finished below.

## May Flowers.

May flowers are shedding their beauty
  Over meadow and hill,
And the bright, golden dandelion
  Is queen among them still.

Ever studding our path with glory,
  Where'er we wander,
A golden flow'r, whose modest duty
  Makes the heart grow fonder

Of this fair earth, man's home, man's kingdom,
  His to hold while life lasts,
And like the flow'rs, this virginal May,
  Has outliv'd winter's blasts.

Blossoming May, hope's flowery banner,
  Crown thou the harvest field
With flowers, fruit and ripe, golden wheat,
  A truly bounteous yield.

## Parody.

Ye bangs and braids o' bonnie blondes,
How can ye look sae fresh and fair ?
How can ye friz, ye little curls,
And ye sae mock'd and treated sair ?
Ye'll friz an' mair, ye little curls
That cluster round the foreheads high ;
Ye'll surely change your minds, my dears,
And be persuaded smooth to lie.

Oft hae I wondered, pretty blondes,
To see ye sae regardless feel,
When ilka printer on ye writes,
Sae mighty vex'd, with pen o' steel.
Now friz na mair, my boony blondes,
And leave your bonny foreheads free,
Ye'll surely ease the printer's mind,
Sae burden'd wi cares, poor soul, is he.

## Good-night.

How softly the words fall
From lips we love,
Like angel's whisperings
From realms above,
Like a message wafted
By swift winged dove.

When the day's work is done
And night comes on,
After the sunset glory
Has come and gone,
The "Good-night" so loving sounds
To dwell upon.

List to the whispering trees
At dewy eve ;
Sor gs are wafted on the breeze,
And fairies weave
Dreams of love o'er mortals,
And we believe

Oft are they Death's love seal,
The last "Good-night,"
For the dark rob'd angel
Wafts to the light
Of an eternal day
Before God's sight.

## Sephie.

Were Juno here
The glint of the sunshine in thy hair
Would dazzle her goddess-born blue orbs
When thou wert by.

## The Trumpet Flower.

INSCRIBED TO MRS. DR. M'LEAN.

Grand in its beauty the trumpet flower climbs
O'er trellis'd wall
Its flame-color'd blossoms, so strong and so lofty,
Charm great and small;
Its leaves of ever-green beauty fill the heart
With beauty rare,
Welcom'd by the August sun, which on them shines
With tender care.

## Sweet Sixteen.

With love for the artist's brush
May the muse inspire thee;
For Art in its loveliness
Is thy idol, Jennie.

May music, too, have pow'r
To charm thy youthful breast
With its magical wand,
Where love lies now caress'd.

Cupid with his arrow,
Like Mars, sends Art earthward;
So, with Phœbus early,
Be always on thy guard.

And if the little god
Is bent on mischief still,
Forget not my advice
For fear he'll get his will;

And then he'll get his way,
And you may bid adieu
To everything save love,
And that will never do.

For sweet sixteen is early
To load one'sself with care;
So send Cupid's arrow
Maitland's icy breath to share.

## Faded Flowers.

Faded flowers, what sad memories arise
As we daily look on your withered leaves,
Like the strength of gay youth we so highly prize,
Gather'd for the garland Death silently weaves.

Faded flowers, where is all thy bright beauty?
Where now is the life-giving perfume shed?
Gone, like frail mortals, from the path of duty,
Gone from the parent stem, faded, scentless, dead.

## Glory be to God on High.

INSCRIBED TO REV. FATHER LOFZ, CHRISTMAS, 1887.

The angels are fluttering their beautiful wings
O'er Jesus, the Infant, the mighty King of Kings,
While on the wintry air the joyful welcome rings,
Glory be to God on high.

'Tis Christmas Day, fond hearts are fill'd with emotion,
Thanking God for this hallow'd day of devotion,
While Christmas lays rejoice from ocean to ocean,
Glory be to God on high.

Sadden'd hearts rejoice, tho' tears from fond eyes stream
Golden hair and blue eyes, of his coming dream;
Raven locks and black orbs, with their gladness beam,
Glory be to God on high.

Then let us all rejoice this merry Christmas Day;
Those who have gone before would now no longer stay,
They are around the throne, singing this joyous lay,
Glory be to God on high.

## April Violets.

O violets, sweet violets, ye heralds of spring,
What fond recollections to my heart ye bring!
So sweet is your perfume, ye whisper of hope
When your scented blue leaves, five petall'd, ye ope.

O violets, sweet violets, waft ye to Heaven
The pure joys of life, which to mortals are giv,
Speak not of the shadows which oft round us lie,
But of the warm sunshine that comes from on high.

## Twilight.

The lightning flashes and the thunders roll,
While I of lov'd ones am dreaming;
The heavens above are cloudy and gray,
The rain o'er earth's fair face streaming.

My heart, so lonely, seems ready to break,
But the Ruler of All is nigh;
His voice in the tempest speaks thro' the rain,
"I will cast from thine heart the sigh.

"For tomorrow the sun in new beauty
Will shine o'er mountain and plain,
And thy face will be glad with the knowledge,
Who loves Me loves not in vain."

## Easter Violets.

The sweet Easter violets,
How fragrant they grew!
In the bright Easter sunshine,
Their purple heads drew
My thoughts from the sermon,
Of Magdalene's love,
For they 'mid the grasses
Were looking above.

The sweet Easter violets,
Alone at my feet,
No other flower near them
On the pebbly street,
To show that the risen Lord
Sends joy to the heart,
Which life's trials oft pierce
With their keenest dart.

## Song of May.

We greet thee, May,
Thou Queen of Flowers,
The poet's hope
In Winter hours;
And we praise Christ, the God of Love,
Who sends May's blessings from above.

The husbandman
Now scatters the seed,
Joyous and bright
His lay indeed.
I praise Thee, Christ, the God of Love,
Who sends May's blessings from above.

The sailor's hope
After Winter's reign,
His heart beats high
On the bounding main,
And sings praise to the God of Love
Who sends May's blessings from above.

The maiden's dream
Of sweetest joy,
To find a crown
Without alloy;
And she prays to the God of Love
Who sends May's blessings from above.

We greet thee, May,
Thou Queen of Flowers,
The poet's dream
In Winter hours;
And we praise Christ, the God of Love,
Who sends May's blessings from above.

## Wedding Bells.

DEDICATED TO CAPT. AND MRS. GREGOR M'GREGOR.

Peal on, wedding bells, right merrily peal,
Two hearts to your chimes love's secrets reveal :
Two hearts united, come weal or come woe,
Peal merrily on, as churchward they go.

Join with the organ in love's mystic chords,
A prelude of joy, intoning the words,
"In Christ ye are one, sin's briers remove,
Go plant in your home the roses of love."

Peal merrily on, as homeward they go,
Their hearts all sunshine, no sorrow to flow ;
With firm faith in God, their Saviour divine,
Who at Cana's feast changed water to wine.

## Gallie.

Thy rosebud mouth,
How sweet its smile !
Thy sparkling eyes,
Free from all guile.

Thy heart so pure,
And gentle voice,
In Heaven thou'lt make
The saints rejoice.

## Caed Mille Failthe.

IN MEMORIAM. PROFESSOR CHARLES FERGUSON, THE BLIND IRISH PIPER.

Ah, Erin, my country, my joy was unbounded
When thy rapturous music flow'd from my soul
Thro' thy dear Irish pipes, the pride of my childhood,
The passion no power on earth could control.

Ah, Erin, I lov'd thee, Green Isle of St. Patrick,
The land of brilliant wit, land of my birth ;
O how could I leave thee, land of my boyhood,
When my heart beat but for thee, gem of the earth !

Ah, Erin, 'twas for thee I cross'd the seas over,
'Twas for thee I dwelt by Huron's sounding shore
To inspire true Canadians with love for the grandeur
Of my dear Irish pipes, of the land I adore.

But, Erin, I must leave thee, my pipes must lie mute
Like the minstrel boy's harp, Death's chord soundeth not ;
But in Heaven my eyes will behold the Grand Harper,
The source of all music, whose strains I have taught.

## 1884.

One, two, three, from the Court House tower,
Four, five, six, I'm counting ev'ry hour:
Seven, eight, nine, in a moment more
Ten, eleven, twelve - welcome Eighty-Four

The bell from the Old Kirk is ringing,
And merry young voices are singing,
"Happy New Year," "A Happy New Year,"
On wings of gladness hovering near.

A right happy New Year may it be,
Let the Old Year sink in time's vast sea:
May its cares and trials be forgot
And each of us happy with his lot.

Let friend meet friend with words of truth,
Let the old motto each learns in youth,
The helm that guides while life's barque we steer
"Dieu et mon droit," words plain and clear

"Dieu et mon droit," our country's command,
"Dieu et mon droit," the magical wand:
This New Year on the banners of fame
Enroll Canada's sons worthy her name.

## To the Blue Ontario.

DEDICATED TO MR. S. NORDHEIMER, GERMAN CONSUL

On thy bosom a mist is descending,
Blue Ontario!
Enshrouding the masts of thy gallant barques,
Blue Ontario!
Humility reigns in temple and hall:
The rain falls in torrents on great and small,
Washing the dross from the hearts of us all,
Blue Ontario!

I love thy Queen City, now in its pride,
Blue Ontario!
Green are its parks as the emerald's hue,
Blue Ontario!
Genius and art are fostered with care,
Progress takes root in thy pure, buoyant air,
Thy youths and maidens are gallant and fair,
Blue Ontario!

And now while I write the sun in his glory
Is shining again, filling hearts with His love:
The blue to thy breast is calmly returning:
The sails of thy craft look like wings of a dove.

Thy waters are dancing with purest delight:
The mass from thy temples look joyous and bright:
And I from my heart this fond prayer indite,
Forget me not, blue Ontario.

## Corpus Christi.

O Jesu Eternal,
  The Father and the Son
Join'd with the Holy Ghost,
  The sacred Three in One.

O Thee we here adore,
  And humbly bow the knee
Before thy bless'd altar,
  'Mid incense burnt to Thee.

Thy blood for us was shed,
  Thy body to us given,
Blessed sacramental food
  To prepare us for Heaven.

Thou art the living Vine,
  To Thee, to Thee we cling ;
Give us the Wine of Life
  To heal our suffering.

Loving, trusting Jesus,
  The Father and the Son
Join'd with the Holy Ghost,
  The Sacred Three in One.

## To Miss Mary Graham.

May prosperity attend you,
  And matrimonial bliss surround you ;
Radiant with charms may your suitor be,
  Your guide in the path of integrity.

## To Miss Jennie Macara.

Would that the ardent living fire
  Of poesy filled my heart,
Then would my pen like magic charm
  The friends who from me part.

The raging storm disturbs my thoughts,
  Which now should tranquil be
To write some earnest parting word,
  Love's offering from me.

May thy young life be crown'd with joy,
  No sorrow cloud thy brow ;
May Hope paint roses on thy cheek
  Where lilies blossom now.

Then fare thee well, my dear young friend,
  May God guard thee from harm ;
And may'st thou golden honors win,
  Thy parents' hearts to charm.

## New Year's Day.

TO MISS EMMA HARDY.

Emma, black-eyed senora,
No heart can stand thy witching power;
Emma, black-eyed senora,
Thou'rt growing more lovely every hour.

Emma, black-eyed senora,
Could I but thy fortune foretell
I'd fill it with golden treasure
And round thee throw love's magic spell.

Emma, black-eyed senora,
May sorrow ne'er encompass thee more;
May joys sweetly bloom in Hope's garland
Which the future for thee has in store.

## Silence.

"Silence is golden," Seneca spoke most truly:
When envy and discord are borne on the stream,
Pour oil on the waters when the waves prove unruly,
And joy and contentment will rule there supreme.

"Bless'd are the peacemakers," 'tis the Lord who has spoken,
"For they shall inherit the kingdom of Heaven;"
Then strew seeds of forgiveness, of silence mute token,
And to him who requires most let much be given.

## Thoughts at Eve.

How brightly shine the twinkling stars,
In Heaven's vaulted sky;
Teaching us God's wondrous power
That we may know thereby

That if we study to do right
And keep from evil ways
Our lives will be a stream of joy,
Our thoughts be thoughts of praise

To Him Who came and died for us,
Our precious souls to save,
And hourly watches over us
From the cradle to the grave.

## Maude T.

Dear Maude, thy heart is as true as steel,
Faithful to friends thro' woe or weal,
Bright as Aurora's break of day;
May Heaven keep thy heart true alway.

## To Miss Emma Platt.

Emma, thou art true, love,
With thy golden hair,
And thy eyes of blue, love,
Thou art beauteous fair.

Busy as the birds in Spring,
Warbling all the day;
Emma, thou art enchanting,
Like some merry fay.

Come when the daisies peep
From under the snow;
And be sure the promise keep
Which you make me now.

You may win laurels, Emma,
If they're to be won,
With your JEU D'ESPRIT, Emma,
While in Palmerston.

## The New Moon.

Like a silver bow in the starlit sky
The moon in her grandeur rides;
So glittering and cold she appears to us,
But love in her light confides.

Woe to the maiden who sees her pale face
Through the glass of the window pane;
Her lover will surely prove himself false,
She'll ne'er see his face again.

But if she stands under Heaven's blue dome,
Where the moon's rays o'er her fall,
Then will she be bless'd with a happy love,
For love is the crown of all.

Sail on, silvery moon, with thy witching grace,
Send good luck to small and great;
Those who saw thee tonight forget them not.
Let Christmas joys them await.

## To Miss Fannie Rothwell.

How glorious this outburst of May,
With its balmy summer-like breeze;
And birds carroling sweetly each day
While building their nests in the trees!
So, Fanny, may their gladdening song
Awaken fond hopes in thy heart,
And bring to thee joy untold ere long,
Which while life lasts cannot depart.

## Corpus Christi.

O Cherubim and Seraphim,
  Give praise unto His holy name,
For the Lord of Hosts this day
  Our Life and our Saviour became.
Lift your voices in glad hosannas,
  All ye choirs upon earth ;
Sing the song of Christ triumphant,
  The song of Thy Heavenly birth.

"I am the life, the livi  'ost,"
  Sent from the Fathe  noly Throne ;
"He that eateth of this bread
  Shall live forever by Me alone."
Fragrant flowers perfume thy altar,
  Floral offerings children bring,
With their white robes of innocence,
  While choirs "Pange Lingua" sing.

"Tantum Ergo," the host is laid
  Upon the altar, Faith's resting place ;
While the congregation's prayers,
  Like incense sweet, invoke God's grace.
Our souls inhale Heaven's fragrance,
  ur lives in innocence bloom ;
The angels who sang at our birth
  Hosannas will sing o'er our tomb.

## Ode to Spring.

TO MISS N. C. M., BY R QUEST.

The spring time is coming upon us,
  And cold, chilly winter has gone,
The robin sings loud from the maple
  His carol at coming of dawn.

The meadows have wak'd from their slumbers,
  And flow'rets have sprung into light,
And southern breezes are laden
  With odors of wild flowers bright.

The hawthorn will soon be in blossom,
  The valley will soon be in bloom
And snows from the woodlands will vanish
  For lilies more pure to make room.

The brooklet now freed from its fetters
  Goes murmuring on through the dell,
With sound as of tinkling cymbals
  Or voice of a silvery bell.

The Graces their locks are adorning,
  The Naiades are walking abroad,
And the woodnymph and song bird united
  Are singing the praises of God.

## To Miss Sara Hardy.

Thy fond heart has been sadden'd, Sara,
By the loss of a mother's love ;
Then may it soon be gladden'd, Sara,
With Hope's choicest boon from above.

May love warm and true e'er be thine, Sara.
So long as thy life here doth last ;
May no regret make thee repine, Sara,
No new sorrow thy brow to o'ercast.

## To Miss Minnie Kernighan,

SUNNYSIDE.

Sing sweetly, Minnie, Christmas-tide draweth near,
Usher in joyously the Happy New Year ;
Nothing charms the heart like music's magic strain.
None can list to song and undisturbed remain.
Yea, every nation beneath the starlit sky
Sings its songs of love or war, or baby's lullaby ;
I know the power it wields, on the battle plain
Dauntlessly the soldiers march e'en to be slain,
E'en as the bud unfolds after summer's rain.

## Tribute

TO MY LOVED SISTER, EMMA JANE, AGED 2 YEARS AND 7 MONTHS.

My lovely sister now is gone,
Her spirit soars on high,
She's gone to meet the God she lov'd
Beyond the azure sky.

No more her little hand I'll take,
No more her sparkling eyes I'll see,
No more her little cheeks I'll kiss,
She's in the grave and lost to me.

Yet not lost, her beautiful head
Was pillow'd on the Saviour's breast ;
When the sun in its glory rose
Her angel soul had gone to rest.

———

And now long years have wing'd their flight,
My gifted poet brother lies
Beside her, and our father fond
Is with them, too, in Paradise.

Beside the Maitland's banks they're laid,
Where its murmuring waters flow
Into Lake Huron's song-wreath'd waves,
And where fragrant breezes blow.

## Christmas Morn.

Merrily, merrily, peal the chimes
  On this our holy Christmas morn,
And glad Hosannas reach the throne
  Because Jesus today was born ;
Children, raise your hearts above
For the blessing of his love.

Merrily, merrily, peal the chimes,
  While children's voices shout in glee
As they count the myriad presents
  Growing on the Christmas tree ;
Grateful for the Christmas cheer
Santa Claus brings them ev'ry year.

Merrily, merrily, peal the chimes
  From the old cathedral's tower,
And the organ's glorious anthems
  Show the great Redeemer's power,
As Christians wend their way to pray
  On this merry Christmas Day.

## Christmas.

Softly fall the virgin snowflakes
  From their high home above,
On this earth of sin and sorrow,
  As tokens of Christ's love.

The Christ Who with His Mother lay
  In Bethlehem's manger cold,
But with the halo round His brow,
  The promised Son of old.

The Son for Whom a nation longed
  With faith in Israel's God ;
And now He's come in innocence,
  His outstretched arm, the rod—

The Heavenly rod, that rules mankind
  With hope instead of fear ;
The rod that smites the rock of sin,
  Whence jets of love appear.

Then let us glad hosannas sing,
  Let's hasten to adore
The new-born King, our God and King,
  Our joy for evermore.

Let "Gloria in Excelsis" rise
  From lips of old and young,
And on the merry Christmas Day
  Be glad Hosannas sung.

As one voice from a nation's heart,
  To spread from sea to sea
The joyful news that Bethlehem's Babe
  Is born again to thee.

## Sacred Heart of Jesus.

Sacred Heart of Jesus,
  Burning with love divine,
In the garden of my soul
  Plant this Heart of Thine.

Thou art like a red, red rose
  Blooming 'mid lilies fair;
What upon this beauteous earth
  With thy love can compare?

Sacred Heart of Jesus,
  Calm Thou my troubled soul
When the tempest rages
  And angry surges roll.

Sacred Heart of Jesus,
  Bleeding for this world's sin,
Fill us with contrition,
  Thy forgiveness to win.

Sacred Heart of Jesus,
  Golden vessel of love,
Cleanse us from earthly dross
  To dwell with saints above.

## Tribute To Canada's Loved Queen.

LINES RECEIVED BY PRINCESS LOUISE ON HER MAJESTY'S BIRTHDAY DURING HER ROYAL HIGHNESS' VISIT IN CANADA, AND WHICH H. R. H. WAS PLEASED TO TERM "GRACEFUL POETRY."

(AIR, "NATIONAL MARCH.")

On this our belov'd Queen's natal day,
Let Canada's sons and daughters pray
That long our Queen may her sceptre sway
  O'er sea and land.
Let Scotia from her highland glen,
And from lowland, mountain, field and fen,
Tune her pibroch for the gallant men
  At her Queen's command.

Let Erin's harp, with its heart strings torn,
Rejoice like the sunburst, on this happy morn,
And the brow of Erin's Queen adorn
  With Faith's diadem.
Let Albion's halls with mirth resound,
And "India's coral strand" abound
With love that in loyal hearts is found,
  The Christian's gem.

May the sunset of her life be calm,
And the memory of her works a psalm
When the nation's heart will need a balm;
  God bless our Queen.

## Hail, Glorious Easter Morn.

Hail, glorious Easter morn,
  Herald the soul's true innocence :
The winter of sin has pass'd,
Frail blossoms have stood its blast,
  The pure blossoms of repentance.

Salvation, Heavenly word,
  Ever echoed around the throne :
Salvation's reign has begun,
To serve the Sanctified One,
  Whose forgiveness melts hearts of stone

The birds sing their notes of praise,
  Omnipotence, Omnipotence :
The lakes and rivers are free,
All nature is fill'd with glee,
  Satan's breastworks have no defense.

Hail, glorious Easter morn,
  Herald the soul's true innocence :
The winter of sin has pass'd,
Frail blossoms have stood its blast
  The pure blossoms of repentance.

## Christmas Wishes.

Pit, pat, patter, patter, down comes the rain
Against my cosy parlor window pane,
And I am wishing that it may soon snow,
So old Santa Claus may know where to go.

But then he'll never dream, kind, dear old man,
That we've had no snow since winter began :
He'll come heavy laden with bonbons sweet
And gifts of all kinds, your fond hearts to greet.

Nice gifts for mammas, as well as the boys,
And for papas, too, who love pretty toys :
The girls and the babies will get their share,
For Santa Claus loves all under his care.

And when Christmas comes be kind to the poor,
Send them rejoicing away from your door :
Christ then will love you, my little darlings,
Who was born in a manger—King of Kings.

And now let me wish you a right good cheer
For Merry Christmas and Happy New Year,
With huge piles of snow and nice sleighs and skates,
And raisins and figs, mince pie, cake and dates.

## In Memoriam,

VIOLET, CARRIE, NELL. LOVINGLY INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS. WATTIE WATSON.

Why dost thou weep, mother? Why dost thou weep?
Thy babes are with Jesus but not asleep;
In their hands are His harps, where all is bright,
Where day is unending, where there's no night.

Why dost thou weep, father? Why dost thou weep?
When thy little Nell, awake and asleep,
Cried for her sister, who had gone before,
And smiled a sweet smile as she left this shore.

What a lesson to man! Death to that child
Was a joy to her heart, pure, undefiled;
She was going to her sister, her pride,
And to her Redeemer, the Sanctified.

## Charity.

Charity, sweet sister of Faith and Hope,
Heaven's greatest boon to us below,
Thy flowing mantle gently o'er us falls
And soothes the unutterable woe.

Ye sons of Fortune, ye who cannot know
How dire Temptation calmly can await
At Misery's door, until the victim
In the pitfall sinks—Hope comes too late.

Then Charity, sweet music of the soul,
Let thy glorious chords strike our hearts
With love for all; "Love thine enemy,"
The Holy Scripture to us imparts.

## Maggie.

Spring, gay spring, is coming, she longs to be here;
Trefoil and yellow primrose soon will appear,
Valentine's Day wearies us of winter's snow,
A lovely blossoming spring 'twill be, I trow.
Lilies and crocuses will soon lift their heads,
Eager to escape from their prison-bound beds;
Narcissus comes, too, urging us to aspire
To Fame's pinnacle, each day higher and higher.
I vainly imagine why people alway,
Notwithstanding this fete of Valentine's Day,
Ever try to vex someone, where love should reign,
Surely malice and frosts should be on the wane.
Do unto others as they should do to you,
A happy heart you will always have, and true
Your friends will be, old serving ones and new.

## To Miss Kate Hardy,

TORONTO.

Could I forget thy laughing eyes
  Which chase all care away,
Or sunny gleams of burnish'd gold
  Which 'mid thy tresses stray !

Thy thoughtful brow of study tells,
  With perseverance rare,
Which fits thee for the guide of those
  Committed to thy care.

Then cull the flowers of toil, dear Kate,
  To scatter by the way,
That all their fragrance must inhale
  And thou with praise repay.

## Resignation and Contentment.

Resignation, sweet word of faith in Heaven above,
And contentment, richest treasure of all earthly love ;
In the homes where they dwell joy most pure will e'er be found,
And sorrow will take wing at their talismanic sound.

In the cot of the peasant contentment charms the heart,
And many a noble wishes in vain he had a part,
For ambition rudely spurs him on. and God is forgot
Until he passes under the rod, the sinner's lot.

Riches oft to mortal are temptation's greatest snare,
Filling them with vanity, obliterating care ;
Forgetting that to Him above, Who hears sorrow's moan,
Alone belongs their riches, to help the needy one.

## An Easter Gift.

DEDICATED TO MISS LIZZIE SEEGMILLER.

Only a tender snowdrop
  Springing from the darken'd mould,
With no leaf to protect it
  From the April evening's cold.

But like the Easter gladness
  It needs only the sun's warm ray ;
Like hearts, warm with contrition,
  To offer the God-man today.

Then, like the pure white snowdrop,
  Let us fear not surrounding sin ;
When called to the Heavenly mansion
  Be prepared to "enter in."

## To Mary.

(MRS. DAVE M'KAY.)

Mary, thy name is sweeter far
  Than all other names to me;
Mayst thou be filled with virtues rare,
  Like the Marys of Galilee.

## Kindness.

Kindness is akin to love,
  Melting hearts of stone;
Its flame ascends to Heaven,
  To the holy One.
Its flame doth warm the ember,
  Kindling it to life,
When it lay all blacken'd
  By life's daily strife;
Throwing its heat around us
  Like the noonday sun,
Strengthening us for the work
  Kindness has begun.

Kindness is the ruby red
  Among jewels rare,
Polished by a master hand
  And cherish'd with care;
No flaw upon its surface,
  'Tis red through and through,
Breathing of the Heav'nly love,
  Ever pure and true.
Then fill the world with kindness,
  Set sad hearts aglow,
And fit them for the treasure
  Hid from eyes below.

Kindness [illegible] the red, red rose
  Growin[illegible] [illegible]id the thorns,
Filling [illegible] richest fragrance
  What [illegible] it adorns;
Worn b[illegible] the modest maiden,
  Worn by royal queen,
It loseth not its beauty
  Where'er it is seen.
By the lonely forest path,
  With perfume so rare,
Is found the rose of kindness,
  Crushing out despair.

## To a Dark-eyed Maiden.

May joys without number
  Be thine for ave.
And may'st thou ne'er repent
  Thy wedding day.

# Girls, be Kind to Mother.

Girls, be kind to mother,
For you her life is spent;
From the early morning
She prays that grace be lent

To her loving daughters,
Whose lives to her belong,
Who tuned their rosy lips
To words of sweetest song.

Praising their Creator,
Lisping His holy name;
"Good God, bless our mamma,"
Their first and highest aim.

Girls, be kind to mother,
And help her on her way
With little acts of kindness
Along her household way.

Prepare the morning meal,
That she may rest awhile;
With little acts of kindness
Her work with love beguile.

That at the sunset hour
Her work may be complete;
While on her bended knees
Her thoughts are pure and sweet.

Born of a holy love
That, like a star of peace,
Illumines that happy home
With joys that cannot cease.

Girls, be kind to mother,
Let not the bridal veil
Take from her the glory
That crowns her face so pale.

A mother's love is thine
Till death doth chill her heart
And close the loving eyes
That wept with joy to part

From you, when other eyes
Brought blushes to your cheek,
Whose loving words are heard,
"Thou art the one I seek."

Girls, be kind to mother,
Smooth with love her way
When pain, Death's messenger,
Bids her no longer stay

In this world of sadness,
Where shadows cast their gloom,
To a land of sunlight,
The land beyond the tomb.

# "Eloi, Eloi, Lama Sabacthani."

GOOD FRIDAY.

Christian reader, ponder deeply,
Today the Saviour died;
With cruel thorns his head is crown'd,
Then Sinai quakes with awful sound
The Man-God is crucified.

Yet man goes on his path of sin,
Forgetting Calvary's tree,
Forgetting that our sins He bore
That we might live for evermore,
From every sorrow free.

With cruel spears His side they pierce,
Yet sweet smiles His face adorn;
"Eloi, Eloi," the Saviour's cry,
"Eloi Lama Sabacthani,"
With fierce pain His heart is torn.

O may we meet Him face to face,
When our race on earth is run;
O may sweet buds of promise bloom
In ev'ry heart, where sin finds room,
To praise Israel's holy One.

How can we wound Him day by day,
When we know He bore our pain?
Then let contrition's fount o'erflow
And sin-stain'd souls made white as snow,
A Heavenly crown to gain.

And like spring blossoms let our hearts
Rise to Him Who died today;
Let Heavenly rays our actions gild,
That Christ's promise may be fulfill'd,
To dwell with His saints alway.

"I am the Way, the Truth and the Life,"
Let thy prayers like incense rise;
And let the Easter sun shine o'er
A land where the redeem'd adore
Christ, the living Sacrifice.

---

# To * * *

May a sunny sky greet thee
On thy wedding morn;
May roses of health and beauty
Thy twin cheeks adorn.
May love's light shine in thine eyes
And sparkle with fun,
And may God's Heavenly grace
Rest on thy chosen one.

## To Mary Ellen Farr.

Thy friendship is like Heavenly dew,
Thy love like Heaven's sun.

## Lines

ON RECEIVING THANKS FROM THE HONORABLE MEMBERS OF THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.

'Tis sweet to be thanked,
But sweeter, sweeter far
To know that one's acts
Meritorious are.

## To Nellie.

May your dark eyes know no sorrow,
May they shine with pure delight;
May you know no sad tomorrow,
May you praise God day and night.

## To Aeneas Joseph.

Little boy, thy parents' first-born,
Canst thou lisp thy name?
Canst thou ask the good St. Joseph
For one spark of flame
To inspire thee in thy boyhood
With devotion true
For God and His holy altar,
Life's sweet Heavenly dew?

## The Star of Bethlehem.

And now again 'tis Christmas Day,
And Bethlehem's star shines bright.
That star of old, that star of fame,
That star that crown'd a Heavenly name,
Jesus, the Infant King;
And now again its silvery ray
Sends hope and love, the soul's delight,
While angels anthems sing.

Can man desire a greater proof
Of Christ's all-protecting power,
Than see again this star of love,
The shepherds' guiding star, above,
To Jesus, Mary's Son?
Can any Christian stand aloof
From praising, at this hour,
Jesus, the Holy One?
Let ev'ry heart, this Christmas Day,
Rejoice and be exceeding gay.

## A. Grant.

May Heaven bless thee with health and give thee grace
To keep life's joyous glow on thy tranquil face.

## Katie.

How deftly thy fingers touch the ivory keys,
Playing "Rosseau's Dream" with the most perfect ease;
Thy face like a sunbeam, crown'd with hair of gold,
Thou'lt be a star, Katie, when years thy gifts unfold.

## Canada's Farewell to Louise and Lord Lorne.

(AIR, "ST. PATRICK'S DAY.")

Farewell to thee, Princess; a nation's devotion
We owe to thee, daughter of Albion's Queen;
The high and the lowly are fill'd with emotion,
In all hearts thou'rt mirror'd where'er thou hast been.
Then fare thee well, Princess,
'Round thy heart enwreath us;
Let fair Canada's realms be a volume to thee,
Of which love's the binding;
The gem thou'lt be finding
As long as Britannia rules o'er land and sea. Then
O think of its lakes, its rivers and streams,
O think of its maples, fair Canada's tree, then
O think of thy rambles, like beautiful dreams.

Fare thee well, Princess, and fare thee well, Lorne,
May thy lives end as nobly as they have begun;
May art and the muses thy minds' chambers adorn,
That thou mayst in poesy live "second to none."
Then fare thee well, Princess,
'Round thy heart enwreath us;
Let fair Canada's realms be a volume to thee;
May gladness unbroken,
The soul's joyous token,
Be thine while Britannia rules over land and sea. Then
O think of its lakes, its rivers and streams;
O think of its maples, fair Canada's tree, then
O think of thy rambles, like beautiful dreams.

Let "Hold Fast" be thy guerdon—Hope's starry banner
To keep thy lives filled with God's Heavenly love,
That virtues may flourish where life is a burden,
And draw souls from earth's Eden to the palace above.
Then fare thee well, Princess,
'Round thy heart enwreath us;
Let fair Canada's realms be a volume to thee,
Of which love's the binding;
The gem thou'lt be finding.
As long as Britannia rules o'er land and sea. Then
O think of its lakes, its rivers and streams,
O think of its maples, fair Canada's tree, then
O think of thy rambles, like beautiful dreams.

## To Mrs. J. A. Wieland,

DETROIT.

E'en keep thy voice attun'd to His praise above,
The Lord of Hosts, the mighty Father of all love.

## Zeda.

Gazelle-eyed Zeda, thy black eyes flash and flame
Like diamonds in the sun, wild like thy gypsy name;
Cheeks as red as roses, ebony black thy hair,
Lips of coral redness, some bright youth to ensnare.

## In Memoriam.

EVA WEATHERALD.

I know I'm going, dear papa, to the home above;
Tell not mamma, it will pain her heart so full of love.
Tell my little classmates at St. George's that I know
We'll meet again. Tho' now I'm weak, yet I'm glad to go
To join the angels who surround the Almighty's throne,
And weep not, papa darling, rejoice when I am gone.

## My Queen.

INSCRIBED TO CAPT. EDWARDS.

The moonlight falls upon the sea,
While my barque rides o'er the wave;
The heav'ns are bright
With stars of night,
And my crew are firm and brave.
The heav'ns are bright
With stars of night,
And my crew are firm and brave.

They sing Auld Scotia's bonnie sangs,
O' pibrochs wild and sweet,
While Erin's woes,
And England's rose
Make my heart with devotion beat.
While Erin's woes,
And England's rose
Make my heart with devotion beat,

For you, my bonnie dark-eyed queen,
I'll roam the seas no more,
But at thy side,
While time doth glide,
I'll stay until life is o'er.
But at thy side,
While time doth glide,
I'll stay until life is o'er.

## To Mrs. H. Dennis,

BRUSSELS.

May your future be crown'd with strength and health
And a preponderance of this world's wealth.

## Blanche.

Dear Blanche, thy name bespeaks a stately maid,
A loving, trusting heart, like unto thine ;
A budding flow'r to whom homage is paid,
A flower whose beauty will ne'er decline.

## To Lizzie C.

Lizzie, lov'd one, with een of blue,
Well I know thou'lt ever be true ;
Cherish for me a loving thought
Which for treasure can ne'er be bought.

Lizzie, thou'rt gentle, pure and good,
Like flow'ret budding in the wild wood :
Then be gay, Lizzie, while you may,
And for good fortune ever pray.

## To Maude.

Maude, so airy and bright,
Skipping along to skate ;
I'm sure her heart is light,
It should be at any rate.

Skate, Maude, it's jolly fun,
And dance, too, gay and bright :
But mind your "scales" to run
One half-hour every night.

## Maggie Mackay.

Like the roses that bloom in the June time,
Didst thou pass from our fond loving eyes,
Leaving our hearts filled with sorrow's deep grief,
Whilst the angels bore thee to the skies.

The merry light in thy joyous blue een
Endeared thee to the friends of thy youth,
And the bloom on thy cheek, so rich and rare,
Spoke of innocence, virtue and truth.

Thy fresh young voice, Maggie, we'll ne'er forget,
The pure music of love filled each tone ;
But no voice is too pure for Beulah land
To praise the Lord on the Great White Throne.

## Lillian.

Forget me not, Lillian, when Love throws his spell
O'er thy young trusting heart by Brechan's famous well ;
If fairy tales you write, be sure to find a king
Who'll woo the "Forest Maiden" with Love's offering.

## Canada's Tribute to the Poet Longfellow.

The gifted poet breathes no more,
Undisturbed his pen. The sweet voice
That children lov'd to hear is mute,
But yet he speaks : His songs live
In the fond hearts of his people.
His grand "Psalm of Life" will be sung
When this generation has pass'd
Beyond the ken of mortal man
Genius never dies, it must live
Like leaven, to fulfil man's ends ;
For as leaven leaveneth the loaf
So doth genius inspire the soul ;
Man's soul must be set in motion,
Else the animal creation
Wou'd soon approach his normal state.
Man's soul is made in God's image,
Grand in its conception, grander
Than all the mighty works of Heaven.
The poet has his daily task
As well as the philosopher.
All noble minds, like the planets,
Have each their place in life's orbit,
With God for their Eternal Sun.
Then let us pay sincere homage
To the aged Poet of the North,
Whose "Day is Done," whose work is o'er ;
Let Canada twine maple leaves
With the wreath of laurel and cypress
Chiselled by the sculptor Time,
A lasting crown, a monument
To America's poet laureate,
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

## To Miss Eva Smith,

ON RECEIVING FROM HER THE GIFT OF A BASKET OF BEAUTIFUL PEACHES.

Many thanks, Eva, dear, for the luscious peach,
With its crimson and golden, downy skin :
'Tis a tempting gift to put in one's reach,
To taste them I'm really afraid to begin,
For I love to look at them—not even rich cream
Would tempt me to try them, so pretty they are ;
But eat them I must, for there's no use to dream
Of putting them into a bottle or jar.

## In Memoriam.

JOHN DONAGH, MUSICIAN.

Pulseless the buoyant heart, silent the kindly voice
That filled the homes with music, making hearts rejoice.
Erin's sons may mourn him—to Erin he was true,
Her music was his glory, pure as Heavenly dew.

Lay the Shamrock on his breast—'twas his darlin' pride.
No other flower for him in all this world so wide;
It spoke to him of grandeur, of hope in Heaven's love,
Where the Three in One doth reign in the courts above.

## Should I Never See Thee More.

TO MISS MAGGIE FULTON, BROWNSVILLE, ONT.

Should I never see thee more
Thy face is on my heart's core
Imprinted. Thou hast a store
Of wisdom all must adore.

## Tribute

TO MRS. (REV. DR.) COOKE, ON HEARING HER SING IN VICTORIA STREET CHURCH THE BEAUTIFUL SACRED SOLO, "GOD KNOWS ALL." LINES DEDICATED TO THE W. F. M. S.

Thou hast a beautiful voice and a beautiful face,
And well I know a beautiful soul;
And I know that Jesus will fill thee always with grace,
While the waves of Eternity roll.

## To Jean Beck,

A LITTLE EIGHTEEN MONTHS' OLD SINGER.

Wonderful, lovely little child,
With golden locks and e'en so mild,
How "Jesus loves me, that I know"
Threw round my heart a radiant glow,
For thou art but a babe—not e'en
Two short years hast thou seen.

# POEMS

BY THE LATE

## LIEUT. RICHARD SKIMINGS,

OF

GODERICH GARRISON ARTILLERY.

(SECOND EDITION.

# NOTE.

THE subjoined poems of the late Lieut. Richard Skimings, of the Goderich Garrison Artillery, are given to the public. He was a promising young lawyer, full of love for his profession and his beloved Canada, and during the Fenian raid took cold on duty. Having recovered sufficiently to take part in a rifle match at London, Ont., on the 5th Nov., 1867, between the regulars and volunteers, the severity of the season brought on an attack of hemorrhage of the lungs, which prostrated him for that winter. In the spring of 1868 he sailed for Lima, Peru, South America, and on reaching that city the plague was raging; so he returned to his home at Goderich, much benefitted by the sea trip. But later, when the autumn fruit was ripe in his garden, pulling his prized peaches, the hemorrhage again attacked him, and as soon as possible he sailed for Bermuda, in order to regain his strength. But although he could wield his pen with manly grace in poetry and prose, and kept his travels beautifully written, the hand of Death was waiting in that lovely land to chill his aspiration. He left Bermuda on the 3rd April, 1869, and died beloved by all who knew him for his honor and Christian integrity, at his home, Goderich, Ont., Canada, on 12th May, 1869. Requiescat in pace.

LIEUT. RICHARD SKIMINGS.

# POEMS

[illegible]

# [illegible] SUMMINGS

## [illegible]

[illegible] bird,
[illegible] leaves,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible] the [illegible]
[illegible] waves
[illegible] the [illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible] south
[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] South
[illegible] of the south
[illegible]

[illegible] beneath the [illegible]
[illegible] foam
[illegible] were the rainbow [illegible]
[illegible] shells that scattered [illegible]
[illegible] ocean's foam

I [illegible] the molten [illegible]
[illegible] beneath the sea,
When Chimborazo [illegible] the sky
[illegible] with many a sunset dye
Reflected on our sea.

I [illegible] the ponderous [illegible] of whales
In Southern seas at play;
I've watched the Chilean condor [illegible]
To towering crags, where first the light
Proclaims the dawning day

LIEUT. REDMAKE SIMMONS

# POEMS

BY THE LATE

# LIEUT. R. SKIMMINGS.

## To Canada.

I love the land that gave me birth,
  'Tho' cold her north wind blows;
I love her ice-bound winter lakes,
I claim a kinship to the flakes
  That form her virgin snows.

I've roamed in many a Southern clime
  Where orange blossoms wave;
Where broad bananas fan the air
Where flourishes the citron fair,
  Beside the azure wave.

I've lain beneath the myrtle shade,
  Beneath the waving palm,
Amid the oleander groves,
Where summer perfume ever roves
  With many a fragrant balm.

I've pulled the luscious, fragrant pine
  And culled pomegranates fair;
The sugar-apple of the South,
And dates—those conquerors of the drouth,
  And chirimovas rare.

I've seen beneath the crystal wave
  The coral insects' home,
Bright flowers that with the rainbow vie,
And beauteous shells that scattered lie
  Beneath the ocean's foam.

I've watched the molten tropic's sun
  Go down beneath the sea,
Where Chimborazo cleaves the sky,
Ablaze with many a sunset die,
  Reflected on our lea.

I've watched the ponderous sport of whales
  In Southern seas at play,
I've watched the Chilian condor's flight
To tow'ring crags, where first the light
  Proclaims the dawning day.

I've seen the lightning flash from eyes
  Where midnight shadows lie;
When Spain's proud daughters met my view,
With locks that mock the raven's hue,
  Whose pinions cleave the sky.

Bermuda's daughters, too, I've seen,
  Whose beauties Moore has sung;
And friendship's warm right hand I've met
(I feel the tingling pulses yet)
  From strangers roved among.

But ever turns my heart to thee,
  My bright Canadian home!
And dearer grow thy broad blue lakes,
Thy silver streams, thy woodland brakes,
  With every step I roam.

The proud magnolia's bloom I love,
  The myrtle's perfumed shades;
But oh! how dear above them all
A single crimson leaf let fall
  From Huron's maple glades!

By Huron's sounding shores I've left
  My dearest friends on earth;
May God's own mantle from above
Enfold them and the land I love—
The land that gave me birth.

## Canada.

O! why will ye roam in foreign lands
  In search of the golden store,
When the God of Canada places it
  At the poor man's cottage door?

There's naught in this second Paradise
  Which cannot be earned by worth,
Tho' our commerce tells in other lands
  Of a mighty nation's birth.

How bright looks the prospect here to those
  Once crushed 'neath a tyrant's heel,
Who are proud to point to the maple leaf
  With a glow of patriot zeal.

Then haste to the land of the golden sheaf,
  And calm your awaken'd fears;
We're protected here by our British Queen
  And our noble volunteers.

Our name in the future standeth forth,
  A sun midst the smaller lights;
While a trump that's swell'd by a nation's voice
  Bears the words, "Our God and rights."

## To the River Maitland.

O river Maitland, fringed with tree-
Mid banks stupendous to behold,
Thou flowest on from year to year
Upon thy stony bed.

The Indian o'er thy silvery crest
Sometimes prepar'd for deadly strife;
Or on more peaceful quest of game
With silence strict did glide.

The mills which grace thy tree-clad banks
And turn'd by thy onrolling stream
Are pass'd by thee, unmindful all
Of man's unceasing toil.

Thy bell-shap'd mouth, with waters dark
Is refuge sure for sea birds tossed
Upon thy father's angry crest,
Which God ordain'd should be

## To Lake Huron.

In summer on thy placid breast
The graceful sea bird rides;
The Indian in his birch canoe
Swiftly o'er thy bosom glides.

Thy rippling waves with silvery crest
Soft murm'ring on the strand,
Are guided all the live long year
By God's unerring hand.

In winter winds upheave thee, o
So placid and so calm,
And raise thy waves to mou
Once playful as a lamb.

Thy waves now wear a somb
No sun to make them bright,
For clouds have hidden him from vie
And robb'd you of his light.

## The Southern Soldier's Death.

I'm going, boys, to leave you,
Alas! for evermore;
I've one request to make you,
And then the struggle's o'er.

Pray bear me to the field, boys,
And lay me by the side
Of yonder oak, 'neath which, boys,
My noble brother died.

O lay me tow'rds the South, boys,
  Upon that velvet moss,
And round my body wrap, boys,
  The glittering Southern Cross.

There, comrades, I'm now happy,
  Why should I wish to stay,
But firmly strike for freedom
  When I am called away.

## Lines Inscribed To * * *

Forget thee ! aye, then ask the sun
To shade its molten orb, and at
A tangent ever rampant roam
In devious courses, tho' all space ;
The moon to hide her silv'ry disc
In dim oblivion, and the stars
To pale their lamps, o'er sea and land.
Forget thee ! might these bid the deep
To calm its ever throbbing breast
And silent, like old Lethe's wave,
To glide beyond eternity ;
Then ask the mighty streams that roll
With struggling waves their sinuous lengths
Thro' hill and dale, to backward turn
And seek their natal founts among
The pathless hills and wastes untrod
Save by the bear and deep tongu'd wolf.
Yet e'en if this and more should be
My heart should fondly breathe thy name,
And ask in turn, "Forget me not."

## On the Approach of Winter.

O boys, resume your dreadnaught coats,
  Your gauntlets, furs and skates,
For winter comes with rapid strides
  And time for no man waits.

The leaves lie wither'd on the ground,
  Beneath the mother tree ;
And boisterous winds from nor'-west rage
  Uncheck'd with boisterous glee.

The wild birds seek their southern homes,
  And silent are our woods
Where naught was heard but merry lays
  Of birds in merry moods.

Around the hearthstone blazing warm,
  The pleasant tale is told,
That in the cheerful room we may
  Forget the biting cold.

# A Plea for Bachelors.

FOR THE "ROYAL GAZETTE," BERMUDA.

Who would not be a bachelor, with no tormenting wife
To wheedle you, and cozen you and plague you all your life;
Who votes tobacco poison, who hates the sight of wine,
Whose heart is wholly centered in the millinery line!

Who would not be a bachelor, and ne'er be forced to go
And stare thro' all the windows of the shops upon the row,
At ribbons mauve and violet, at bonnets large and small,
And then be made—for there's the rub—to buy one after all!

Who would not be a bachelor, and ne'er be called a brute
Because to cries for largess you still continue mute;
Because you see no music in darling baby's roar,
And frown to see her pile your books upon your study floor!

Who would not be a bachelor, and free to ask a friend
A quiet hour o'er pipe and glass at eventide to spend,
Without being curtain-lectured by a snappish being in white,
For sitting up to smoke and drink through half the blessed night!

Who would not be a bachelor, with dog upon the rug,
And kettle singing on the hob, and all serene and snug,
Without a shrill, reproachful voice to din into your ear,
"I wish you'd shut that nasty book, and talk to me, my dear!"

Who would not be a bachelor, and free to cast an eye
Upon each pretty lassie who may chance to hurry by,
Without being brought to book for, and pretty sharply, too,
By a jealous little termagant in lavender and blue!

'Tis I who'd be a bachelor, and will be till I die,
No snow white hand will forge the chain to snap my liberty;
I'll flirt with all who'll let me, but when the Church draws near,
Why then I'll make my conge, and politely disappear.

CELEBS.

Bermuda, Jan., 1869.

# Replication to "A Plea for Bachelors."

FOR THE BERMUDA "ROYAL GAZETTE."

I would not be a bachelor, and live without a wife,
For he's no more than HALF A MAN who leads that stupid life;
I'd sooner marry twenty girls than go through life alone,
Like that lively fossil gentleman, a toad within a stone.

I'd rather go through twenty towns, with forty shops in each,
And buy the bonnets in them all, and ribbons, too, to match,
Than live a snuffy bachelor, and never know the bliss
Of a man who's got what's better than a cutty pipe to kiss.

I'd like to say in Cæleb's ear a thing he can't dispute,
You need not be a BENEDICT to earn the name of "brute."
I don't believe in half he says about the baby's roar,
And it's only at a bachelor's you'll find a dirty floor.

The bachelor has airs enough, looks happy now and then,
But if you'd know just how he lives you've got to see his den,
Where pots and pans, old hats and boots, and platters none too clean
Are collected round the cream jug, with a boot-jack stuck between.

It's here he entertains his friend, another "bach," of course,
Who scruples not at what he sees, he knows his own is worse:
They smoke their pipes, and drink their punch, and praise that kind of life,
Though each KNOWS right well (the hypocrite) he'd sooner have a wife.

I'd like to know the good he gets by ogling the girls,
Who turn their noses up at him, and shake their saucy curls;
For MY part I would rather have a life estate in ONE
Than be thought a spoon by all the girls for running after ten.

How pleasant it must seem to him, on going home to tea,
(He BOILS IT IN THE COFFEE POT to make it strong, d'ye see)
To find both fire and lamp unlit, the matches gone astray,
And his favorite cat rehearsing—with his dog—"The Devil to Pay."

Then let him live a bachelor, and die one if he choose,
Perhaps the girl that was meant for him may not have much to lose,
For one who'd rather hug his pipe than an angel dressed in blue
Would make ANY girl a termagant, a veritable shrew.

## Inscribed to R. G. and J. C.

They're gone again for a southern sun
Their manly brows to tan;
They're gone again, for they could not rest
While absent from the van.

They've left their homes for a soldier's life
Of toil, of strife, of pain;
They've left their homes to endure once more
The scorching sun, and rain.

And when afar on some hard-fought field
They wade thro' smoke and dust,
May prayers ascend to the Throne of Grace
For mercy from the Just.

And once again may our hearts grow warm
Our soldier friends to meet,
And once again let our hands go forth
Their honest palms to greet.

## Hark ! I Hear the Sad Wind Sighing.

Hark ! I hear the sad wind sighing
Through the grand old forest trees :
'Tis the voice of autumn dying,
Borne upon the wintry breeze ;
'Tis the wail of woodland flow'rets
Left by summer's breath to die
In their modest little dwellings
'Neath the ruthless winter sky.

O'er our deep and broad Lake Huron
Comes the North King in his wrath ;
Far and wide he spreads destruction,
Like Rome's ancient foe, his path.
Neither spareth he the meadows,
Nor the lily's drooping head,
And the lowly blue-eyed violet
E'en is number'd with the dead.

Far away have flown our songsters,
To the sunny south they hie,
Each forewarn'd by the Omniscient
That the winter draweth nigh ;
But they'll come again in springtime,
When old winter melts away,
When the odor-laden breezes
From the south resume their sway.

List ! I hear the wild winds sighing
As my head they hasten o'er ;
'Tis the voice of someone dying,
Of departing Sixty-Four ;
'Tis the wail of woodland flow'rets
Left by summer's breath to die
In their modest little dwellings
'Neath the ruthless winter sky.

## Reverie of an Indian Maiden.

By the broad and blue Lake Huron,
  Many fleeting years ago,
When the twilight shadows gather'd
  And the winds were hush'd and low,
I beheld an Indian maiden
  'Neath a proud old forest tree,
And the balmy breath of evening
  Brought her sighing voice to me.

Round her brow was bound a chaplet
  Of the simple autumn flowers
She had gather'd as she wander'd
  Through the leafy forest bowers ;
And the careless flowing tresses
  Of her glossy raven hair
Hid a form a queen might envy,
  Tho' the dusky blood was there.

On her arms were massy circlets
  Of the purest virgin gold,
While the precious wampum girdle
  Of her royal kinship told.
Oft the vision stands before me
  And I hear that voice again,
Sweet, tho' sadden'd, thro' the gloaming,
  Like the voice of one in pain.

"Ere the paleface came amongst us
  From his home beyond the sun,
Like the leaves our braves were number'd,
  When the leafy month is come;
Darken'd were the broad, blue waters
  With the swift canoe of birch,
When our chief sped forth to battle
  Like an eagle from his perch.

"Every tree concea'd a hunter,
  Every thicket held a deer,
And the rivers teem'd with fatness
  Thro' each onward rolling year;
Sweetly sang each forest songster
  To the chieftain's dusky bride
As she wander'd in the shadows
  With her lover by her side.

"When the council fires were lighted
  And the calumet went round,
Words arose from ancient sachems
  From the mossy cushion'd ground:
Then the winds forgot to whisper,
  And the maples, bending low,
Drank the words of wisdom spoken
  By the sage old men below.

"Everywhere was joy and gladness,
  And the mighty Manito
Walk'd among his brave red children,
  For their hearts were good and true;
And the whispers of the spirits
  As they wander'd through the trees,
Sweetly blended with the music
  Of the sighing summer breeze.

"We were lords of lake and river,
  From the rising of the sun
To the broad and deep sea water,
  Where his wigwam floats alone;
But the paleface came among us
  With his crooked, wily tongue,
And his deadly firewater,
  To destroy both old and young.

"And we faded like the forest
  In the moon of falling leaves,
And where once our hunters tarried
  Are the palefac'd brothers' sheaves.
We are strangers by the river
  And the white man claims the mounds

Where our braves await the summons
To the happy hunting grounds.

"Soon my people will have vanish'd,
And their songs be heard no more,
And their light canoes lie rotten
By the silent river shore.
Like the bitter frosts of winter
When the summer sun is come,
Will the red man be forgotten
In the land he knew as home."

## In Memoriam.

R. B. REYNOLDS.

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!
And the solemn footsteps fall;
'Tis the speechless dirge of a comrade gone
From an earthly trust to a Heavenly crown.
A tribute earn'd by a heart as brave
As e'er was claim'd by the soldier's grave.

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!
And the honor'd corpse is borne
To its narrow house in the shrouded earth
To repay the debt of its joyous birth,
And leaves a blank in each manly breast
That lingering gazes on his place of rest.

Mourn! Mourn! Mourn!
For the voice now hushed in death
In vain we'll look for the friendly smile
And the harmless joke, which, free from guile,
Was always sure to provoke the mirth
Of all who sat at the cheerful hearth.

Sad! Sad! Sad!
And lone is the widow'd heart,
And the hot tears fall on each orphan'd head,
For her thoughts are still with the cherish'd dead,
And oft she'll look to the skies above
To meet his gaze from a throne of love.

## To My Sister.

Tho' the summer winds sigh o'er this Garden of Roses,
And never inconstantly stray from her groves,
Tho' each hill and each valley new beauty discloses,
More bright than the last to the eye as it roves.
Tho' the myrtle around me its fragrance is throwing
As playfully o'er it the light zephyr moves,
Yet my heart is but light, and my pulses set glowing
By thoughts of the bright native land that it loves.

Tho' the naiades of ocean have here built their bowers
  In coraline cells 'neath the bright crystal wave,
And the sea-shell lies hid among bright ocean flowers
  That curtain with beauty the mermaiden's cave,
Tho' no flow'ret here dreads that a ruthless December
  Will crush the sweet life that a bright April gave,
And tho' each cutting breath of the North I remember,
  I sigh for my home o'er the blue crested wave.

Tho' the fierce winter King of the North now assembles
  In far away caves by the grim Polar Sea
All his veteran troopers whose wrath now resembles
  The voice of a storm o'er the frost-bitten lea,
Tho' his footsteps resound thro' the home of my childhood,
  And wild shrieks his voice thro' each grim forest tree,
As he scatters the bright crimson wealth of his wildwood,
  His mirth and his madness are music to me.

Bermuda, November, 1868.

## The Fall of Alhambra.

Alhambra was an almost impregnable fortress in the heart of Spain, taken possession of and held by the infidel Moor, who on occasion sallied forth into the surrounding country, preying on the undefended Spanish peasantry, driving off their herds from the plains, despoiling the vineyards of the fruits of their labor, and retreating, on the approach of a superior force, into their strongholds, to issue forth as their necessities demanded and the occasion offered.

High o'er Alhambra's frowning walls
  The Moorish standard wav'd ;
And golden beams from L'Orient
  The Moslem crescent lav'd.

Whilst turrets grim on every side
  The spear-clad ramparts crown'd,
A mountain torrent seeth'd and foam'd
  Their granite base around.

Within the keep, at every point
  The Moorish armor shone ;
Ensanguine fell the morning rays
  Each scimetar upon.

Far o'er the plains in serri'd ranks,
  To crush the Infidel,
Were stretch'd the hosts of Ferdinand
  And fearless Isabel.

And loud above the torrent's roar,
  Throughout that vast array,
Was heard the clash of arms
  Full many a weary day.

Then foot by foot the Spaniard clos'd
  Alhambra's walls around,
Whilst in his armor slept each knight
  Upon the bloody ground.

In vain the leaguer'd garrison,
  With battle axe in hand,
In midnight sallies sought to pierce
  The mail-clad Christian band.

Within the walls another foe
  Appear'd, 'twas Famine grim,
Who fill'd their cup of wretchedness,
  And fill'd it to the brim.

Upon the shudd'ring breezes came
  A wail of terror wild ;
For food the husband slew his wife,
  The mother slew her child.

At length the Moorish chieftain's pride
  At mercy's call gave way,
And prone besought Queen Isabel
  Her royal hand to stay.

At once the noble Queen, appeas'd,
  Commands the strife to cease,
And turning towards her foeman said,
  "Brave Moor, depart in peace."

Wide op'd the massive, brass-bound gates,
  And, like a surging wave,
A mighty living tide rolled forth
  From out the living grave.

With tear-fill'd eyes Queen Isabel
  Gave to the Moorish band
Her guard to pass thro' watch and ward,
  To reach their native land.

## Lines.

'Twas a lovely summer's evening
  In the leafy month of June,
And I wander'd by the Maitland
  'Neath the bright refulgent moon ;
O'er my head the stars were shining
  On both hill and valley green,
And transforming our red Maitland
  Into belts of silver sheen.

And I questioned the river
  'Bout the days of long ago,
Ere old Time had grown so feeble
  And his locks had changed to snow ;
When the stalwart Indian chieftain,
  With his conscious look of pride,
O'er thy murmuring ruby waters
  In his birchen bark did glide.

Then arose from out the waters
  As it were a wreath of mist,
And I heard a sad voice crying,
  "Fleeting mortal, will you list ?
From the depth thou hast invok'd me
  To unfold to you a tale,
When my brave and true red children
  Were the lords of hill and dale.

"Ere the paleface came among them
  With the poison on his tongue,
And his deadly fire water
  To destroy both old and young,
Every valley teem'd with fatness,
  Every tree was full of song,
Everywhere was joy and gladness
  Where uncham'd I roll'd along.

"And beneath the mighty arches
  Of the maple and the ash,
Where the cool and sparkling waters
  Of the Maitland used to dash.
Have I listen'd in the gloaming,
  Through the calm, clear summer air,
To the wisdom of the Sachem
  And the Indian maiden's pray'r.

"But the days have sadly alter'd
  Since the chaste, tho' dusky bride
Us'd to wander with her chieftain,
  Hand in hand, along my side ;
And you gaze upon the ashes,
  As you wander in your rounds.
Of my children, pass'd forever
  To the happy hunting grounds."

As I rose and hurried homeward
  There were whispers 'mong the trees
Like the soft and gentle sighing
  Of a mild, warm summer breeze ;
And beyond was filled with sadness,
  On my heart was placed a weight,
As I pondered in silence
  O'er the Indian and his fate.

## Autumn.

Hail, glorious autumn, fraught with fruit
And golden leaves from high tree tops ;
The leaves have turn'd from green to gold,
And summer's verdure is no more ;
Thy coat of arms more welcome is
Than that which winter bears with it.

## The Storm Off Cape Hatteras.

WRITTEN WHILE ROUNDING THE CAPE.

The storm king rides on the driving gale,
And his steeds are wild and free ;
His storm drawn ploughs thro' the ocean roam,
And he sows his crops on the windward foam
But reaps them on the lea.

The lightnings flash and the thunders roll,
'Tis a fearful storm at sea ;
The petrel screams in his circling flight,
And day gives place to a murky night,
With Hatteras on our lea.

Our brave ship rides o'er the mountain waves,
Tho' she groans in every knee ;
She shakes the foam from her angry prow,
Like a wild war horse she is plunging now
Thro' the heaving Alpine sea.

Whilst I'm the sport of the wild, wild waves,
Far over the ocean's foam ;
I love to think of the love that flows
To the wanderer's heart where'er he goes
From his loved Canadian home.

## Eppie.

With busy feet,
  Like patt'ring rain.
She hastens on,
  Uncheck'd by pain.

Soft flaxen curls,
  Deep orbs of blue
That seem to mock
  Heaven's azure hue.

Her dimpl'd chin,
  Her dimpl'd cheek,
And ruby lips
  Just taught to speak.

Hold! pow'rless pen ;
  Why seek to trace
A woodnymph's form,
  An angel's face.

Why seek to paint
  The budding rose
In colors dim,
  Obscure like those.

## The Doomed Merchantman.

At morning's dawn upon the sea
  A peaceful vessel rode,
Careering o'er its heaving breast
  To reach her destined port.

With tapering yards and lofty mast
  She flies before the breeze,
And proudly cleaves the billows blue
  With graceful curving prow.

But lo! upon the distant main
  Another sail appears,
And well the fated mariners
  Her deadly errand know.

Hand over hand, the pirate craft
  Approaches to the doom'd,
And the sound of battle brief
  Is heard upon the sea.

"Death tells no tales," the pirate cries,
  "So let no man survive!"
And then the sullen plunges tell
  The fate of those on board.

But lo! the pirates leave their work
  And haste to trim their sails
For coming down before the wind
  A man-of-war appears.

The pirate sees that strife is vain,
  And fires the magazine,
And then the crash of falling spars
  Proclaims the pirate's doom.

## The Thunder Storm.

A sultry calm the air pervades,
  Forerunner of the storm;
The forest songster seeks his nest,
  The wild beast seeks his lair.

At length the gleaming lightning darts
  Like Hydra's tenfold tongues,
And dreadful thunders rend the air,
  Like warnings from above.

The forest streamlets, once so calm,
  Soft murmuring in the shade,
Are turn'd to foaming cataracts
  Which drown the tempest's voice.

But lo, the sun breaks thro' the clouds,
  And birds resume their praise
To Him Who sends the wild winds forth
  And calms the raging waves.

# The Mystic Warning.

ON THE COMING OF WINTER.

The other night 'bout twelve o'clock,
As by the cosy grate I sat
With Huron's "Signal" 'fore me spread,
Methought I heard a timid knock
Without my cheerful cottage door,
And hastily rose to usher in
A fancied half-clad, hungry child.

The door unbarr'd and open'd wide
Disclosed a glowing fairy form
Envelop'd in a spotless robe
Of ermine, caught in northern snows,
Which, springing lightly inward, cried
In silvery accents, "Close your doors
Against my heedless, blustering lord."

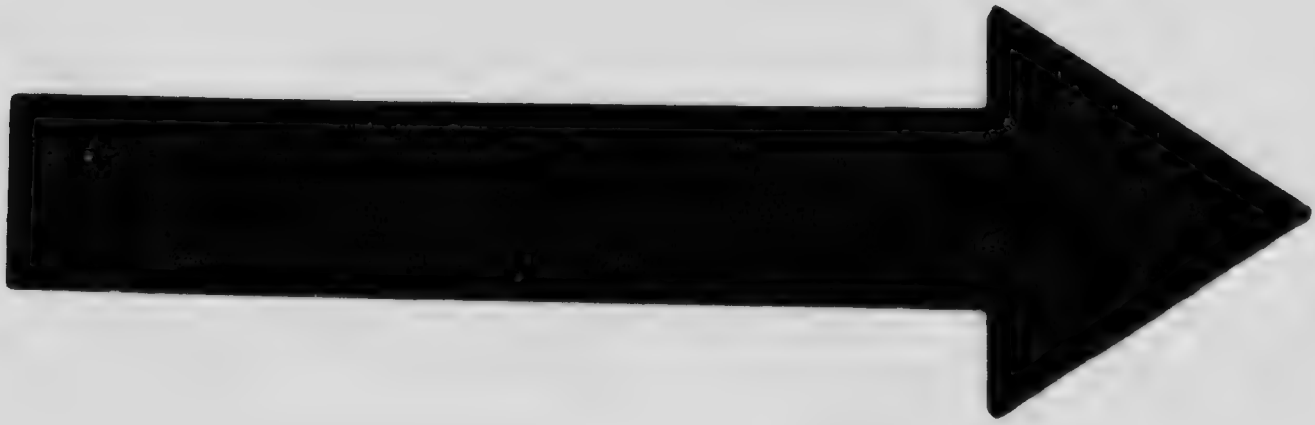
And none too soon the order came,
For while I yet stood by the door
A wierd, unearthly whistle came
Across the hilly common bare,
And howling fierce, as from the throat
Of yelling demons just let loose
From Pandemonium's drear abode.

With hair on end I turn'd to see
If still the sylph-like form was there;
She stood all smiling at my fears,
Her regal form convuls'd with mirth,
And beckoning me, "Approach," she said,
"I have not flown from crystal halls
So long a flight for no good ends.

"I'm Queen of Greenland's frozen zone,
And hearing that the Lord my King
(Who half the year is staring mad)
Had vow'd by all the Gods above
That, for a fancied wrong sustain'd,
With marshall'd hosts he'd waste the plains
Of his warm-hearted rival king.

"In haste I fled with lightning speed
To warn his unsuspecting foe,
'Fore he, with all the cunning art
Of mania's victims, had set out
With scouts out-chosen from his hosts
To spy your sunny southern forts;
You know the rest," and as she spoke

Her image faded from my sight,
And as in haste I cross'd the floor
To catch a distant view,
I stumbled, tripp'd, and fell at length
Across my cushion'd easy chair;
The shock awoke me (for I slept)
And prov'd the vision but a dream.



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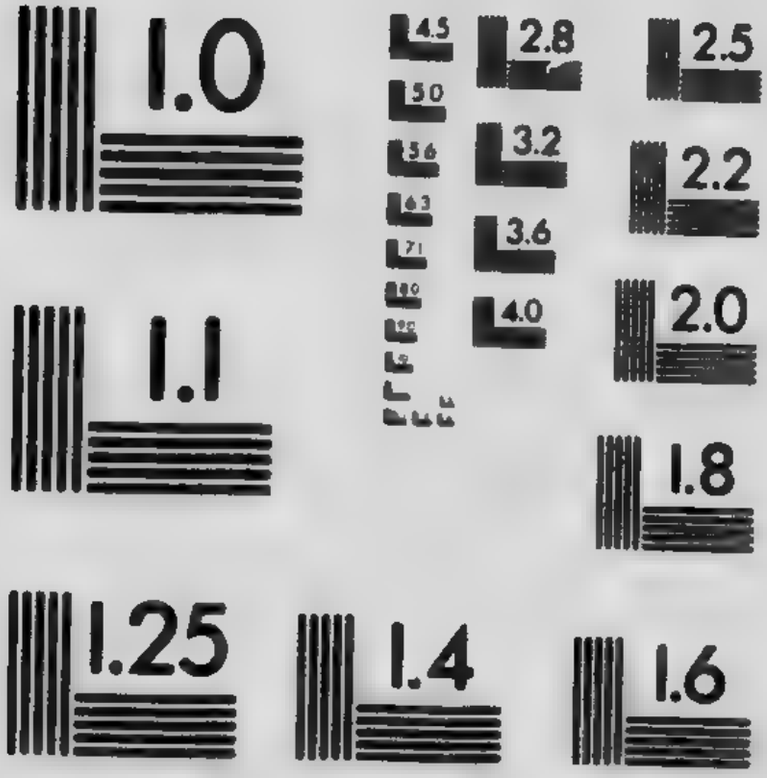


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The light was low, the fire was out,
My room was cheerlers, cold and still,
And morning's pale refracted rays
Were struggling through the weighty gloom.
Whilst fiercely shriek'd the North'rn blast,
As fierce it hurl'd its frozen darts
Against the trembling window pane.

## To The Memory of Eliza Nolan.

No more thy gentle voice we'll hear,
No more the buoyant footsteps dear,
But oft we'll think, with many a tear,
Of our belov'd Eliza.

Her silken locks, like softest down,
Her sparkling eyes of mildest brown,
Her radiant face, without a frown,
Caus'd us to love Eliza.

No more contagion's poison'd dart
Shall pierce the pure unsullied heart,
Nor shall the mem'ry e'er depart
Of our endear'd Eliza.

This tender bud of earth shall bloom
In Heaven, a rose of sweet perfume;
Beyond the confines of the tomb
The angels bore Eliza.

## The Spanish Armada.

A mighty armament from Spain
Intent on slaughter, bent their way
To Britain's lofty cliffs.

But the All-seeing Providence
Upon them laid His angry hand
And drove them far apart.

Some found their graves beneath the sea,
And others on some hostile coast
To pieces soon were dash'd.

The last of Spain's proud armament,
Encountered by the British fleet,
Were conquer'd soon, and fled.

Thus perish'd that great enterprise,
Destroy'd by angry elements,
To show the will of God.

## To Polly.

Tripping lightly o'er the lawn,
Is it angel, nymph or fairy ?
Surely it can't mortal be,
How could mortal be so airy ?

Skipping like a sportive lamb,
Eyes so dark and hair so curly :
Surely such a face as that
Never would or could be surly.

Graceful as the bounding fawn,
Dimpled chin, and arm well rounded,
Happy may you live on earth
And in death to God be folded.

## Lines

INSCRIBED TO MRS. CAMP.

O ! where are the friends
Of my boyhood's dream ?
O ! where are they now
  I implore ?
Alas ! they are gone
To the land of shade,
And left me to pine
  Evermore.

O ! why is the form
Of each lov'd one now
Enshrouded in night
  And in gloom ?
Alas ! they are gone
To the spirit land,
Their glee is now hush'd
  In the tomb.

## Hurrah for the Ice.

Hurrah for the ice, the magic ice,
And its rosy, roystering crew ;
Whilst the pale moon sails
On her pathless course
And the bright rays fall
From their silvery course
Afar in the vaulted blue.

Hurrah for the ice, the magic ice,
And its games so wild and free ;
When the spurning steel
In its graceful flight,
As it glances bright,
Resounds on the frozen lea.

Then hie to the ice, the magic ice,
'Tis the foe of gloom and care ;
For the warm blood bounds
Thro' the swollen veins
Like a stream renew'd
By the frequent rains
Discharg'd from their cloudy lair.

## To H. R. H. Albert Edward, Prince of Wales.

A prize was offered by John Haldane, Esq., Head Master of the Goderich High School, for the best poem on the coming of His Royal Highness Prince Albert Edward to Canada in 1861 ; the subjoined was awarded the prize, the poet then being 15 years of age.

Hail, youthful prince, from England's strand,
Welcome to the Canadian land ;
Honor'd are we by a visit from thee,
Who hast risk'd a passage across the sea
To see a race as loyal and brave
As any that cross the ocean's wave.
If any are found to do thee harm
None will be from Canadian soil,
Except some few of morbid minds,
"Who are so few and far between ;"
And when you turn your steps again
May our Lord guide you from all harm
And safely land you at your home,
From which we hope you'll soon return
And view Canadian lakes again.
But now I must bid my adieu,
And hope that God will favor you.
May thy troubles be short, and thy joys be long ;
May the world be bright as it bears thee along.